

210 **ANGLING.**—HENDERSON (WILLIAM) NOTES AND REMINISCENCES OF MY LIFE AS AN ANGLER, by WILLIAM HENDERSON, F.R.Hist.Soc. With an Appendix containing a Description of the Caves of Adelsberg and the Proteus Anguinus. Illustrations by CLEMENT BURLISON, Engraved by EDMUND EVANS. FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY. Printed by Spottiswoode & Co., 1876. Pretty plates and woodcuts. FIRST EDITION, ISSUED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION, LARGE PAPER COPY, royal 8vo, half morocco, emblematic tools, presentation copy "FROM THE AUTHOR," RARE, £3 3s

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T. H.
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John Brinton

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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

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From WM. HENDERSON,

Villa Muller,

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Stuttgart,

WURTEMBERG.

MY LIFE AS AN ANGLER





IZAAK WALTON



Yours truly
Wm Henderson

NOTES AND REMINISCENCES
OF
MY LIFE AS AN ANGLER

BY
WILLIAM HENDERSON, F.R.Hist.Soc.

Author of 'The Folk Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders'

WITH AN APPENDIX
containing
A DESCRIPTION of the CAVES of ADELSBERG and the PROTEUS ANGUINUS

'I've thrawn the flee thae sixty year,
Aye, sixty year and mair,
An' mony a speckled troutie killed
Wi' heckle, heuk an' hair;
An' now I'm auld an' feeble grown,
My locks are like the snaw;
But I'll gang again to Coquet-side
An' tak' a fareweel thrav'

R. REXBY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLEMENT BURLISON, ENGRAVED BY EDMUND EVANS

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY

Printed by
SPOTTISWOODE & CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE, LONDON
1876

DEDICATION.

THE following pages are affectionately dedicated to my dear children.

I am now sixty-one years of age, and am still attached as ardently as ever to the noble sport of angling for salmon and trout. In manhood as in youth, it has often happened that I have been unable to leave home at the periods which my judgment pointed out as the most promising for sport. During these times of disappointment I have never failed to seek what comfort I could in reading books on angling, pisciculture and kindred subjects, and frequently I have succeeded in transporting my mind to the streams I knew and loved so well. At moments such as these, when Pepperhaugh on Coquet, or Coupland on Glen, seemed again to smile upon me, regretful feelings would rise in my mind with regard to the past, with a craving to read the record of my wanderings for half a century by broad river and rippling streams—to recall some scenes of special interest in which with companions, many of them dead or far away, I have enjoyed the fly-fishing of May, or the more productive worm-fishing of June.

Though the thoughtlessness of youth and the manifold occupations of maturer age have prevented me from keeping a regular journal of my many and varied wanderings, yet I am not wholly without memorandum of days given to the gentle art—days which do not appear to have been noted down for the excellence of the sport obtained but by

mere caprice, and which detail average rather than exceptionally successful angling.

It is with regret that I feel myself unable to relate many a tale of mirth and frolic in which I bore a part. I could neither do justice to them in the recital, nor place them in chronological order. I must content myself with doing little more than copy such memoranda as my old writing-case contains, and chronicle faithfully such incidents as memory has preserved. And this I do in the hope that my dear children will feel an interest in the stories of the past, and especially that my sons may gain from them some instruction in the art of angling.

WILLIAM HENDERSON.

FLORENCE: *Christmas* 1874.

P R E F A C E.

MY DEAR ANGLER FRIENDS,—Permit me to say that whatever blame may attach to me for printing the following notes must in equity be shared with you. The work was originally meant simply to gratify my children, and to make them acquainted with one portion of their father's past life. As the manuscript proceeded, my doubts of its merit became so great that I submitted portions of it to the criticism of certain of you, my angler friends.

The verdict of each has been to the effect that the manuscript possessed sufficient interest for anglers generally to warrant its publication. Highly gratified as I was, I thought this decision too friendly to be just; however, after some deliberation, a compromise has been effected, and I undertake to print my angling notes for private circulation only.

To yourselves and to my family they will prove of more or less interest, while for me it is sufficient reward that my name will in these pages continue to be asso-

ciated with those of the comrades whose friendly companionship has brightened many a pleasant tour with rod and line.

I remain,

My dear angler friends,

Ever yours truly,

WILLIAM HENDERSON.

DURHAM: *Midsummer* 1875.

N.B.—The appearance at the close of this book of my sketch of ‘The Grottoes of Adelsberg’ and the ‘Proteus Anguinus,’ may call for a word of explanation. Several years have passed since the little account was published in the ‘Monthly Packet,’ and the interest it then excited leads me to append it to the reminiscences of my life.

At the same time it is right to acknowledge that as the description was for the most part penned at the village Gasthoff, immediately after my only visit to those wondrous scenes, very possibly under the excitement of the moment I may have conceived some of the grottoes to be larger than in fact they are.

With this qualification I believe the sketch to be fairly correct.

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NOTES AND REMINISCENCES.



CHAPTER I.

‘Every family is a history in itself, and even a poem to those who know how to search its pages.’—ALPHONSE LAMARTINE.

AN INFANTINE ESCAPE—CONDIGN PUNISHMENT—MY GRANDFATHER—
MY FATHER—MY FIRST PLAY—THE MIMIC THEATRE—THE KEMBLE
FAMILY—LISTON AT DURHAM—THE PORTER FAMILY.

OF all the signs of the zodiac undoubtedly ‘the fish with glittering tails’ ruled my horoscope. The streams and rivulets of my native county, which then flowed pure and unpolluted, moulded my baby thought, and like a young duck, I was hardly out of the shell before I took to the water.

Within the first year of my life, my family came to reside in an old house at Durham known as Shakelock Hall and standing on the banks of the river Wear. I have often been told how every summer morning, when the nursery maid had awakened me from my slumbers, I watched her movements with a careful eye, ready if she absented herself from the nursery but for a moment to creep downstairs in my little night-dress, dash

through the garden, and gain the water side. Here was a never failing source of joy, here lay the fairyland of my infancy. To catch the sticks and straws which floated down the stream, combine and balance them, and set them off again in a contest of speed constituted my earliest delight. Several severe colds, and one sharp attack of inflammation, however, led my parents to take active measures for the cure of this hydropathic mania. A stranger was engaged to watch my movements and arrest them, while an old trusty servant of the family was placed in the background as my guardian angel. As I stood on the river's brink, intent on the contest for precedence between 'the white straw' and 'the black stick,' not dreaming of approaching evil, plump I was plunged by an unseen hand into the stream, and left floundering in what to me was deep water. After a few moments however which seemed to me an age I was rescued, as prearranged by my hidden friend. He caught me up, soothed me and bore me off to the paternal roof.

Forgetting that my own disobedience was the cause of the catastrophe, I complained bitterly of the naughty wicked man who had thrown me into the river, and declared that if good John Ditchburn had not come up just then I should certainly have been drowned. The measure was indeed a rough and ready one, such as parents of the present day would scarcely resort to with a little child, but I imagine it was not so considered in the last generation. It is related in my wife's family that the late Rev. John Skinner, vicar of Camerton, the lifelong friend of her grandfather, coming one day upon his five-year-old son in forbidden ground on the margin of a pond, stole up quietly behind the culprit, seized him by the legs, dipped him head foremost in the water,

laid him on the bank and strode away, leaving the poor child to recover from the shock as best he could.

Before proceeding with the history of the little truant by the river side, let me say a few words respecting his family.

The first record of my father's ancestors is as follows. About two centuries ago a younger son of the family, deeming his portion too scant for living with comfort in his native county of Fife, emigrated to the western part of Durham and engaged in farming. Generations passed, till my grandfather was the representative, and I believe the only one, of the emigrant. How well I remember him; a hale old man, upwards of eighty years of age, testy in temper and overbearing to all except my grandmother, whose marvellous gentleness never failed to soften the domestic autocrat. He had several sons, and thinking no occupation comparable to farming he destined no fewer than four to follow in his own steps. Unfortunately for my father's happiness he was one of the devoted four, and a farmer he was to be, though his talents and turn of mind pointed in a different direction. The lad's studious habits and great intelligence had early gained him the affection of his schoolmaster, who did all in his power to rescue his favourite pupil from an occupation he abhorred, but in vain. This schoolmaster, let me observe, was one of the self-taught mathematicians who about that time cropped up in the county of Durham, men who without the advantage of a college education attained to a high standard of mathematical knowledge. Some of them obtained high positions elsewhere; others less ambitious earned their bread by teaching the smaller schools of the neighbourhood while they propounded or answered those knotty mathematical problems which

formed at that time the great staple of the famous Kendal Diary. My father's schoolmaster was a cripple but a really able man, and such was his affection for his pupil that on his being withdrawn from school he volunteered to carry on the lad's education in the evening. There was but one way by which this could be effected. The lad took his mother into his confidence, and for many weeks she contrived without her husband's knowledge to allow my father to let himself down from his bedroom window at night and run two miles across the country to the house of his kind preceptor.

This remarkable love of learning, with an especial drawing to the study of mathematics, to the English classics and all literature connected with the drama, continued during my father's whole life, and availed to cheer the long hours of pain and weariness which while still in the prime of life it became his lot to endure.

Circumstances led him in early youth to the city of Durham, and there he met my mother. He possessed health, energy, talents, and an unblemished character, and is said to have been more than good-looking, and exceedingly attractive in manner. No wonder that she who even in later life was remarkable for singular beauty and great abilities should in the freshness of her early charms have attracted one so qualified to appreciate her. Rarely indeed did two persons meet so evidently made for each other. If ever there was a perfect fusion of two spirits in one, it was in the case of my father and mother. But alas! the happiness of their married life was too great to be of long continuance. After a few brief years my father was attacked by a severe and lingering illness caused by remaining in wet clothes after a long wild drive in an open carriage across the Whitby moors. From that time to his death at the

early age of forty-two he was a constant though uncomplaining sufferer, dependent on my mother's sweet and gentle tendance, his only other recreations being a drive in his carriage by my mother's side, accompanied by myself on my little pony, and occasionally a visit to the theatre.

A taste for the drama was deeply implanted in both my parents, no wonder that it was early developed in their child. Among the most charming of the 'Essays of Elia' stands 'My first Play,' and had I the pen of Charles Lamb, I too would record what I felt on my admission to this palace of pleasure. I will however only relate the attendant circumstances, which were curious enough. I had heard of the theatre till I longed, oh, how eagerly to visit it, and before I was five years old I determined that, come what would, I too would see a play. Accordingly one evening I stole from the nursery in my little tartan frock and white pinafore with bare head and arms, and ran through the streets as swiftly as I could. When I reached the portals of my 'paradise of daintie devises,' a little knot of women were just entering. With a sudden inspiration I grasped the dress of one whose face looked kind and whose drapery was ample, and sheltering myself in its folds I passed the ticket collector and soon was seated in the foremost part of the pit. My childish appearance and flaxen locks attracted the attention of my neighbours. They perceived me to be without protectors and were questioning what to do with me, when the curtain rose and every eye was fixed upon the stage. Soon my loud and eager plaudits drew the attention of both audience and actors. It was all enchantment to me and a dream. Every feeling was absorbed in vision, when a lady said abruptly to my mother, who with my father was in the

boxes, 'Don't you think, Mrs. Henderson, that that little boy in the pit is very like your William?' Alas for the shock that followed! I was carried off at once, loudly protesting that I wanted to stay and see what would happen next.

A few years later I was ambitious enough to take a bold step and set about the construction of a mimic theatre myself, with the aid of a schoolfellow, George Andrews, a boy of singular ingenuity, whose passion for the drama was equal to my own. One long winter evening after another was given up to our new work, and before two years had expired we were able to exhibit to our wondering companions a mimic theatre, perfect in every detail, and capable of exhibiting at least a dozen melodramas. Robbers in caves, lighted by torches, Hamlet and his surroundings, Baillie Nicol Jarvie with his red-hot poker, and many another scene; above all a sea fight, ending in the blowing up of both vessels, such were our favourite exhibitions. This theatre is still in existence. It has frequently been shown to my children, and probably in years to come will enter into the happy hours of the next generation.

At a later period of my life these family tastes led to a warm friendship between my mother and Mrs. Stephen Kemble when as a widow she resided at the Grove, a pretty place not far from our own residence at Bellasis. Her husband, though less celebrated than his brother and sister, was an admirable actor. He was a tall large man, and his vast bulk enabled him to play the part of Falstaff without any padding, so as to satisfy the requirements even of the present century, which persists in taking literally all Prince Hal's humorous exaggerations and the merry knight's jokes at himself. Stephen Kemble went from Durham to London by re-

quest to act Falstaff before George IV., and a very clever prologue was written, asserting his dimensions to be all his own and stating that a waggon had been necessary to drag him to London. He was a man of singularly bright and cheerful disposition; fond of society, and never happier than when, seated at his dinner table with three friends of kindred spirit, he led the conversation with a charm of manner and fund of ready information rarely to be met with.

In those days conversational powers were held in far higher estimation than at present. Wit and brilliancy of speech were essential to good standing in society; now, like pebbles in the bed of a brook, people are so rounded by conventionalities that it is hard to tell where talent lies. So long as a man comports himself quietly and commits no solecism in language or manners, he is spoken of as a gentlemanlike person; he may be a fool, but that seems comparatively of small consequence.

The charming little dinners of which I have spoken with the rubber of whist that followed them were, I grieve to say, a source of discord between our modern Falstaff and his spouse, his native generosity and love of society inducing him to indulge in them more frequently than was altogether warranted by his means. The need of exercising a strict control in these matters developed an economical habit which became a leading feature in the lady's character. Thus on Mr. Kemble's death she actually wrote to his friend Mr. Leybourne, begging him as a kindness to purchase of her certain pairs of shoes belonging to her late husband, adding that they were very little worn, and that she knew no other gentleman with a foot sufficiently large to wear them.

It is right to add that in later days, when her income was certain and all anxiety respecting affairs at

an end there was a great change, and I can testify that few of my early friends were more hospitable, or spread a more bounteous table to their friends than this pleasant and companionable old lady. My mother was often her guest. In her later days, when the cares of a family no longer weighed upon her mind, she was often missing at the evening meal, and I knew at once where to go in search of her. She was sure to be at the Grove, most likely discussing with Mrs. Kemble the great actors of their early years. I used to sit down and listen, and thus I learned to know Garrick, Macklin, the Kembles and Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Macready and others. Would that I could write down the many incidents which charmed me then!

One little anecdote respecting Liston dwells in my memory. He first appeared at the theatres of Sunderland, Durham, and other northern towns, and his talents for comedy were at once appreciated, but with a strange perversity he declared that his true forte was deep tragedy, and to that alone would he devote himself in future. The manager, Mr. Cawdell, however had no belief in Liston's tragic vein, and much perplexed he was in consequence. He did all he could to set the actor right, but to no purpose, and at last an unwilling consent was given for his appearance on the Durham boards in the character of Richard III. The house was crowded, for Liston was a sort of lion, and much curiosity was felt about his present performance. For some time the piece proceeded tolerably, the audience being predisposed in his favour, but when the death scene at Bosworth field came before them the postures of the dying Richard were so extraordinary and unnatural that the gods in the gallery, generally pretty good judges, cried out with one voice, 'That won't do,

Liston, die over again, die over again!’ On hearing these exclamations the natural instincts of the man overcame all other considerations. He rose slowly from the ground as if he were waking from a trance ; gazed for some time at the audience, fixing his large stolid eyes as if in a stupid stare, while his wonderfully mobile countenance worked and twitched as none but Liston’s could ; then frantically throwing arms and legs about he flung himself again upon the ground and died a second time.

The thunders of applause which followed this travesty were long and loud, and from that day Liston was more popular than ever in Durham. But such a scene plainly would not bear repetition, and when next morning in the green room Mr. Cawdell gravely informed him that he could never again be trusted to play tragedy, the culprit ruefully made answer, ‘Indeed sir, after last night’s work I shall never trust myself in it again ;’ to which resolution he very wisely adhered.

I have always felt a keen interest in my mother’s girlish friendship for Jane Porter, whom I myself remember when a child. I recollect the arrival of a note from the Waterloo Hotel, with a request that it should be delivered immediately to my mother. The note was from the authoress in question, conveying an affectionate request that the friend of her early days would come and pass a few hours with her at the hotel while she was resting on her way to London. It appeared that the lady was returning from Scotland, where she had been collecting materials for her well-known work, ‘The Scottish Chiefs,’ and she was glad to pause for a short time in the home of her childhood. Miss Porter, her sister Anna Maria, and their brother Robert were brought up at Durham, and were such

near neighbours of my mother, herself an only child, that they were constant companions, occupied together in pursuits which have not failed to leave their mark in history. I have often heard my mother describe the following scene.

The little party was collected in a low room with long casement windows looking into Bow Lane, then as now the quietest and most ancient part of the city. Miss Porter and my mother were engaged in needle-work; Robert, stretched on the floor, was busy painting battle scenes on tissue paper; while Anna Maria, with a timid glance at her sister, drew from her pocket a manuscript which she was to read aloud according to promise. It was the first part of that charming volume afterwards known as 'Artless Tales,' certainly a remarkable production for a girl of (I believe) only fourteen years of age. The listeners were loud in their praises till at last Miss Porter rose with an air worthy of Mrs. Siddons, a manner which clung to her through life. 'Anna,' she said, 'you have written well.' There was a pause of some moments. 'When I write,' she added, 'I shall write history,' and she swept out of the room with the air of a duchess. The reading of this the first 'Artless Tale' decided the future of the elder sister; from that day she applied herself to literature, in which she has left a not unhonoured name.

But the boy on the ground was perhaps the most remarkable member of this gifted family, and in his present employment lay the germ of a happy creation of his later days. He was a self-taught painter, and his practical mind developed the idea of exhibiting historical scenes in panorama. On the floor beside him stood a tea chest, from which two ends had been removed. Across one of these openings a sheet of tissue paper was

stretched on which a grand battle-piece was depicted, while behind clustered an array of candles, the cost of which was defrayed by a tax levied on the sight-seers. In this old tea chest and candles we may see the origin of Sir Robert Ker Porter's panorama of world-wide fame, which made him a knight in England and assisted in winning him high rank and a rich bride at the Court of St. Petersburg. Art first raised him to eminence, though subsequently he was not less distinguished in diplomacy, in war, and in literature.

CHAPTER II.

‘The child is father of the man.’—WORDSWORTH.

MISS NIPSEY—FIRST ATTEMPTS—MY FIRST FISHING ROD—NIGHT-LINES—
LA TOUCHE—POOR TOM.

LET me resume my own early history. At five years of age I was sent to a school kept by an austere little lady named by her pupils Miss Nipsey, under whom I enjoyed a varied style of tuition with many a young companion of either sex. The hours devoted to study were brief, and during the summer months, no sooner were we let loose from school than the race began. He was a hero who first gained the gravel bed which dams back the water for the bishop’s corn-mill. ‘Methinks I see the miller yet;’ with what awe did we regard him! Most sedulous were we to pay him fitting respect: for by his permission alone did we dare to ransack the crevices of the stakes for loaches or young eels. The gravel bed had its peculiar attraction. From the ponds immediately beneath the stakes we constructed long canals through it, and driving the minnows which frequented the ponds into these we made grand captures—captures which we looked upon with as much complacency as we now bestow on a fortunate day among the salmon of Sprouston Dub.

Our water-bucket with its collection of minnows, loaches, and eels, varied by an occasional stickleback or miller's thumb, was borne in triumph to an old stone trough which stood in the back garden of my father's house. Here the unhappy prisoners were packed as tightly as the sufferers in the Black Hole of Calcutta, and great was our astonishment and dismay when we found that, despite all the bread crumbs and worms we crowded in for food, the creatures would die, and that a fresh supply was needed every evening to fill up the room of the slain. Many and curious were the experiments which the juvenile band of naturalists tried in that old trough. There we tested the popular belief respecting the transformation of horsehair into young eels. We saw an evidence of the hidden life within in the tendency of the hair to twist and turn when first placed in the water, the quiescence that followed appearing to us no good ground for impugning the great fact that the hair had moved. On that we took our stand, and attributed the subsequent failure of the experiment to a thousand and one causes adduced in turn by every boy.

The acquisition of his first fishing-rod is always an era in an angler's life, and well do I remember the circumstances which led to my possessing one. Prowling along the river bank in search of minnows I came upon two boys apparently possessing a joint interest in a fishing-rod which was projected over a willow bush. Youth is a period of freemasonry, and I was soon on good terms with the strangers, who proudly exhibited the results of their sport—three small eels strung upon a willow twig. How often did we take them down, carefully measure and remeasure, wash and rewash them, flap their tails when they showed signs of life, and discuss the

important question as to whether they were members of the silver or the golden eel families! It was not in human nature to witness such joys unmoved, and soon I was bold enough to request from my mother the sum of eighteenpence, for which I professed myself ready to pawn my weekly stipend of threepence. Behold me now the proud possessor of a 'two piece rod' glowing with bright vermilion and rich in a brass ferule! Thus armed, every evening found me at some spot where eels were said to abound, and on rainy days I made it a rule to angle beneath the bridge, for I firmly believed the assertion of an ironical friend that eels in bad weather sought the shelter of the arches to keep themselves out of the wet!

Many and varied were the triumphs I now achieved, but I am obliged to confess that certain practices of a somewhat questionable character were at this time resorted to by us juvenile anglers. It became the fashion among us to set night lines. Wonderful tales were in circulation of enormous eels thus caught by the renowned Charlie Ebdy, nor were they altogether untrue. I remember seeing more than once the result of his night's investment, and a bucket filled with eels, some weighing from two to three pounds, was a sight to fire the energies of a boy not more than nine or ten years of age. I cannot say that my success in this branch of the art corresponded to the pains bestowed on it. Clear as it seemed to our young minds that six hooks during the night must have more effect than one by day, some mischance was always impairing the results. Every morning in summer I would steal to the river side, looking stealthily round to see whether any unfriendly eye watched my proceedings, and if the coast seemed clear, the line was drawn in. Alas! the

proceeds were seldom more than one or two small eels, the other hooks being commonly broken and the line twisted so as to show some giant had been caught, but had proved more than a match for me.

My fishing at this period was, however, marked by some incidents of a character never to be forgotten. Among my dear mother's pets was a poodle, whose talents made him indeed a remarkable dog. La Touche was by birth and breeding a Russian, his long hair hung in a hundred graceful ringlets; he was as white as snow, and had not his tail been cruelly shortened of its fair proportions, he might have been deemed in every respect a dandy-dog. His early life had been passed in camps; he had been present, perchance had bled, at glorious Waterloo; no wonder that he was the little pet of the house. His charms are set forth in these lines by a youthful member of the family:

Who's he with soft and curly hair,
White as if bleached by mountain air
With skin so delicate and fair?
Old Touche.

With ears so long and mouth so wide,
And legs so bow-like when astride,
A tail on which a mouse might ride?
Old Touche.

Who begs so well, and dances too,
Nay, brandy drinks and ne'er gets fou,
Who smokes cigars? (yes, that is true),
Old Touche.

Who through a hoop so nimbly jumps,
Nay, will do anything for thumps,
Whose only malady's the dumps?
Old Touche.

Who in a passion often flies,
When strangers take him by surprise,
And when he's hurt so loudly cries?
Old Touche.

Who when he's told will really die
And piteous lay with close-shut eye?
He to whom now, we bid good-bye,
Old Touche.

Touche was my constant companion in setting or withdrawing these night lines. While my baits were limited to lob worms all went well, but in an evil hour I succeeded in coaxing the cook to give me some scraps of meat for the purpose. These were soon placed upon the hooks, and on a dark night I bent my way to the foot of the Hielands, the dog trotting contentedly by my side. The line with all its attractions was stretched upon the sandbank, and I was preparing to pitch it into the water, when it was wrenched out of my hand, and a howl, oh what a howl of agony, told the horrid fact. Dear old Touche had hooked himself as fast as ardent lover could desire to be hooked to pretty maid!

He was for some time too frightened to allow me to approach him, but at last he submitted, and murmuring the softest words I led him homewards. On reaching the garden-gate I paused, realising all the horrors of the situation. How was I to face my mother with a large fishhook in the throat of her pet? Whatever La Touche may have been enduring, I think my distress more than equalled his.

I stood for some time undecided what to do while many a tear fell on the long curls of Touche. At last a bright idea struck me, and I hurried to the cottage of John Ditchburn with my sad tale. John possessed strong nerves, and was ever fertile in resources. A



THE KITCHEN DOOR.

stout stick was quickly placed between the sufferer's jaws, and ere a minute had passed, the hook was disengaged by my friend's firm hand from its cruel hold. My thanks were profuse, and John being a model of discretion, no sound of the tragedy reached the domestic circle. My blushes, however, nearly betrayed me when, at breakfast the next morning, my mother remarked, 'Poor La Touche seems to eat his buttered toast with difficulty.'

The fates seemed about this time bent on torturing me. Determined never again to use baits which might tempt La Touche to danger, I collected a batch of minnows, baited my night lines and hung them upon a nail outside the house at some distance from the ground. As we were seated snugly at tea that evening, the maid rushed into the room shrieking, 'O ma'am, Tom's gone mad.' Out we rushed into the garden, and beheld a sight worthy of Cruikshank's pencil. The fat cook, loudly calling for help, was holding on by one end of a night line, while the tom cat, who had swallowed down a minnow with its sharp enclosure, was promenading along the ridge of the house roof, with his tail and every hair of his back as erect as a maypole. 'Pussy! poor Pussy!' said my mother, 'Wow!' said Tom, and took another turn on the pantiles. Off I ran to find my friend John, who was always near when wanted. This proved however a more serious affair than the last, for as John clambered along the ridge and approached the cat, Tom treated him as an enemy, spit at him, and indeed clawed him shamefully. Still John as a gallant squire had his spurs to win, and maids fair and fat were looking on, so despite all struggles the capture was effected. On the surgical operation which followed I need not enlarge, suffice to say that Tom walked about

for some time with a bandage round his neck, and warned by these disasters I gave up all use of night lines, increasing years allowing me soon to aspire to the capture of the most game fish that swims, the angler's best sport, the trout.

CHAPTER III.

‘Anglers elated with unusual spoil.’—W. WORDSWORTH.

MY FIRST-TROUT—GUDGEON FISHING—THE WINDLESTONE FISH-PONDS—
HUNTED BY WEASELS—WITTON-LE-WEAR FISHING—FLY-FISHING IN
THE WEAR—AN EXTEMPORISED FLY—DACE AND ROACH FISHING—
SKIRMISHES ON THE BANKS OF THE WEAR—ADVENTURE WITH A
SNAKE—A NOVEL DINNER DRESS—FISHING IN THE BEDBURN.

My First Trout.—Oh, joy of joys! how can I describe the glory so long aspired after? The circumstances were simply these—as I approached my tenth year, I became more and more devoted to my fishing-rod, and with a little knot of friends as enthusiastic as myself I used to pass every hour unclaimed by our school-master in spinning hair-lines, making tackle and bobbing for eels. When a half-holiday permitted so long an excursion, off we sped to the then beautiful Browney, where, with rods poised over convenient bushes we passed the time in making huts to defend ourselves from the rain and wind and in leap-frog or other games of the season. In those days, be it observed, every month had its special game, many of them requiring implements to be fashioned beforehand. Much youthful ingenuity was developed in their manufacture. We were early trained to make whatever we needed, and the things acquired by the labour of our hands were

prized and valued accordingly. I look with regret upon the changes time has effected in this matter. Now boys play at nothing but cricket and football; they purchase their bats, their wickets, and their balls. My comrades and I had at least a score of different games and as many implements. The training was excellent. Is the change an improvement? I doubt it.

But to return to my first trout. On one of our holiday afternoons the little party of friends repaired to the Browney near Langley Bridge, and there in the long Dub by the side of the Brancepeth road we propped our rods side by side and began a game at leap-frog, when the cry arose, 'There's a bite at Henderson's!' A rush to the river, an anxious pause, a gentle uplifting of the rod, a loud scream of wonder and backwards I ran, far into the dusty road, dragging a trout whose weight was at least a pound. The war-whoops and dances of a party of Indians could hardly have exceeded the excitement to which we gave way. There was cheer upon cheer, yell upon yell, and many a thump descended on my back in token of sympathy. There was no more fishing that afternoon. Back we marched to the old city, bearing our prize suspended by the gills upon a hazel stick and looking out for the admiring gaze of the passers-by. The Iron Duke, when Waterloo had been fought and won, was not more proud than we.

When the summer evenings became long, a fresh attraction appeared at the Browney. We discovered that the stream a little above Stone Bridge was haunted by a shoal of gudgeons. We had already learnt to refer to that text-book for young votaries of the rod and line, Izaak Walton's 'Complete Angler;' so following his directions we deputed one of our party to puddle

the water some fifty yards above, while with small worms the rest fished below for the pretty, silvery but greedy claimants. Our success was generally equal to our expectations; and after several visits few were left behind to tell the tale of slaughter.

An unexpected treat was given me soon afterwards by the steward of the late Sir Robert Eden, who with that kindness which the old often delight to show to boys made me welcome to a few days' fishing for tench in the Windlestone Fish-ponds. See me mounted on my thoroughbred pony, 'Pretty Fanny,' her chestnut coat glistening in the sunlight; swift of pace and sure of foot, my willing bearer to many a fishing trip, of all ponies the brightest and the best. Anxious to make the most of my opportunity, I took two rods, a large creel and a stocking foot well filled with lobs, for in those days a peculiar virtue was held to reside in the feet of old stockings as receptacles for worms.

The ponds were four or five in number, following the course of a short valley, and were healthily fed by a small stream. My great trouble at the outset was from the water weeds, which extended for several yards beyond the margin of the ponds, but, young as I was, determination made me equal to the occasion. Placing a heavy leaden sinker a few inches from the hook, I succeeded in casting the bait beyond the weeds, and then waited patiently for a bite. This soon came, and after losing a couple of fish through entanglement among the weeds, I learned to drag them over their surfaces so rapidly as to ensure the safe landing of my booty. The first day produced a dozen tench, each from one to two pounds in weight. I placed them as taken among wet weeds in the creel, and cantered home with my burden in happy mood. On my arrival I spread out the 'day's take' upon

the kitchen table, and found to my astonishment that the whole were living. 'Quick, Mary, quick!' I exclaimed, a 'footbath and some river water!' A few minutes later all were plunging merrily in their own element, and the next day they were carefully conveyed to a fish-pond near Shincliffe, but I do not know what became of them afterwards.

About this time, while rambling in the picturesque lane leading from Merrington to Windlestone with two other boys, an adventure occurred sufficiently startling to little fellows from nine to ten years old. We were busily engaged in picking the wild strawberries which clustered in the hedgerows when we saw at about a hundred yards' distance a pack of at least twenty weasels running from hedge to hedge and evidently scenting our footsteps. It flashed upon us that we were being hunted, so springing over the nearest hedge, we ran across a pasture field and standing upon the farther bank looked back towards our assailants. To our dismay we saw the whole pack with noses to the ground steadily tracking our course. The word was given 'Run, run!' and off we scampered across another field to take up our position on another hedge. Still the pursuit was going on and the creatures were evidently gaining upon us, so with a wild shout we fled to the village, which happily for us was not far off. I have frequently heard of persons being attacked by weasels, but was never hunted by them on any other occasion.

In January 1825, having lost my father on the previous sixth of August, I was, when eleven and a half years of age, sent to the school at Witton-le-Wear. In the middle of the following March, on the afternoon of a bitterly cold day, I started with two other boys to try our fortune in the river just below the village. So

severe was the weather that the biting wind and hail were too much even for us. Our blood seemed frozen in our veins. Propping up our rods as dexterously as we could, we began to gather up all the furze and broom within our reach, place our faggots upright and secure them with large boulder stones. With a warm fire in front of our 'bield' and a bottle of ginger pop we were as happy as kings. More than a dozen trout were captured by our three rods in the course of as many hours. I record this to show how numerous fish were in those days compared with the present. Then a good angler fishing in the neighbourhood of Witton-le-Wear could always rely on a creel of from ten to twenty pounds weight. Now alas! between lead mines and sewerage every tributary is destroyed as breeding space, while the main stream flows on its milky turbid course, unpleasing to the eye, unwholesome to drink, and carrying death alike to ephemera and to fish.

Let me here record a statement often made by Charlie Ebdy, whose name will frequently occur in the following pages,—a statement which I believe to be perfectly true. He declared that worm-fishing up stream, in clear water, was as a high branch of the art first practised by the Witton schoolboys. The earliest really successful anglers in this way of whom I ever heard were the sons of Sir William Chaytor, first Baronet, of Witton Castle. These lads associating with the schoolboys, the art became common to them all, and thence it spread. Charlie himself learnt it from a Witton boy, as far back as the year 1820. It is certain that during my early visits with Charlie to Coquet Glen, Till, Tweed, and Whiteadder, commencing in 1831, we never met with or heard of anyone who fished with worm up stream, and hence our wonderful success in the

months of June and July caused us to be narrowly watched by some who were desirous to learn our secret, and denounced by others as in some way or other no better than cunning poachers. It was unfortunate that this admirable school for angling was so soon closed to me. Before the spring had far advanced I was struck down by a sharp attack of inflammation and removed to my home. A delicacy of the chest which followed prevented my return to school, and for several years afterwards my fishings were chiefly confined to the neighbourhood of Durham.

It was not long however ere I was adventurous enough to enter the lists as a fly-fisher. Near my home stood the Bishop's corn mill, and at the foot of the tail-race where it joined the river was a strong stream. In this, large trout might frequently be seen feeding, not unwatched by eager curious eyes. Once when I was fishing at this spot with my schoolfellow John Henry Forster, a large fish went off with his only fly, a black Palmer. The loss seemed irreparable, but the young angler was instinctively a sportsman. Drawing from his pocket-book a piece of cobbler's wax he stuck it round a hook, and covering it neatly with black fur stolen from his hat he again essayed his skill. His quickness was soon rewarded; a rapid rise and a severe struggle ended in the capture of a lovely trout of $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Here was an instance of youthful fertility of resource such as we seldom see among the boys of this too easy-made age.

The Wear was at this time well stored with dace and roach, which though now considered worthless for the table afford young anglers good sport. The former have now become as scarce as trout, the water-flies on which they feed no longer existing in sufficient quantities, but roach of large size still shelter in the deep pools

Not further back than the year 1870, while walking on the bank near the Prebend's Bridge, I came suddenly upon a shoal of at least three hundred. They lay closely packed within a few inches of the surface, and seemed in size from 1 to 2 lbs. each. Roach are however very difficult to capture, and the art is but little practised in the Wear; on one occasion only was I successful. Fishing with fly for trout and dace in the favourite stream running beneath the dam at Keepyer Mill, I encountered a man who was trying for roach with gentles, and who caught several. This fired my ambition, and not possessing a store of gentles, I tried my luck with an imitation, shaped from an old white kid glove. This I placed on a small hook and cast like a fly but with little motion. The result was beyond my anticipations. I soon captured six large roach—but though I often returned to try the same stream, I rarely took even one. How to account for this isolated case of success I know not.

Adjoining the Bishop's corn mill and near to the dam is a large gravel bed, and on the opposite side of the stream a corresponding one. These gravel beds were the scene of many fierce conflicts in my boyish days. It was the ordinary amusement of a number of the dwellers on the St. Nicholas' side of the river to assemble on the southern bed for various sports. No sooner were they seen there than the tocsin was sounded in St. Margaret's, and down rushed a little army eager for the combat which was certain to ensue. Reinforcements crowded in on both sides, and many a summer's evening witnessed fights such as now would be deemed a scandal, but which were seldom interfered with then. The weapons were stones, as large as could be cast with tolerable precision across the stream which

divided the combatants. Fierce volleys were discharged for two or three hours, and many a young citizen had to withdraw maimed or bruised, only to return the next evening eager for revenge.

All ranks mingled freely in the *mêlée*; there was no respect of persons; the butcher's boy assaulted the youthful gentleman, and was for the time his equal. From these frays I never absented myself. First to arrive, and last to quit the field, my blood still warms at the remembrance of gallant charges when laden with as many stones as we could carry we rushed through the river and forced our foes to take refuge in the streets of St. Margaret's. Is it not true that history repeats itself? If in the nineteenth century St. Nicholas fought with St. Margaret, it was but an echo of the combats between Bishop William of St. Barbara and the usurper Cumin who in the twelfth century fought a more deadly fray on precisely the same ground. Our mimic fights were fierce enough as well might be among us children of the north; those between the rival bishops were terrible in their ferocity. It is recorded that Cumin not unfrequently suspended his prisoners across ropes with heavy weights attached to the neck and the feet, or plunged them again and again in the half-frozen river. That such cruelties could be perpetrated by men claiming to be bishops of the Church, and that, in spite of all, the Church should live and flourish, is surely proof of her inherent vitality.

Opposite to the lower end of the southern gravel bed near the Bishop's corn mill, a course of stepping stones crossed the river, and on these I frequently stood and cast my flies, for many fish fed near. One summer evening while thus engaged I had an extraordinary rise accompanied by a severe pull, but there the matter

ended. Looking down steadily I saw that a snake about fifteen inches long while crossing the river, had snapped at my fly. The creature pursued its onward course, and found shelter in a hole on the opposite bank. This is the only case of the kind that I have ever witnessed.

Seventeen is or used to be a somewhat awkward age for young men, and I believe I had my full share of its encumbering shyness. Yet when invited to spend a few days with an old lady and her three daughters who were lodging at Middleton-one-Row, I acquiesced, for did not rumour tell of excellent dace fishing to be had in the river hard by? I arrived early in the morning, introduced myself to my friends and sped to the river. Time passed only too rapidly in the excellent sport I found there, till in the excitement of securing a large chub, my foot slipped and I dropped into five feet of water. There was nothing to be done but to return to the lodgings wet through, and what was my distress on finding that my portmanteau had not arrived. My kind hostess came to my room and knowing the chronic delicacy of my chest she was eager I should change my clothes. But what was I to put on? There was only one representative of the sterner sex in the house—the footman. But he had two suits of clothes—I must have one, the best would be at my service. A battle ensued, but I began to feel cold and miserable in my wet things, so at last I yielded. Behold me then in a blue coat and waistcoat with huge gilt buttons, a white neck-tie such as Beau Brummell tied with infinite grace beneath his chin, crimson plush breeches and white stockings. Oh how I execrated my poor spindle shanks encased in white cotton! It seemed to me that I had never seen my legs before, and as I looked at them I hated them.

Then the crimson above, how glaring it looked in my eyes! I hastily took the silk pocket handkerchief which had been given me and tied it round my waist apron fashion, in hopes of softening the crimson and white.

But the worst was to come. My hostess had shrunk from telling me that friends were coming to dinner that day, and when I descended somewhat late, my unusual toilette having taken much time, I found sixteen or eighteen persons seated round the dinner table. Lord Chesterfield himself could not have withstood such an apparition unmoved; kind and courteous as were my hostess and her guests, they could not restrain themselves, and smiles soon passed into roars of laughter. I believe this was the very best thing for me that could have happened, for I caught the infection and laughed with the loudest. Many a joke was made at my expense, but I entered warmly into the fun. All my shyness had vanished, and my recollections of this evening are among the pleasantest I cherish.

I was now able to make excursions of some length, and by the aid of 'Pretty Fanny' to visit the more distant tributaries of the Wear. Thus I made heavier creels while I acquired a peculiar affection for the beautiful scenery commonly found by the side of running water. One of my favourite haunts was the Bedburn, a little below the Grove, now the residence of H. E. Surtees, Esq. Mounted on Fanny, and with one companion also on horseback, we generally started at five o'clock in the morning, and after a ride of about fifteen miles contrived to arrive at the village of Hamsterley in good time for breakfast. And what a breakfast! How the ham, eggs, and tea disappeared after such appetising exercise! Then we sped to the Bedburn and fishing carefully up stream seldom failed to fill our baskets

Once indeed our efforts failed in a way we could not account for; the fish would not take. Puzzled as we then were, we saw the state of the case when later in the day hundreds of lampreys floated on the surface of the water in an almost torpid state. We had fallen on a day when the stream was poisoned by a lead mine 'hush' and every fish was sick at stomach and at heart.

We usually shortened the journey to Hamsterley a mile by riding through the Bishop's park, and on one occasion only was leave refused us. A change of portress made good the adage that new brooms sweep clean. Civilly as we preferred our request to the new lodge-keeper, it was disregarded. She took a good look at us, and turned away saying, 'My Lord has given particular instructions against admitting basket men.' Our unlucky creels, it appeared, had reduced us in her eyes to the rank of cadgers!

CHAPTER IV.

‘The Coquet for ever! The Coquet for aye!
 The Coquet, the king o’ the stream an the brae!
 Frae his high mountain throne to his bed in the sea,
 Oh where shall we find such a river as he?’—R. ROXBY.

FIRST VISIT TO COQUET—WELDON BRIDGE—ROTHBURY—THE ANGLER
 CAUGHT—JUVENILE SURGERY.

WHEN I reached my eighteenth year I disdained to be cramped within the bounds of Weardale. I, like young Norval,

Had heard of battles, and I longed
 To follow to the field some warlike lord.

At that time Coquetdale, made famous by Robert Roxby’s imperishable ‘Garland,’ was the point of attraction to every angler. These poems, written in the Northumbrian dialect, possess a truth and pathos which come home at least to every Northern reader, and while Izaak Walton’s ‘Angler’ made a convert of as apparently hopeless a subject as Washington Irving, so the ‘Garland’ excited many an admirer to cast a fly in the streams so beloved by the aged poet and so vividly described by him. The date of my first visit to them was fixed by a letter which I received on April 6, 1831, from my companion, W. B., dated from Rothbury, where he was

visiting friends and trying his 'prentice hand upon the numerous trout of that picturesque neighbourhood. Its bard has truly said—

There's wale o' trouts in Coquet,

W. B. spoke of taking three dozen in an afternoon's fishing as a slight affair. This so fired another friend and myself that on the following Monday we took our places on the roof of the early morning coach and were set down by ten o'clock at the village of Felton, where the Coquet flows through a varied richly cultivated country well stocked with timber. How lovely it all appeared in our eyes! Our visit was timed in exact accordance with the aspirations of the poet when he taxed his fancy to describe a day best suited to the angler:

O let it be in April tide
But one of April's best,
A mornin' that seems made o' May
In dews an' sunshine drest;
Frae off the crags o' Simonside
Let the fresh breezes blaw,
And let auld Cheviot's sides be green
Albeit his head be snaw.

In an upper room of Mrs. Hine's hotel at Felton we enjoyed a true north-country breakfast, watching all the time from the window the numerous fish which were in like manner partaking of their morning meal. Then despatching our carpet-bags by the carrier to Weldon Bridge we started to walk there, fishing by the way such pools and streams as seemed to us most promising. The results were nothing extraordinary, but compared with our past doings they satisfied us and impelled us to look forward eagerly to the morrow. For were we not young? and were not hope and fancy all our own?

And the morrow did not disappoint us. We had the advantage of an ale-coloured water, no small matter to beginners, and we counted by evening several dozen small trout, mingled with silver-coated smolts, for in those days the laws which protected these were set aside very coolly by anglers.

The next morning we took a trap and soon found ourselves at the beautifully situated village of Rothbury, with its old stone bridge and noble parish church embosomed in rich wood;—a lovely picture, but my eyes turned instinctively to the high hills above, crested with rocks and dotted with flocks of goats amid the golden whin bushes and the feathery bracken. Never before had I been surrounded by scenery so wild and romantic, and I date from this visit that taste for the picturesque in nature which for many years has brightened my wanderings in various lands. Our breakfast though ample was speedily dispatched, and W. B. and I betook ourselves to the river-side about a mile below the village. Here I was doomed to experience in my own proper person what old Touche and poor Tom suffered from my early negligence. A gravel bed was selected as the spot most appropriate for donning our tackle; my friend took the lead and was ready first; the ‘feed’ had just come on. A score of blue duns were floating on the water, while round his head went my friend’s line, and a sharp sting within my nostril made me scream aloud. Not seeing his cast fall as intended the rod made another circle, but the instinct of self-preservation enabled me to grasp the line and save myself the dreadful wrench that would have followed.

What was to be done? On examination the hook was found deeply embedded in my unfortunate nostril. I was on the point of running off to Rothbury in search

of help when my friend, with a gravity more becoming his profession (for he was an embryo surgeon) than his years, undertook the case himself. 'Lie down upon the ground,' he said with a tone of authority. 'Shut your eyes.' I obeyed. Another sharp sting, and the offending hook was extracted and lying in my hand. Many were my thanks, and warm my admiration of the operator's skill. 'Don't mention it,' he said; 'I never had a lancet in my hand before, but as I got my first case of instruments last week it seemed a good opportunity for trying them.'

For three days we fished from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M., on each occasion nearly filling our creels. The flies were the blue dun, golden plover, and red hackle, and I may here observe that during an experience of several years I found these the most killing flies on the Coquet. On the following Monday I returned to Durham, having spent a happy and not unsuccessful week by the then most famous Border stream. As an angling river none has been more bepraised in verse, as may be seen in the charming lyrics of Robert Roxby:

I will sing of the Coquet, the dearest of themes,
The haunt of the fisher, the first of a' streams;
There's nane like the Coquet in a' the king's land
From the white cliffs of Dover to North Britain's strand.
The Coquet for ever! the Coquet for aye!
The Woodhall and Weldon, and Felton so gay;
And Brinkburn and Linden, wi' a' their sweet pride
For they add to the beauties of dear Coquetside.
Then blessings be on him, and lang may he glide,
The fisherman's home and the fisherman's pride,
From Harden's green hill to old Warkworth so grey,
The Coquet for ever! the Coquet for aye!

CHAPTER V.

‘Peace to thy spirit, master mine!
 Who in my hour of youth’s sunshine
 All mysteries of rod and line
 Interpretedst to me.
 Well didst thou play the teacher’s part,
 And had I Goldsmith’s graphic art
 Thy watchful eye, thy kindly heart
 Should not forgotten be.’

CHARLIE EBDY’S WORKSHOP—CHARLIE IN SEARCH OF THE DROWNED—
 AT A FIRE—ACTING OCULIST—WITH THE BULL TROUT—HIS LESSONS
 IN ANGLING—VISIT TO WELDON BRIDGE—THE DILETTANTE ANGLER—
 THE KINGFISHER’S NEST—THE OTTER A WOOD-CUTTER—CHARLIE NO
 PUGILIST—THE FLOOD OF A.D. 1824 IN THE WEAR—ANGLING AT
 NIGHT.

THE name of Charles Ebdy has already appeared in these pages. Let me now formally introduce to my readers a man who to a certain little world was the greatest hero in the city of Durham, as his workshop was a Paradise of delights. Charlie was by trade a ropemaker, but the introduction of machinery made his labour sadly unprofitable, and he was compelled to resort to a thousand and one devices to earn a maintenance for himself and his numerous family.

Happily for them he was a man of varied talents, ingenuity and spirit. His shop (charming place!) contained a squirrel revolving in an elaborate cage made by himself; a fleet of boats of various designs, also of his own construction, for letting out to boys and

young men at the moderate charge of one penny an hour; a parrot that indulged in the raciest slang; a bullfinch that piped Jock o' Hazledean; a tame snake which took its morning drink from a saucer, and a pointer always surrounded by puppies. Were cricket or football in season, straightway might be seen in Charlie's shop a fresh stock of the proper implements for sale. When

Summer's beams began to dart
And winter's blasts were dead,

a handsome row of fishing-rods sprang up as if by magic, while the maker sat at his desk knocking off hackled flies by the dozen. He had no faith in flies with wings.

Was there a report that some maiden crazed by care or crossed in hopeless love had sought a refuge from woe in the cold bosom of some sedgy pool, Charlie was sure to be seen at once in search of the body with a large white-bread loaf loaded with mercury, as firmly convinced that this would lead to discovery as is the Indian when he floats a chip of cedar wood near the place where his friend was drowned, in full confidence that it would stop and turn round above the exact spot where the body rests. Was a house on fire? Then amid clouds of smoke, Charlie was to be seen on the roof. There amid flame and smoke and the cheers of the crowd, he unerringly directed the hose against the raging element. Like the valiant Higginbottom

Still o'er his head, while fate he braved,
The whizzing waterpipe he waved.

Such was Charlie Ebdy as known to school-boys; and when I add that as an angler he stood on the highest pinnacle of fame, it will appear but natural that

after my first taste of the delight of fishing at Coquet-side I should seek conference with him, and having told my adventures seal a compact that when next the thorn put forth its buds, we should don our creels and be off to the stream of streams together. Charlie was now about forty years of age, spare in form, sinewy and active as a deer, rather above the middle height, with a brown freckled face, the prominent feature of which was too much of a hook for beauty. His activity was such that no exercise, however severe, made him slacken his pace, and so fertile was he in expedients that difficulties only elicited some novel scheme for overcoming them. If a large fish on being hooked, sank, trusting to its weight, to the bottom of the pool, and sulked, Charlie would shout 'Stone him,' and throw such a volley as startled it at once into renewed action. If a cast of flies attached itself to a branch provokingly high, Charlie never failed to fling stones with such unerring aim that the branch was cut and the cast released; or if a rod were broken, it was respliced and made as good as ever by his nimble fingers in a very few minutes. In short, to have Charlie at hand was an insurance against all catastrophes.

He had, I regret to say, small respect for the medical faculty, and he made no secret of his contempt for 'the doctor's orders.' I once saw him enter a whitesmith's shop, where the chief workman was standing aside with his eye bandaged over, evidently in great pain. On enquiry it appeared that two days previously, while chipping a piece of iron, the sufferer had allowed a small portion to enter beneath the eyelid. With Charlie a difficulty was merely a thing to be grappled with, so just saying 'I'll soon do for that,' away he sped and returned in half an hour with a powerful magnet

which he had borrowed from a friend. 'Now down on the ground,' said Charlie, with a voice of authority, and such was the general confidence in his powers that he was at once obeyed. Directing one of the workmen to unclothe the eye as far as possible he applied the magnet, on which the offending atom promptly responded, and was drawn out of the eye. Having satisfied himself that there was no more behind, Charlie commenced one of those exciting dances with which he generally wound up his triumphs, saying, with infinite scorn, 'Them doctors are all humbugs—they're not worth a button, not they.'

The many hours my old friend passed out of doors in the country were not wasted upon him. He was a close observer of nature; a flight of birds, a hornet's nest, the otter gliding by—all these and a score of other incidents as they passed before him evoked some anecdote illustrating their natural history. Like the old man of Wordsworth's sonnet, he had

An ample sovereignty of eye and ear.

The play of cloud and sunshine on the landscape, the bloom of the heather on the brae, the wild flowers of spring, were all noted by him. He loved them all.

Charlie was a remarkably moderate and temperate man both in eating and drinking. We seldom got him to take more than one glass of beer or two of wine. Ardent and excitable as he was, especially in fishing matters, he did not indulge in the habit, then too common, of swearing. Indeed I never heard him swear but once, and then he was under such strong excitement as to be really unconscious of the offence.

April had arrived. Robert Roxby's invitation had been given

The snaws are gane frae haugh an hill,
An Coquet's streams rin merrily,
An mony a troutie we will kill,
If thou wilt gang an fish wi' me.

Mr. P. W. Forster, Charlie, and I were fishing about a mile below Felton, Charlie planting himself in a thick thorn bush which allowed him to command a pool rippled by a strong breeze. He was soon successful, and hooked a large bull-trout which showed strong play. As Charlie was fishing at the time with small trout flies, the event was unexpected and the contest necessarily severe. Great was our astonishment at seeing him spring up and down in the bush as though he were demented, shouting all the time 'A salmon! a salmon! d—— d—— d—— a skegger! a skegger! d—— d—— d——,' while my friend and I indulged in peals of laughter. After all, sad to tell, the fish broke away, and when we answered the fisherman's call for help we found him held fast in the bush by a score of sharp thorns. Poor Charlie! some time passed ere we could extract a smile from him.

Poor Charlie! I owe him a good deal. Perhaps his greatest value lay in this, that as he always fished his best, he formed a standard by which every hour of the day I could estimate my own progress. To an angler for trout this is important. Should he when alone find the fish not incline to him, he may doubt whether the fault rests with himself or no; but when gauged by such an accomplished sportsman as my old companion, he can readily satisfy himself as to his own well doing or otherwise.

Among the earliest of his lessons was this—that I should always note, not only the kind of fly on which the fish were feeding, but also the side of the river on

which they were chiefly gathered. Sometimes he would point out that the wind being gentle the flies merely dropped from the bushes, and were quietly borne down the stream by their side; while on other occasions he would remark that the wind had blown the flies from one side of the river to the other, and that at the latter was the only chance of sport; and in these views I never knew him to be wrong. He had also a theory that it was well when beginning angling at say 8 A.M. to try first the quiet, easy, flowing water at the foot of the streams, and then as the morning advanced fish the upper portions more carefully, till at mid-day the top of the stream should be fished. After a rest of an hour or more, the afternoon was to be devoted to the shallow dubs. This theory, based on careful observation, was peculiarly his own, and long practice has led me to conclude that here, too, my Mentor was right.

Charlie's temperament was a hopeful one. He used to maintain that at some time or other of every day the fish were certain to feed, and that however bad the morning's sport might be, there was sure to be a lucky hour before sunset. In this he was seldom wrong, and it was his wonderful quickness of action during this lucky hour while the fish were feeding that enabled him so often rapidly to convert a light creel into a heavy one.

If the fish were taking slowly, Charlie used not to exert himself much, and then my sport was generally as good as his, but when the lucky hour came, in spite of all I could do, he never failed to take two fish for my one, thus showing himself an accomplished master of the art. At this time we fished with spliced rods made by Charlie, thirteen feet in length, very light, and peculiarly adapted for casting frequently, with one hand, up

stream. Mr. Stewart has written an excellent book on the advantages of fishing with fly up stream ; but many years before Mr. Stewart told his tale Charlie had trained his pupils in this then novel system. Of late years I have fished a good deal with two-handed rods in the Tweed, and so have lost the light handling of my early days, but I am sure that the heaviest baskets I have ever made with fly have been when, under Charlie's guidance, I steadily fished up stream, acting in accordance with his favourite assertion, 'that a fish always lies with his head up stream, and has no eyes in his tail.' Dear old Charlie, thou wast a pleasant companion to me by many a running brook ! Never had angler a more willing ally, and tears have been shed over the graves of men who deserved them less than did this friend of my early days.

What a charming drive was that when with Charlie by my side and mounted on the top of the Highflyer coach we trotted at the rate of ten miles an hour to Weldon Bridge, 'famed Weldon to anglers the dearest.' We had heard the fisher's call,

The thorn is in the bud,
 The palm is in the blossom,
 The primrose in the shade
 Unfolds her dewy bosom.
 Sweet Coquet's purling clear,
 And summer music making,
 The trout has left its lair,
 Then waken, fishers, waken !

The lav'rock's in the sky,
 And on the heath the plover,
 The bee upon the thyme,
 The swallow skimming over.
 The farmer walks the field,
 The seed he's casting steady,
 The breeze is blowing west,
 Be ready, fishers, ready !

We had heard the call, and we obeyed it right gladly.

It was Monday in the Easter week of 1832; the sun shone brightly, and our glad hearts revelled in the varied delights of nature. The honeysuckle with its early leaves, the modest primrose and the budding thorn told that spring was come at last, though the lingering snow on Simon side told how narrowly we had escaped from the cold grasp of winter. On arriving at the inn we quickly grafted our fishing gear, and commenced operations in the stream which flowed in front of it. Our day's work fully satisfied us, cormorants as we were, when, towards the close of the afternoon, at the top of the Cauld Pool, we came upon a gentleman exquisitely got up in choice angling attire, and ardently flogging the stream with a brand new salmon rod. Civilly greeting him after the manner of true anglers, we found that his sport had been all but 'nil,' and on seeing our take he laid down his rod upon the bank and followed us. I begged leave to try a few casts with his rod; it was pleasantly granted, and thus I made my first essay in salmon-fishing. Never before had I held a salmon rod, but practice in trout-fishing enabled me after a few casts, to throw a tolerably clean line. A good breeze was blowing up stream which favoured the proper hang of the fly, and after a quarter of an hour's thrashing, the line tightened and a large fish plunged on the surface of the stream. Ten minutes of firm but gentle play, and I drew him safely up to a convenient gravel bed. The joy was too great for me. Leaving my fish to fling himself about at pleasure, I threw myself on a sandbank and must own that I kicked up my legs in a style more energetic than becoming, while Charlie was almost equally excited, and Mr. Hood showed more sympathy

on the occasion than could have been expected from one who had so patiently tried his own hand and failed.

My prize was a bull trout of six pounds weight, a fish which affords good sport to the angler though for the table far inferior to the true *Salmo salar*. To me however it was a noble salmon. Oh! how grateful I felt for its kind sacrifice of self! never was more gracious fish.

Inspired by the event Charlie next took the rod, and ere long another fish, twin brother to mine, lay gasping on the bank. Proud and satisfied we wended our way back, and having dined we drew round a cheerful wood fire and with tales of past sport and happy speculations as to the future all spent a pleasant evening. We found our companion agreeable, but utterly ignorant of everything relating to fishing. Fired by the accounts he had read of angling in Coquetdale, he deemed that he had but to equip himself, go and do. Resorting to a Fleet Street tackle maker, he had become the proud owner of a store of tackle sufficient for the capture of a ton of fish. There were three or four rods with reels to suit, as many pocketbooks containing every conceivable lure, and boxes of flies, black beetles, moths, ladybirds, and spiders, as perfect a collection of insects as entomologist could desire. Great was the astonishment of their possessor on beholding our simple tackle, and so modest was he in his ignorance that we gladly invited him to go with us on the following day. He came, and it was with pleasure that I learnt two years later of his having profited by Charlie's lessons and become an excellent trout fisher.

The next morning brought a cold wind from the east, but nothing daunted we began our fishing where we had left off on the previous day. I have frequently

found that on these hard cold days of early spring the fish seem divided in their attention between a small black gnat and a large March brown. It was so on this occasion. As a rule large flies are best in cold weather, but I have frequently found the black gnat to be an exception. In the morning we did little in the streams, but the afternoon's fishing was in shallow pools, with many large boulders rising above the surface. Casting a long line among these we drew many a good fish to bank, and altogether Charlie and I made a capital day's work.

While at luncheon we observed a kingfisher fly from among the fibrous roots of an old tree which overhung the water; quick as thought Charlie dashed through the stream to the opposite side, then scrambling upward thrust his hand into a hole, and plucking from it the nest of the poor bird recrossed the river and showed his prize in triumph. In vain did I try to persuade him of the cruelty and unwisdom of the act; Charlie was a collector of curious things, and here he certainly had a prize to add to his museum. The nest was entirely made of fish bones, chiefly the larger ones of the trout, while the lining on which the young brood were to rest was composed of the small bones of minnows and such-like fish. In shape it was oval, roofed as a protection from the weather, while an opening in the side formed the only mode of ingress; its conformation being in fact precisely that which I have seen in the nests of hornets as they hung suspended upon thorn bushes. It is to be hoped that the Act recently passed by Parliament for the better protection of our wild birds will, by checking the rapacity of collectors and destructionists, conduce to that end. I can bear witness to the

seriously reduced number of kingfishers and other choice birds since the time of which I am writing.

One day when seated on the south bank of the river with Charlie for my companion, an incident occurred which raised some speculation in my mind as to the habits of the fishermen's great competitor the otter. It was one of the most picturesque spots on the Coquet. A few yards above us were two islands side by side, which divided the water into three portions locally named the 'split streams,' and deemed especially good for worm fishing. Indeed it was in one of these that Charlie captured the largest trout I ever heard of in the river; it weighed nearly five pounds, and the struggle was for years afterwards the subject of conversation. Seated under the shadow of a large tree we were enjoying our uncheon, when a sharp crackling noise attracted our attention. Looking to an overhanging tree which dipped its branches into the middle of the pool about thirty yards from our seat, we observed a large otter holding on by a branch between his teeth, and twisting it about so sharply that at last he succeeded in severing it from the tree. He then swam straight to his hole which was beneath its root, and both otter and branch disappeared. After about five minutes the animal came out again and swam to his old position beneath the tree. Here he seized a second branch which soon yielded to his powerful jaws, and he was making off with it to his hole when the spirit of mischief getting the better of Charlie he jumped up and hurled a stone. The otter dived, left the branch to float down the stream and did not appear again. But what could he have wanted with these branches? If they were to be used as bedding for his young litter, surely it would have been but hard lying.

Charlie's courage was of an incomprehensible character; in contests with nature he was universally acknowledged a bold and daring leader, but when the struggle was as of man against man truth compels me to admit him somewhat of a coward. Our fishing often took us to Elyhaugh, where were several good streams, and on one occasion we there met a Mr. F—— of Newcastle, who was fishing downwards with the natural minnow. Mr. F—— and I at once entered on the subject of our respective sport, and I found that he was chiefly a minnow-fisher. He carried in his creel the result of two days' fishing; there were about a dozen trout varying from half a pound to a pound and a half each; he had not one small fish among them. While I was admiring them, Charlie, to my surprise remained at some distance off, and he only came forward on my distinctly calling him to come and see the splendid lot of fish. Giving a sulky nod, for it seems there was an ancient feud between the two fishers, he looked into the creel and observed drily, 'Ah! night lines, night lines!' Mr. F—— stepped forward and menacingly exclaimed, 'What's that you say?' 'Night lines,' was Charlie's prompt reply. In a moment F——'s coat was off, and squaring up to his antagonist with raised fists he said, 'Now, you liar, come on and I'll knock you into next week.' Of course I expected a regular stand-up fight, but Charlie's courage like that of Bob Acres oozed out at his fingers' end. He backed and backed till, gaining the shelter of a stout tree, he esconced himself behind its boll, from which shelter he contented himself with peeping out and still crying 'Night lines!'

F—— tried to draw him out by dodging round the tree, but Charlie was far too nimble for him. At last in despair, F—— put on his coat, shouldered his creel

and exclaiming, 'Ough, you dirty coward!' walked off in high dudgeon. Charlie did not deem it necessary to refer to this indisposition to pugilism, neither did I; but he again declared positively that the fish *had* been taken with night lines, for he had noticed in a moment that the mouth of every trout was fixed as widely open as possible. 'Now,' said my Mentor, 'that is only the case when fish are taken with night lines and die slowly with the water running through their gills; When caught fairly with fly, worm, or minnow, the mouth does not remain rigidly open.' I submit the question to my brother anglers.

It is difficult to conceive such cowardice as that I narrated proceeding from the man who in any contest with fire or water always led the way boldly, and by way of antidote to my last tale I give the following.

On Sunday evening, October 16, 1824, occurred the greatest flood known in the river Wear, since the year 1771, and by far the highest during my lifetime. Many houses in the lower parts of Durham were inundated, the fires under the retorts at the gas works were extinguished, and the town consequently left in darkness. I remember the dense crowds that collected on the different bridges and the coming and going as they were alternately swayed by curiosity and by dread lest the bridges should be swept away. Evening had set in, and it was already becoming dark when word was brought in that Mark Hopper was upon the top of a haystack near to the Nab's End, surrounded by water, and that his cries for help could be distinctly heard. At once the shout was raised, 'Run for Charlie Ebdy,' and in an incredibly short space of time a cart bearing a boat was seen coming down Old Elvet surrounded by numbers of men bearing lanterns, and screaming out

their advice and opinions as to the best course of action. Proudly walked Charlie in the procession; all deferred to him, and he did not fail to rise to the occasion.

When they reached the 'Holy Drift,' the boat was launched, and Charlie accompanied by two young men as dauntless as himself, Harry Griffith and Ralph Dixon, started across the perturbed and swollen stream amid the loud cheers of the excited crowd. So deep was the water that the highest hedges were covered, but the little boat held on its course till, guided by the light of their lamp, they made out the haystack, where sat poor Mark with his arms round a calf whose rescue had nearly cost his own life.

The boat was of no great size, and great was the indignation of the rowers when Mark insisted that the companion of his danger should be his fellow passenger. 'Tak care o' the calf, lads,' cried Mark lowering it into the boat. 'Come down yourself, you old fool, and let the calf be blowed,' cried Charlie. 'Tak care o' the puir calf, and aw'l be all reet,' persisted Mark; so to keep the peace the animal was stowed away as ballast and before long the whole party were safely landed at the foot of the 'Parson's Field.' But Charlie and his comrades longed for further deeds of daring, and reshipping their oars they rowed towards the further end of the Racecourse. All the fences were under water, and passing over them they entered the narrow part of the river where now stands the Bath Bridge. The force of the stream here was terrific, but skill and a watchful Providence brought them in safety to the back of the Waterloo Hotel, where they rowed into the stable yard to receive the congratulations of their friends.

All was now thought to be ended, but not so;

Charlie declared his intention of conducting his boat beneath the bridge to his workshop, half a mile lower down the river. The madness of the proposal struck horror through his hearers; but our hero was determined, and placing a lantern in the boat's bow he boldly struck out into the raging torrent. His wonderful nerve and skill guided the boat to the centre of one of the arches, and he passed beneath in safety, though it was believed that there was not more than a space of three feet between the crown of the arch and the roaring water.

The height of this celebrated flood is yet marked upon the wall of the University Museum.

One evening in June, when seated by the fireside of the inn at Weldon Bridge, Charlie and I fell into a discussion on night-fishing with worm for trout in warm weather, and we agreed that it would be well to give it a trial and ascertain how far our views were correct. 'Well then,' said I, 'no time like the present,' but Charlie was too comfortable and too sleepy to respond to my summons. So preparing my rod and line off I started to a stream half a mile down the river. The night was very dark, and I found my way with difficulty. Arriving at the intended spot I waded across a somewhat deep stream to reach one still deeper near to the further bank. Standing in the water I placed a lively lob on the hook and cast my line up stream; the worm scarcely touched the water when I felt a tug and succeeded in drawing a large trout towards me. Having basketed this I threw again with the same result, and now astonishment awaited me. There was not a breath of wind—the water was flowing gently and caused but little sound, when all at once my ears were assailed by such a tumult of fish spattering and splashing as I had never before heard; the river seemed alive with large

fish. My heart beat, for there seemed something uncanny in the affair; still I persevered and succeeded in securing four more fish. Suddenly all was still; not a fish was heard to move, and not another bite was to be had. I could neither see nor hear anything to account for the sudden change, so home I started, proud of my prize of six fish considerably larger than any we had taken in the river by daylight. The unpleasantness of angling with worms in the dark is so great that I have never tried the experiment again, but of its success there can be no doubt.

CHAPTER VI.

'When with his lively ray the potent sun
 Has pierced the streams and roused the finny race,
 Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
 And woodlands, warbling round trace up the brooks,
 The next, pursue their rocky-channelled maze
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave
 Their little Naiads love to sport at large.
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
 Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils
 Around the stone, or from the hollowed bank
 Reverted plays in undulating flow,
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly,
 And as you lead it round in artful curve,
 With eye attentive mark the springing game.
 Strait as above the surface of the flood
 They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,
 Then fix with gentle twitch the barbed hook:
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
 And to the shelving shore slow dragging some
 With various hand proportioned to their force.'—J. THOMSON.

A START FOR THE HIGHLANDS—A GOOD DAY'S SPORT—MR. CULLEY'S
 EVENING SCRAMBLE—HIGHLAND LOCHS AND STREAMS—A FLUCKY
 SHEPHERD BOY—A SECOND HIGHLAND TOUR—A DUCKING IN THE
 LOCHY—MEETING WITH THE HON. MR. CRANSTOUN—A NIGHT IN A
 HIGHLAND COTTAGE—ALL ALONE ON THE TOP OF A ROCK—MR. JOHN-
 STON AND THE BULL—THE OPEN-HEARTED SEA CAPTAIN—TALE OF
 SECOND SIGHT.

A.D. 1833. The time had now arrived when my ambi-
 tion as an angler together with my love for wild scenery

prompted me to wander further afield. In the summer of this year I gladly acceded to the suggestion of Mr. James C. Johnston and his brother Alexander, that we three should take a walking tour through the western Highlands of Scotland. Early in July I joined my friends in Glasgow, and we eagerly filled our pocket-books with all that was requisite for the capture of sea trout, a description of fish with which I had not yet had the good fortune to meet. Clad in black and white checked suits and wearing the Johnny-Pea hats then in vogue, knapsack on shoulder, and in our hands rods fourteen feet in length, we deemed ourselves equal to all chances and took our passage in a steamer to the mouth of the Clyde. Here we paid a visit to a relative of Mr. Johnston's and had some excellent fishing in a small stream near to her estate. On one occasion we were tempted by the excellence of the sport to wander so far along this stream that at nightfall we found ourselves in the dark, with heavy loads on our shoulders and a steep mountain range between us and our home. It was long before we gained the pass, and even then the rugged wilderness of the way made our progress slow and laborious. Midnight found us toiling on though weary and faint, when at last we were gladdened by hearing the voices of the servants who had been sent out with lanterns to guide us back. And soon we were seated by a bright fire with a good supper set before us, our kind hostess entering heartily into the tale of our wanderings. Our fish were not counted till the next morning, when mine proved to be 188 trout, while each of my friends had about the same number—a good capture certainly for less than seven hours' work.

Such a return journey will sometimes fall to the lot of the angler after a day's sport, and he may as well be

prepared for it. My friend Mr. M. T. Culley has been good enough to place in my hands the record of one which still lives in his memory, and by his kind permission I am glad to give it in his own words.

‘The most awful scramble after a day’s fishing which I remember occurred in the late autumn many years ago. I was then living at Kirk Newton, where the pretty streams of College and Bowmont unite to form the river Glen. I had gone with a young friend, a London medical student, for a long day’s fishing up the College. It being late in the season, whitling were more the object of our pursuit than trout, but these were scarce and shy, so we got rapidly over the ground. The scenery too was beautiful, for though summer green was gone the autumn tints of every shade of brown contrasted well with the frowning rocks and crags which studded the hill sides. So we were lured on, nor did we stop on reaching Southern Knowe where the junction of Fleehope and Lamsdon Burns forms the little brawling College. We proceeded up the last-named brook, climbing its precipitous rocks till it began to grow dark, and then we remembered that we had some six or seven miles to walk home. So we shouldered our creels, took down our rods, and set out at a brisk pace to return. The little gorge we were descending was very narrow and precipitous, and as we approached the point where it opened on the valley of the College, the grandeur of the scene was such as I cannot forget. In front rose a huge black hill covered with what are locally called ‘glidders,’ *i.e.* large masses of loose and broken stones: and though it actually stood on the farther side of the College valley it seemed in the evening gloom fairly to bar up the narrow opening before us, and its aspect was truly awe-inspiring.

‘Once arrived at the turning into the vale (for narrow as it looked it really was a valley in comparison with the gorge we had left) we did pretty well for a time, but soon it became pitchy dark. The path is not over-easy to find in the daytime, and at night no one unacquainted with the locality could possibly follow it. I did know it pretty well, but with the darkness came an awful storm of wind and rain. Painfully did we scramble on. Both of us were young, lithe, and active, the only difference being that I was a practised mountaineer while my companion had spent most of his time in and about London, so that a scramble through a wilderness in darkness, rain, and wind was something quite new to him. Nevertheless he bore up bravely, and followed me. All at once we came to the edge of a sudden declivity. I knew of it, and slid down. My friend walked straight on into the dark at the same rapid pace as before, and lo! crash he went to the bottom, falling through mid air in what position I know not, for nothing was visible, breaking his rod, (the reel was already broken) and bruising his bones sorely.

‘Meanwhile the rain drove furiously in our faces, the wind howled and screeched, and scarcely were the tops of the lofty hills on either side of us visible against the sky. A steep and rugged ascent brought us to a narrow track lying between the steep bank that overhung the valley on the one hand and the mountain on the other. Here great care was needed. Had I not known almost every inch of the way, some serious accident must have happened. It was most difficult to keep to the track and we floundered on through bogs and over stones with no small labour. My companion began to grumble a little. “Why,” I said, “you are not half a chap!” It was cruel, but with imperturbable good humour he

replied, "if to be half a chap means to *like* being wet to the skin, dragged through bogs, nearly blown away and bumped almost to pieces among rocks, then I freely confess that I am no such thing." What could I say? In truth the situation was getting past a joke. Next came a deep descent into a dark ravine; then a steep climb up the opposite side, and we arrived at a little swampy plateau lying between the foot of the lofty Newton Tor and the cliff above the river.

'But hold! What is this? A little to our right there appeared suddenly through the thick darkness two long slender forms of life-like figures, slowly waving to and fro. A sudden and overpowering sense of awe came over us both, for it was a most unexpected apparition. The place was so lonely, and it was such a night! the very night for spirits to wander. We stood and gazed, but the long wavering flames did not approach. The only conclusion we could come to was that they were Wills-o'-the-Wisp, but I never heard of such being seen in that place before or since. When our first surprise, not to say alarm, passed off, we scrambled on again, and in another half-hour we arrived, wet through, worn out, and desperately hungry, at the comfortable vicarage of Kirk Newton; but never have we forgotten that weird and startling apparition on Newton Tor.'

To return to my own narration. Leaving the hospitable house in which we had been so kindly received, my friends and I fished a river whose name I do not remember, and so walked forward to the side of Loch Fine where, taking boat, we crossed in a storm of wind and rain to Inverary. A few hours passed away at this ancient centre of the Campbells' power, and then we pressed onwards, fishing the river Inver with fair suc-

cess and arrived at the small inn at Clady on Friday evening. Saturday was spent in fishing a little river which there joined Loch Awe; the rains had made it in excellent order, and our creels were proportionally heavy.

Greatly did we enjoy our quiet two days' sojourn at this little inn. It is probable that we should now deem the accommodation of the roughest, but in those days luxuries were not expected at inns, and we were at the age when a hard bed and a rough meal sufficed. All along the west coast of Scotland at this time almost every loch and river was free to the angler, who thus secured sport which made him indifferent to any petty discomforts of board and lodging.

Hiring a boat, we crossed Loch Awe and entered upon the river which issues from it. The Awe, now so carefully preserved by rich lessees, was then an open river, but we were too young as salmon-anglers and too unacquainted with its pools and streams to have any success. Our chief gain was a lovely walk to the inn at the river mouth, which we reached as the shades of evening were falling. While fishing this river, a shepherd lad of about fifteen years of age was pointed out to us as the hero of an uncommon adventure. He was fishing for salmon late on the previous evening, and at dusk he hooked 'a monster.' Stoutly he stuck to his work, and only rested when it had become quite dark and the fish sunk to the bottom of the pool and sulked. No one was near him, no one to advise or help, so the lad, being weary, propped his rod upright against a rock, lay down upon the ground, coiled a few turns of the line round his finger and with another part of it across his mouth, slept soundly till the sun rose and the fish began to move. The precautions he had taken

at once awoke the young fisherman, and the struggle recommenced. At seven o'clock he was found at the riverside with a beautiful fresh-run salmon weighing upwards of 20 lbs.

From the Awe we fished our way by Loch Etive and the beautiful vale of Glencoe to Fort William. It was difficult to obtain animal food at the cottages in which we frequently had to pass the night, but some tea from our knapsack, abundance of fresh-caught trout, oat cake and sweet butter were sufficient for our wants. Youth naturally has simple tastes, and it were well if we carried these tastes on into our mature age. Dyspepsia would be heard of less, and life would be longer.

At Fort William we took a steamer for Glasgow, passing through the Kyles of Bute during a lovely moonlight night. Here I first beheld the beautiful phenomena of the sea when gently agitated appearing like a sheet of gold. It is not a common one in our British seas, but I have since seen it on a grander scale in the Mediterranean.

The success of our tour induced us to plan another which should take us into still wilder scenery, and we arranged that the same party, with the addition of a Highland servant, should start for a walking expedition in July 1834, making Fort William our starting point. The inconvenience of travelling in a country where the language commonly spoken was unknown to us, led us to take a Gaelic servant, and we found great comfort in the additional clothing he was able to carry for us.

Our first day's fishing was in the river Lochy, which was then swollen and discoloured by recent rains; under these circumstances it was only possible to fish with worm. We caught a few common trout, and about

half-a-dozen fish resembling bull trout, coarse-looking, but making excellent running. They were from 2 to 4 lbs. weight each. The second day's sport was better; we fished about four miles above Fort William; it still rained, but the water was not so dark in colour. I took forty-eight fish called finnock (a small kind of sea trout weighing nearly half-a-pound each), altogether a heavy basket; and when my friends opened out their creels at the hotel and showed similar spoils, it was indeed a goodly sight to see.

On this occasion my greed of sport nearly cost me my life. The day was rainy, and I was encumbered with a deep waterproof cape and a heavy creel; thus handicapped I waded far into the water, fishing slowly downwards. The stream was not more than two feet deep, which had been the average for about fifty yards, when a single step plunged me in deep water up to the neck, and the force of the stream acting on the waterproof cape carried me downward. With a feeling of despair I struck out immediately, and after a severe struggle which exhausted my strength I at last regained a firm footing. Cautiously tracking the course of the sand-bank I once more joined my alarmed companions. Deep wading in unknown rivers, especially when they are discoloured, is most dangerous, and an angler cannot take this lesson to heart too early in his career. On the third day we took a boat and rowed up Loch Shiel into Glen Finnan, a silent solitary spot, bounded by lofty rugged mountains. Here Prince Charles Edward first raised his standard in 1745, the Marquis of Tullibardine unfurling it before the gallant though it may be reckless host. The spot is marked by a monument erected to the memory of those who fought and bled in the insurrection; and tasteless as the erection

was in form, we could not look upon it in that lonely wilderness without deep emotion.

Again trudging forward we skirted the margin of a long loch, which we durst not pause to fish because we had many miles to travel ere we could reach the little inn where we were to sleep. There was no beaten track, and we had to depend entirely upon a small pocket map for guidance. About two o'clock we called a halt, for we were weary and hungry, and we attacked our sandwiches with a hearty goodwill. Meanwhile a gentleman of about our own age, accompanied by dogs and gamekeeper, joined us. The surroundings were such that no formality of introduction was required, so we sat down together and joining our stores made a hearty luncheon. A glass of pure water tempered with 'mountain dew' accompanied the sportsman's great solace—his pipe. What so soothing in rain or fair weather, heat or cold? or what conversation may compare with the charm of the silence which prevails while the grateful fume rises from the bowl? Our companion told us that he was going to sleep at the same little inn for which we were bound, and with a cordial wish that he might meet us in the evening, he resumed his gun while we prepared to fish down a pretty little river that led us to our destination. This river was remarkable for the vast number of old oaks which formed its bed, worn almost smooth by the torrents of centuries. The oaks were undecayed and were quite black, evidently remains of the vast forests which in primeval ages covered the country. On reaching the inn door we found our companion of the morning, who told us he was going a few miles across the hills to spend the evening with a friend, but promised, in taking leave, to join us on the following

morning. We only learnt after his departure that he was the Hon. Mr. Cranstoun, whose family owned large estates in the district. His kindness in thus giving up to us the rooms he had engaged for himself, and which turned out to be the only ones available for visitors, bespoke him to be the courteous gentleman he really was.

He rejoined us early the next morning, and fished with us down the river to Arasaig, when he invited us to the Castle. There we passed the next day as Mr. Cranstoun's guests in company with two young Oxonians, enjoying the return to civilized society and the liberal hospitality of our host. On the following morning he had his own boat manned, and sailed with us to Loch Nevish, where landing us at the mouth of a river he bade us good-bye, regretting his inability to accompany us through the remainder of our tour. That evening we had some good sea trout fishing, and then sought shelter in the neatest shepherd's cottage we could find in a somewhat wretched-looking village. The people were friendly enough. A supper of fresh trout, potatoes, and tea was quickly disposed of, and we lay down in our clothes upon a bed of freshly cut heather covered with a blanket. We lay down, but not to sleep, for the smoke was stifling, there being no vent for it except a small opening in the roof. At sunrise the smoke having disappeared, we were able to look about us, and I found that a series of rafters above our heads formed the roosting place of a score or so of fowls. This discovery made us instantly spring from our couch, and necessitated ablutions more than ordinary.

We were glad to make an early start across a mountain to Loch Hourn, by the side of which we had to travel, till at its farthest end we found an inn in

which to rest for the night. My friends lingered behind to fish the river at Invereskie, while I pressed forward, it being understood that we were to join company again by the side of the loch. The day was warm, and on reaching the sheet of water during the afternoon I felt so fatigued that I decided to walk slowly onwards and thus shorten the distance I had to travel. But I made a mistake. My friends coming afterwards, found the track which had been named to us, passing round certain rocks, but I unfortunately overlooked it and continued my course by the edge of the loch.

It was a lovely evening, the sun shining brightly, when at about six o'clock my progress was intercepted by a precipitous rock which stretched far into the water. With some labour and really no little danger I climbed to the top of this rock, thinking that afterwards my progress would be easy. Judge of my dismay, when after a few yards of smooth grass which gradually sloped down to the loch, I came to a rocky precipice down which it was impossible to clamber. I returned in haste to the point to which I had ascended, but after two or three essays my courage failed me; the descent was too much for my nerves. What was to be done? a precipice on either side, insurmountable rocks behind, and the deep wide-spread lake in front. I sat down and pondered in my mind what was to be done, what travellers in the like straits *had* done, till a kind Providence soothed me to sleep and I lay wrapped in peaceful slumbers till midnight. When I awoke a bright moon was shining overhead, not a breath of wind was stirring, all nature was still, and I sat and watched the loch glistening in the splendour of moonlight.

An hour passed in quiet oh! how profound, and



LOCH HOURN

again I asked myself, how is this to end? I was cold and depressed in spirits, and involuntarily turned my eyes to the lake as the only quarter whence deliverance could come. Listening and looking intently, I could not help imagining that a sound as of oars did steal across the water. I started up and listened, but all seemed still again. Then the voices of singers stole across the water, died away, and again there was deep silence. At length I heard both the splash of oars and the singing distinctly, and had soon after the inexpressible joy of seeing in the far-off glimmer of the moon something like a boat. I shouted loudly, and tying a handkerchief to the top of my fishing rod waved it to and fro, but it seemed as if all would be in vain; the boat continued its course for some time without any response being made to my signal. At last, however, the oars ceased to pull, and a shout of enquiry was raised. My response was energetic and prompt; the boat gradually drew towards the rock, and I soon had the joy of stepping on board, where I met with a hearty welcome. My tale told, the rowers kindly changed their course so as to land me near my intended resting place. With many thanks I bade my rescuers farewell, and at about two in the morning rejoined my friends, who had been extremely uneasy at my non-appearance.

Next day we began to fish our way by many a stream to Loch Quoich, but before arriving there an adventure occurred which may be thought worth recounting. During the afternoon, tired with our sport, Mr. Alex. Johnston, our servant, and myself, rested upon an elevated rock by the side of a charming pool in which from time to time many a fish was to be seen. Mr. James C. Johnston had crossed the river and reached the opposite bank, where lay a flat grassy peninsula, some

two or three hundred yards in width. In the background was a sloping hillside on which a herd of cattle grazed in quiet content. With an improvised spud our companion was searching for worms, when, either moved by anger at the invasion of his domain, or by ambition to exhibit his prowess before the ladies of his harem, the lord of the herd began to move stealthily towards the intruder. Presently the beast quickened his pace, and with a bellow worthy of so lordly a bull rushed forward. The sound startled my friend, who at once saw his danger and rushed towards the river. The bank was some seven or eight feet high, but there was little time to weigh circumstances, and with a bold leap he landed in the pool, there about three feet deep. On came the bull, his tail erect, roaring and lashing himself into additional fury; with repeated plunges of his horns into the earth he gained the bank and paused. A leap of such depth into the water was not to his taste, and for a few moments prudence prevailed. But soon the evil spirit of pride, seldom far off from either man or beast, came into play. Some nine and thirty cows appeared upon the scene, and promenading backwards and forwards with their thirty-nine tails erect, stimulated their leader to deeds of daring. This appeal to his gallantry was too much; with another bellow he leapt into the pool and made straight for my unhappy friend, who being no swimmer could only back and back into deeper and yet deeper water, till it ran gurgling into his mouth. All this time the bull was nearing his prey with glaring eye and waving tail till the two stood face to face, the water up to the nostrils of each, and not three feet of space between them.

Ludicrous as the affair had been in its earlier stages it now became serious, so our servant, who was the only



HIGHLAND RIVER

swimmer of the party, arming himself with a thick stake, jumped into the water and swam to the scene of action. Stealthily he came behind the enraged brute, and seizing his tail firmly with one hand, so belaboured his sides with the bludgeon that the bull gave in, and after some vain attempts to horn his tormentor plunged down the stream and regained the shore by a more easy ascent. Here was an awkward position for a would-be hero! The thirty-nine cows awaited him with tails erect and warlike mien; but—oh, marvellous influence of the stronger sex!—no sooner did they perceive that their master's mood had changed, and that his tail was drooping, than they joined in pathetic sympathy, and the entire forty were soon to be seen ascending the neighbouring hill at a funereal pace, bearing their now humble and depending tails. Pale and breathless our friend was led to the shore, where we received with compunction his well-merited reproaches. I must confess that they were far milder than our neglect of him deserved, we having nothing to say in excuse except that the fun was too good to be spoiled.

While we were at Loch Quoich it chanced that we made some financial researches, and came suddenly to the understanding that our joint purse only amounted to fifteen shillings and sixpence, and that we were strangers far from home. What was to be done? For three days we pursued our journey on foot, walking from sunrise to sunset, and late on the third evening reached Fort William, foot-sore, hungry, tired, and penniless. We went to an hotel, hoping we should be able to pay our bill somehow, though the *how* was not then very clear. Next morning I went on board a steamboat, and offering my gold watch to the captain, asked him to give the party a passage to the Clyde. With

the frankest generosity he thrust his hand into his pocket, and drawing from it a handful of sovereigns said, 'I see how it is; you are short of money, take what you need, and you can repay me at the end of the voyage.' Thanking him for his kindness I took two sovereigns to pay our hotel bill, and we all embarked for Glasgow, where in good time we landed after a most enjoyable tour of four weeks.

After a lapse of forty-two years I chanced during a journey in the south of England to mention this kind action of the captain's to a fellow traveller, Colonel Campbell, of Possil, who immediately identified him as Captain Turner of Fort William, and very glad I am to know the name of the man who showed such open-handed kindness to three young strangers.

Before returning to England I joined some of my acquaintances who were visiting at the house of a mutual friend, and there an incident occurred so weird and so remarkable that the impression it made can never be erased from my mind. Never before had I come into contact with second sight, that strange and mysterious gift bestowed upon certain of the dwellers in the Highlands and islands of Scotland. And here let me say that Dr. Johnson, born as he was in an unbelieving age, had too much thoughtful reverence to treat with scepticism the tales of second sight which came under his notice during his journey to the Hebrides. Sir Walter Scott also writes: 'If force of evidence could authorise us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favour of the existence of the second sight;' and while Dr. Neale asserts that no traveller in the islands of Scotland who had really taken pains to enquire into the matter ever denied it, he further points out how second

sight corresponds with our preconceived notions of prophecy. 'The faculty is limited ; the man who possesses it can only tell of the future when he has the vision upon him ; at other times he is but like the rest of men.'¹ Let me now tell my tale as told in my work on 'The Folk Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders.'

'Our kind hostess was the widow of a Highland chief, and was descended from a family long celebrated for possessing a more than usual portion of second sight. She firmly believed that the prophetic mantle had fallen upon her, but her disposition was lively and cheerful, and being still young she had a decided preference for the society of young people. Her residence was situated on the slope of a steep hill, about half a mile from the side of a beautiful lake which it overlooked. The lake was at this point a mile at least in breadth, and on its opposite shore stood a small farmhouse with a few enclosed fields around it. The lake was several miles long, and had its egress into a river, which in winter, or when swollen by the heavy rains which are common in hilly countries, was of considerable size. The only means of crossing this river was by a stone bridge about half a mile from the end of the lake. When I have added that in the garden of our friend was an enclosure which had for centuries been the burying place of her husband's clan, and in which his remains were laid, I shall have given every particular necessary for the elucidation of the rest of the tale.

'A month quickly passed among the rivers and lakes of Scotland, and we found ourselves at the widow's hospitable residence. Our welcome there was kind, but before an hour had passed we could not help noticing

¹ Communications with the Unseen World, Night 4.

that a gloom hung over the party lately so merry. The conversation was evidently forced. The younger ladies looked anxious and distressed, their hostess sad, almost stern, as they sat apart, speaking little, and evidently wrapped in thought. Something unusual had plainly occurred, and we eagerly sought an evening walk with some of the younger ladies, that we might learn what had so completely transformed our hitherto cheerful hostess.

‘The tale we were told was, in brief, as follows. About a week previously, Mrs. F—— (as we will designate the widow) had appeared at the breakfast table deadly pale and with bloodshot eyes. She was reluctant to speak, and would not allow that anything was the matter, till towards evening a flood of tears relieved her, and she owned that she was distressed by a dream of the night before, so remarkable and so vivid that she felt convinced it would be realised. She described it thus:—

‘Looking from the windows of her house, she had seen a long funeral procession come up the opposite side of the lake, from the direction of the river-bridge. When they reached the small farmhouse, the horses were taken out of the carriages and turned into an enclosure to graze; the coffin was brought down to the lake-side, and placed in one of the boats, while the funeral party crossed in the large ferry-boat, commonly used for conveying cattle. On reaching the shore in front of Mrs. F——’s house, the procession again formed, and proceeded to the graveyard, where the funeral took place, the earth was heaped on the grave, and the mourners departed. Without calling at the house they recrossed the lake, harnessed their animals, and disappeared by the same road by which they had come.

‘On hearing this narration the young people had

ridiculed the notion of attending to the fancies of a dream, and by their bright cheerful conversation had succeeded at last in restoring Mrs. F—— to something like cheerfulness. But towards evening on the following day, a horseman rode up to the door and delivered a note from the undertaker of an adjacent town. This note announced that Mrs. F——'s mother-in-law had died suddenly at her residence, twenty miles off, and requested that a grave should be prepared for her in the family burying-ground. On enquiry the messenger stated that the old lady had died at an hour coincident with the remarkable dream of her daughter-in-law, after a very slight indisposition of which, in consequence of a family disagreement, Mrs. F——had not heard.

'The whole party was struck with awe. The widow quietly observed, "You see it is true," and retired to her own room for the rest of the day. On the fifth day the funeral took place, actually fulfilling, contrary to all likelihood, every circumstance connected with the dream. The old lady had died at her own residence, the road from which ran by the *same side of the river* and lake as Mrs. F——'s house; it was therefore most improbable that the funeral procession should cross the lake. But all was to be accomplished. On the night preceding the burial a dreadful thunderstorm swept away the stone bridge which spanned one of the mountain streams that flowed into the lake about a mile from Mrs. F——'s house. The result was that the funeral party was unable to proceed by the road. They could not ford the stream, now a raging torrent, so they retraced their steps, and crossing the river, continued their journey on the opposite side of the lake. The lady of the house saw all from her windows—the horses turned loose to graze, the boats occupied exactly as

foretold to her, the funeral completed, the last sod heaped on the grave, and the party turning away without even calling at the house of the nearest connection of the deceased. For the second time she saw it all; but with what feelings who shall dare to say ?

CHAPTER VII.

'When genial Spring a living warmth bestows,
 And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
 No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
 But crystal currents glide within their bounds ;
 The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
 Float in the sun, and skim along the lake.
 With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
 Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
 Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
 And arm himself with every watery snare ;
 His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
 Increase his tackle, and his rod retie.'—JOHN GAY.

CHARLIE AND PIGGY—LIST OF SPORT IN THE COQUET—THE 'RED-
 TAILED 'UN'—EXCURSION TO DRIFFIELD—COLONEL CHILDERS AND
 MR. MUSTERS—THE SHOTHAUGH DOG AND HIS ALLIES.

DURING several years I accomplished a visit with Charlie Ebdy to Weldon Bridge every Easter, but still there were long intervals in the angling season to be disposed of; so to keep our hands in practice we occasionally took a day's fishing in the Wear or the Browney.

It was on a lovely morning in the merry month of May, that we walked to Sunderland Bridge and commenced our day's work in the Wear. Adopting our usual plan, we began fishing up stream with worm, but it proved to be too early in the season, and on our reach-

ing Pagebank about one o'clock, I had only basketed twelve trout, and Charlie a few more. We accordingly put on our fly tackle, and returned fishing down stream. The result was the best day's sport that I ever had in the Wear; four dozen fell to my share, and upwards of five to Charlie's. When we arrived at Sunderland Bridge, Charlie again put on the worm and tried the beautiful stream which flows immediately below; it was however too late in the day, and he had no success.

Thoroughly tired out we went into the little inn to recruit ourselves with a glass of beer and a crust of bread. Scarcely had we paid the reckoning ere we were startled by a crash and a wild grunt, and rushing to the door we found a half-grown pig making off with Charlie's rod. It had been placed at the inn door with a tempting worm still on the hook, and this had proved poor Piggy's bane; Charlie quickly seized his rod, and then a most laughable contest began. Unwilling to break either rod or line, Charlie continued the chase, playing his game with gentle hand. Piggy took the bridge, and dodged several times to rid himself of the line which held him. To make matters worse, 'a cur of low degree,' excited by the contest, flew at Piggy's legs, on which the poor brute, sore bestead and evidently in excellent racing condition, gallantly breasted the steep bank which leads to Ferryhill. Away went Charlie, the pig and the cur, till finding the run too severe for him, Charlie caved in, and with a dexterous turn of his wrist snapped the line, leaving poor Piggy and the cur in full gallop towards Darlington. Putting on an easy appearance of unconcern, Charlie and I walked past the inn and onwards towards the old city as though we were in no way connected with Piggy's excursion.



SUNDERLAND BRIDGE

I now give the earliest detailed list of sport in the Coquet which I find among my manuscripts.

1835	J. H. FORSTER	C. EBDY	W. HENDERSON
April 27 . . .	36 . . .	60 . . .	33
„ 28 . . .	20 . . .	45 . . .	39
„ 29 . . .	34 . . .	74 . . .	48
„ 30 . . .	48 . . .	69 . . .	43
May 1 . . .	5 . . .	37 . . .	9
„ 2 . . .	29 . . .	44 . . .	36
	172	329	208

The number of fish taken was not so great as usual, indeed at the following Easter, i.e. A.D. 1836, the same three rods captured during three days 575 trout. The circumstances under which this was done were peculiar, and impressed themselves upon my memory as confirming the opinion of many anglers that in the early days of spring the heaviest baskets are frequently made in cold weather. Not only was ‘Cheviot’s head still white with snow,’ but on each of the three days several slight showers fell in the valleys, and the air was raw and damp. We could do but little in the streams, they were too cold for the fish to inhabit, so we confined ourselves to the shallow pools, where we were aided by a gentle wind from the east. Up to midday scarcely a trout broke the surface of the water, but then, as if knowing that the time when flies might be expected was short, they made up for it by a voracity I have rarely seen equalled. Casting our flies up the river, then rippled by the breeze, we were ourselves invisible, and almost every throw was rewarded either by a rise or the basketing of a fish, while many times we took two and sometimes three at a cast. My best fly was the ‘blue dun,’ and on the first afternoon I found that the trout bit this so hard that there was nothing left but

the dubbing, and about the eighth of an inch of bright red silk which had been accidentally used in the tying.

I pointed this out to Charlie, who said, 'Never mind, the fish are taking it as well as if all the feathers were on. Throw away, there is no time to be lost.' I went on accordingly, and did find marvellous sport. That evening we sat in council on this singular fly, and it was decided that Charlie should rise early and dress half a dozen 'blue duns' with the ordinary feathers, but adding thereto a pendant tail of bright red silk. Our second and third days proceeded as satisfactorily as the first. The 'red-tailed 'un,' as Charlie dubbed his creation, killed the bulk of the fish, and a total of 575 for three rods in three days attest its high merits. Naturally, in our succeeding visits to Coquet, our blue duns bore red tails in bold defiance of entomology.

The next month brought with it an invitation from Mr. James C. Johnston to meet him at Driffild, in East Yorkshire, and there try our fortune in the celebrated beck which runs near it. The time chosen was that in which the flight of 'golden drakes' (most beautiful of river flies) was thick upon the streams, and consequently on our reaching the Bell Inn, we found many anglers assembled to take advantage of the season so favourable for sport. By the payment of a guinea each we secured tickets which gave us two days' fishing. Early on the following morning we walked about two miles down the river, and then commenced fishing up stream. We tried every fly which we considered likely to ensnare, and many a golden drake was cast upon the water, but all without success. The water was clear, the sun shone brightly, and as if to spite us the air was absolutely still. Chagrined by defeat we resorted to our own peculiar style, and taking some small worms and the finest tackle,

we crept beneath the bushes, and casting 'far off and fine' succeeded better. We left off early in the afternoon; still my take was eight fish, varying from one to one and a half pounds each, while my friend's creel showed nearly the same results. In the evening the waiter at the inn ventured to ask whether we had had any sport, to which we replied in the affirmative telling him to look in our creels beneath the sideboard. With a face in which the utmost astonishment was figured he enquired whether we had really caught all that he saw, and on being assured of this he begged permission to show the creels to two gentlemen who were in another room. Leave was granted, and he soon returned with two cards bearing the names of 'Colonel Childers' and 'Mr. John Musters,' and a kind message asking us to join them at their wine. We found them very agreeable, and soon were deep in talk upon the various modes of angling, many a question being asked about our system of fishing in clear water with worm of which they had never heard.

On the following morning Colonel Childers, under my guidance, took his first lesson in worm fishing. It was not wasted on him, for he was by instinct a sportsman, and having taken three fine trout, he left me with many expressions of thanks. The day was again hot, but there was a little breeze blowing up stream. Favoured by this we took the afternoon's fishing in the shallow dubs, where the water was indeed seldom six inches deep. Our success was decided, my capture being sixteen trout, weighing 20 lbs. A curious adventure befell my companion. Observing a small tributary flowing through a mill a short distance from the river, we made trial of it, but my friend was attracted by a large pool immediately below the mill, where a score of ducks were swimming in evident enjoyment. After making

several unsuccessful throws with fly, the spirit of mischief came over him, and crying out, 'Here goes for a duck!' he cast his line into the very middle of the brood. With no small alarm he felt the line tighten and saw the ducks spattering in every direction, leaving him, he never doubted, to fight it out with one of them who had dived under water. Several minutes passed and still the supposed duck remained below the surface, pulling and tugging as if it were mad. At length a noble trout sprang out of the water, and the truth was revealed. Putting forth all his skill the amazed angler, after a severe contest of half an hour, succeeded in landing the largest fish we had yet taken. It was carried straight into the mill, and when weighed proved to be $3\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. It was strange to find so large a fish in such a shallow pool; still stranger to hook it in the middle of a brood of ducks. Our success in these two days' fishing was such as to create a feeling of alarm among the members of the Driffeld Angling Club. The art of worm fishing was not understood among them, and the result of their deliberations when next they met was a declaration that such sport would ruin the river, and a resolution prohibiting all worm fishing in their beck for ever.

I cannot close my narrative of this short campaign without some reference to the two gentlemen with whom on its first day we had the pleasure of becoming acquainted. The names of both may be considered historical. Colonel Childers had been for many years a leader in the sporting world, and an authority whose opinion was considered decisive in almost every description of sport. Mr. Musters goes down to posterity with a reflected light. As the husband of the beautiful and gifted Mary Chaworth, his name appears in the

biographies of Lord Byron. She was the first and purest of the poet's many loves; that his early affection for her met with a cold response was probably his greatest misfortune, and he has himself recorded his deliberate persuasion that the disappointment exercised a deep and lasting influence on his subsequent career. Had Lord Byron been so happy as to win Mary Chaworth, his genius might have expanded in poetry wherein religion and morality would have been the rule and not the exception.

The month of June found us once more on the banks of the Coquet. We made our head-quarters at the village of Felton, whose romantic situation beneath the steep banks on the south side of the river always charmed me. The season was so far advanced that fly fishing was useless, and as the water was low and clear our only resource was the worm. We usually walked two miles up the right bank of the river before commencing, and thus passed close by the ruins of an old tower, named I believe Shothaugh. Adjoining the tower were a farmhouse and yard, and in the yard was chained a large dog whose wild rage as we walked by him showed his savage disposition. One morning we observed that he was worse than ever, and were not sorry on our return in the evening to find him absent from his kennel. But our satisfaction was short-lived. Scarcely had we proceeded a hundred yards when the brute, with loud barking and glaring eyes, dashed after us. Charlie, ever prompt in action, cried out 'Catch up some stones and stand back to back, or he will worry us.' Rapidly arming ourselves and stooping down as if to pick up more stones, we awaited the attack; the dog evidently weighed the position in his mind, for

after circling round us two or three times he drew off and returned to the farmyard.

Heartily congratulating ourselves on the animal's retreat we pressed onwards, and had just got over a hill, which shut out the tower from our view, when we heard a chorus of 'Yelp, yelp, yelp!' To our ears it was neither a 'musical discord' nor 'sweet thunder.' 'Good heavens!' cried Charlie, 'we are hunted; more stones, and stand firm, or we are dead men.' With hands and pockets laden with stones we stood again back to back, and looked anxiously to the ridge of the hill to see what enemies we had to encounter. Ere two minutes had passed, our former antagonist came rushing on with four other dogs, all open-mouthed and barking furiously. As before they began by circling round us, gradually drawing nearer and nearer. Now appeared the value of Charlie's wonderful precision of aim. Selecting the leader of the pack, he hurled a large stone which struck the brute on the head and rolled him over, while at the same instant I succeeded in hitting a collie severely on the side. On this the whole pack receded to some distance, and after circling sullenly round us two or three times they disappeared slowly over the hill, and we were left at liberty to pursue our way.

After such an experience how can I hesitate to believe that the dog who first attacked us did in some way communicate his thoughts to the other four, and that the brute creation have some mode of interchanging feelings and perceptions of the nature of which we are at present ignorant?

CHAPTER VIII.

'I care not, I, to fish in seas,
 Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
 Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
 And seek in life to imitate.'—*ISAAC WALTON.*

BORDER STREAMS—STORM ON THE GLEN—'THE BROOM'S IN THE BASKET'—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GLEN—MY FIRST PIKE—THE GIPSY BRIDE AND GROOM—GOLDEN DAYS FOR ANGLERS—STRICTURES ON MODERN SPORT.

THE year 1837 marked a great change in my fishing arrangements. Hitherto, with the exception of my two Highland tours, my sport had been chiefly confined to the Wear and the Coquet; now it was to include the Glen with its picturesque Bell of Yeavinger; the Tweed, dear to the angler as to the poet; the Till, so deadly, for all it flows so still; the Bowmont, slowly stealing through its peaceful vale; the Eden, tumbling from the rocks of Newton Don, spot beloved alike by fishermen and lovers true; the Breamish, scene of ah! how many happy hours enshrined in my memory; the Cale, flowing beneath the Dragon's Lair, and the Whiteadder, which from its long trailing in snake-like coils first gained its loathsome name.

Within three years I visited all these streams, and the choice of locality for each campaign was generally decided by the caprice of the moment. In the middle

of June, 1837, Charlie Ebdy and I found ourselves once more at Weldon Bridge. Although this is the best time in the year for the true worm-fisher, circumstances were against us. There had been a long drought, and the fine weather had brought more than the usual number of anglers to the Coquet. Their presence, and the foul state of the water disgusted Charlie, and he proposed that we should try the river Glen, where it was said excellent sport was to be had. Accordingly, the next morning, we took our seats on the Highflyer coach, and soon after noon were set down at the well-known Black Bull Inn at Wooler. It was not our wont to lose even an hour when fishing was in question; so we started at once for Akeld Bridge where we intended to begin work. The afternoon was sultry, black ominous-looking clouds were banked high upon the horizon, and we were still half-a-mile from our destination, when the storm broke over our heads. Flash followed flash with startling rapidity, while the continued roar of thunder almost deafened us. Then came a deluge of rain such as I suppose people mean to denote when they talk of its raining 'dogs and cats.' We found the hedge under which we had taken shelter a mere sieve, and bolting through the down-pouring torrent, we sought a refuge in the cart-sheds of Akeld farm. For upwards of an hour the storm continued; then it suddenly ceased. The sun shone out brightly, the birds began their even-song, and all nature, though dropping with water, smiled sweetly, reminding me of the passion of a little child who begins with screams, passes into tears, then turning to its mother with a smile quickly forgets its grief in the sunshine of returning happiness.

Immediately above Akeld Bridge we put on our tackle and surveyed the lovely stream before us. New

as was the scene, we understood at a glance that the river, though as yet but slightly discoloured, had already risen a few inches and was still rising. All this was in our favour; the long drought had obliged the trout to feed chiefly on the cadis which rest among the gravel, and instinct told them that this increase of water would bring down a vast and varied store of food, which soon proved to be the case. The water was, as it were, alive with fish. At every cast of the line the worm was greedily seized by the larger fish, to whom at feeding time the smaller fry must needs give place. Never did I behold a colony of fish so eager for self-destruction. It was about five o'clock when we commenced, and by half-past eight when we reached the Fox-hole's pool, our baskets were full, and would hold no more. We had each of us from eighteen to twenty pounds weight of trout.

On this occasion Charlie first instituted a regulation to which we strictly adhered ever after. As we walked home he noticed that my basket was so full that the fish kept falling out of the mouth at the top. On this he cut a couple of branches of broom, and thrusting in one across the mouth of each basket declared that henceforward there should be a race between us in fishing, and that the signal of victory should be the first placing of the broom twig in the mouth of the basket. Many and many a struggle followed between us, and proud indeed was I when in happy hour I was the first to cry 'The broom's in the basket!' Fully to realise this feeling an angler must be young, and competing with such a master of the art as Charlie certainly was.

I have since those days fished many rivers, and have had ample opportunities for comparing them with the Glen. There are some in which heavier baskets may

occasionally be made. The Tweed and the Till furnish larger fish ; the College may offer greater numbers ; but take them all for all, there is no Border river which to my mind supplies such good and certain sport as the Glen. No other presents water so varied with pool and stream, none in which these varieties so rapidly succeed each other. Whether the day be bright or cloudy, the air still or alive with a brisk breeze that curls the dubs, the angler always has a chance which only needs care and judgment on his part to ensure success.

In those days I was young and active, while Charlie was in the prime of manhood ; still on looking back I am surprised at the amount of exercise we took daily. Every morning we started early from Wooler, and seldom ceased fishing till we had reached the point at which the Bowmont and College uniting form the Glen. We usually began to retrace our steps about five o'clock, and a walk of six miles brought us home after being on foot eleven or twelve hours of each day. After fishing to the junction, we frequently tried the deep pools which terminate the course of the Bowmont and are known by the name of the Pike-holes.

One afternoon Charlie proposed that we should change our tackle, and try our luck among the pike which were said to dwell there. To be sure our light trout rods were not very fit for the work, but we seldom stood on such trifles, so taking a brace of small trout as baits we began. It was my first essay in trolling, and I found that a light thirteen-foot trout rod made erratic casting. Charlie was not long however in hooking a fish so large that the excitement incident to him on such occasions possessed him violently. 'A salmon ! a salmon !' shouted he as he began his extraordinary antics, dancing and whooping as if he were demented.

It was not till after a very severe run of more than half an hour that the fish was landed, and then it proved no salmon but a magnificent pike of 9 lbs. weight; a triumph for Charlie certainly, and being a change in our ordinary sport a peculiarly gratifying one.

It was now my turn for a piece of luck. Casting my line by the side of a hazel bush I distinctly saw a jack, of about 3 lbs. weight, rush along the surface of the pool and seize the bait. A short struggle ensued, and he got away. This was repeated three times by the fish; each time he seized the bait, was dragged a few yards and then gave it up. At last I changed my tactics and on his taking the bait for the fourth time I remained passive, and allowing him a minute to swallow the trout drew him to bank. This was my first pike. Since then I have had few opportunities of fishing for pike, and indeed have seldom made use of those which did come in my way, the sport not possessing much attraction for me.

During this trip I witnessed a scene which deeply moved my sympathies. We were returning from our day's fishing, and had reached a spot midway between Yeavinger and Akeld where a dip in the road and a small plantation form a natural *biel* from the strong west winds so common in the valley. The night was excessively cold, the rain drifting furiously before the wind, when we observed two figures, a young man and a girl, quietly seated side by side upon the grass. Before them smouldered the remains of a wood fire; the blaze had died out, and against the red ashes each had placed a stone on which their bare feet rested. Their only protection was the ordinary shepherd's plaid. On our addressing them the girl raised her head and showed a face whose rare beauty revealed her ancient

race. She was evidently a gipsy of about seventeen years of age, while her companion might have numbered perhaps twenty. They told us that they intended to spend the night there, and we passed on our way commiserating their poverty with all its privations. From the landlord of the inn we learnt that the young couple had been married that morning, and that true to gipsy traditions they would not brook a roof over their heads. Strange that a practice so consonant with the ancient home of their race in the glowing East should retain its hold upon the children born centuries afterwards amid surroundings so completely changed.

The days of which I have been writing were halcyon times for the angler as compared with the present. There were then few stretches of water closed to the man who pursued his sport fairly with rod and line. The liberality of owners of river property was so general that in all our fishings in the Tweed, Till, and Eden, over a space of at least six or eight years, we were never questioned except once at Nenthorn, of which more anon. The Duke of Roxburgh was now no longer a minor, and though himself a keen and excellent angler for salmon, he allowed a wide liberty to others. To his great credit be it said that he continues this to the present time. More than one attempt has been made by stern preservers to induce him to shut up his waters from trout anglers, but without effect, and he has his reward in the gratitude and love of the many. The system of closely preserving our rivers for the pleasure of the wealthy few has become of late years so prevalent, that, combined with the strictness of the game laws, to which there is a growing animosity, it must hereafter bring down a severe retribution.

Formerly, when game was but moderately preserved,

when the birds fell through the skill and labour of the sportsman, when the true working of the dogs in the stubbles was the reward striven for, and when at the close of the day the neighbouring farmer's wife was gratified by an addition to her larder; then indeed was the rural sport of the English gentleman worthy of the high eulogium passed upon it by the late Sir Robert Peel. But now every artificial device is resorted to, that our fields and plantations may be unnaturally thronged with game, and that a party of gentlemen placed in line duly attended by a score of beaters may blaze away by the hour as if they were defending the earthworks of Strasburg or Sedan. The rearing and fattening of game simply that my Lord this and Sir — that may afterwards record in some sporting journal how for some hours they averaged a bird killed every minute, is to reduce gentlemen to the mere rank of butchers; and the subsequent sending of a waggonload of game to the poulterer's for sale is a fitting conclusion to the transaction. Such wholesale slaughter naturally alienates the sympathy of those who would otherwise gladly yield the first chance of true sport to the landowner and his friends. Neither is this wholesale butchery without its dangers to others than its intended victims. Numerous accidents occur to the beaters who are employed in its service. I know one case in which a lad was twice shot while thus engaged. The first time he bled profusely, but was able to walk home; on the second occasion the charge entered the body so deeply that he had to be carried home on a window-shutter. When after a long illness his master again called for his attendance, we cannot be surprised that the poor fellow declined, saying 'Please Sir, aw've had enough on it.'

Happily there are many honourable exceptions to what seems now the rule in England as to sport. I can bear witness that not a few landlords still remain who, taking for themselves and their friends such fishing as they can enjoy, grant leave to many a stranger to share their pleasure, and recognise the legitimate claims of the farmer's son, and also of the labourer who is wont to find in his evening's fishing a solace after the day's labour and a dainty supper for his wife and family. Such landlords are the backbone of old England; long may they live to set a bright example to all around.

CHAPTER IX.

‘Our northern borders boast of Tweed’s fair flood.’—MICHAEL DRAYTON.

WORM FISHING IN THE TWEED—ROB O’ THE TROWS—ROB AND THE NOBLEMAN—‘SWALLOW-SMOLTS’—THE RED TROUT OF THE EDEN—EELS AT THE WATERFALL OF NEWTON DON—THE GAMEKEEPER AND MY CARD—FISHING IN THE WHITEADDER—IN THE TILL—EELS FEEDING ON INSECTS—THE ANGLER HOOKED—BAIT OF THE FLYING LOB—COLLIE DOGS IN KIRK.

IN the summer of the year 1838 we made our home at the Cross Keys Hotel, Kelso, then kept by the kindly hearted Adam Yule, and took our June fishing on the Tweed and the charming little river Eden, which flows into it about three miles below the town. Our usual plan was to commence fishing a little above Floors, and end the day at Rutherford Cauld. This stretch of water afforded many fine streams well suited for our purpose, and the scenery adjoining the Makerstoun waters is among the most picturesque which borders the river. We seldom failed to fill our baskets, and our peculiar style of worm-fishing, then little known on Tweedside, enabled us to take trout of the largest size, so large indeed, that instead of sending them home we took pride in having them kippered and hung in long lines from the kitchen ceiling of the hotel.

One afternoon, after a successful day in the Floors water, we reached the rocky Trows at Makerstoun, and

there I paid my accustomed visit to the old fisherman best known as 'Rob o' the Trows.' He lived very near the river, but his cottage was so closely embowered in trees that it might easily have been passed by on the banks unseen. When I returned to the waterside I found Charlie standing as if transfixed. Attracted by the dark pools and streams which here swirl fiercely among the rocks, the fancy had taken him to try his art in a deep hole really very unlikely to yield any results. No trout rewarded his venture, but he had actually succeeded in hooking a fine grilse, the first sight of which so unnerved the susceptible Charlie that he allowed it quietly to sink to the bottom of the hole with the bait in its mouth. Having satisfied himself that the hook was safely lodged, he earnestly entreated Rob's assistance, and to the rescue Rob came, bearing a pronged spear with a shaft full twenty feet long. Being of Herculean stature and proportions, he only needed a flowing beard to represent Neptune with his trident. Laying himself down upon the rock and placing his eye close to the water, he satisfied himself of the position of the fish; then gently lowering the spear till within three feet of it he struck vigorously, and the trembling vibration of the shaft told us that the stroke had gone home. A minute later he laid upon the rock a grilse of about six pounds weight, and gravely drawing out a ponderous flask he proffered us each a dram.

Rob never killed a fish without taking a dram. It was a solemn performance with him, a kind of thank offering. The mention of this custom of my old friend's reminds me of a tale respecting him often told at the Tweedside. There was a certain noble lord who frequently fished there for salmon, but who had acquired an ill name for his many selfish acts. This nobleman

had arranged to have a day's fishing with Rob's assistance in the Makerstoun waters. Early in the morning he reached the secluded cottage and was courteously received by the fisherman, whose innate gentleness of disposition made him always courteous alike to peer and peasant. Selecting the most likely pool they began fishing, and before long his lordship killed a noble salmon. 'Aha Rob,' said he, 'that's worthy of a dram,' and straightway carried out the notion. Rob stood quietly by, expecting an invitation to share in the treat,—but no, his hopes were doomed to disappointment. Rob was far too much of a gentleman to attribute the omission to anything but forgetfulness, and without any demur he re-entered the boat and began rowing. Another fish, and again his lordship exclaimed, 'Aha Rob, that's worth another dram!' 'That it is, my lord,' responded Rob, feeling sure that he should be remembered this time. But the flask was again pocketed after the nobleman had taken his solitary refreshment, and Rob took up the oars wondering what such behaviour could mean; the like had never befallen him before, the whole thing was unaccountable. Another fish was caught, another dram swallowed by his lordship, and the bottle was carefully placed in his pocket. Rob was thunderstruck. He had his own notions of honourable conduct, and they were not in harmony with what he saw practised. So he quietly rowed to the bank, stepped ashore, and chained the boat to a tree. His lordship's surprise burst forth in the words, 'What the devil are you doing that for?' to which Rob made reply, 'Aw's just thinking that if ye drink by yersel, ye may e'en fash by yersel.' So saying, he shouldered his oars and marched home, leaving the astonished peer to his too frequent resource—a fit of swearing.

Charlie and I were well acquainted with Rob, and we always met with a kindly welcome from this fine old man. During our fishings in the Tweed it was our fortune to take several of the large trout there known as swallow-smolts, from their living in great part upon the young fry of salmon. Rob's belief, like that of many local authorities, was that they form a distinct species, but I cannot agree in this view ; I attribute their coarse unshapely appearance to the cannibalism in which they constantly indulge.

The river Eden was a great favourite with us. Being only a few feet in width, it is easily commanded from side to side. The banks are for the most part perpendicular, so that we constantly had to wade up stream. It is thickly studded with large boulder stones, behind which the fish rest, and it generally runs from two to four feet in depth. I am thus particular in describing the features of the Eden, because it differs from the generality of Border streams. Indeed it more resembles the streams of the Black Forest in Germany, except that the latter run more rapidly. Two or three miles above the junction of the Eden with the Tweed is the beautiful waterfall of Newton Don, perhaps some sixty feet in height. This forms an impassable barrier to the ascent of salmon or trout, and to this obstruction may probably be attributed the phenomenon of the short, well shaped, red-coloured trout being confined to the upper stretches of the river. These red trout are quite different in appearance from the Tweed variety which may be found below the waterfall, and are a more game fish upon the angler's line.

The waterfall of Newton Don has always possessed a great interest for me, and more than once have I passed an hour in watching the annual ascent of this

rocky barrier by vast multitudes of small eels, who, bred in the brackish tidal waters of the Tweed, are incited by instinct to gain the upper pools of the Eden and its tributaries. These eels were generally about four inches in length, and their determined efforts to ascend, by wriggling and clinging to the wet moss, were most remarkable. Until I had myself witnessed their struggles, it never occurred to me that such an ascent was possible.

A considerable portion of one side of the river belongs to the Duke of Roxburgh, and knowing that this side was free to all anglers we frequently availed ourselves of the privilege and generally made good baskets, for in those days the trout were numerous and of a good size. On one occasion I had fished past Nenthorn House and was seated on the bank enjoying my luncheon, when a man with the appearance of a gamekeeper came up to me and said, 'Sir, I want your card.' The temptation to a joke suddenly possessed me, and saying, 'Certainly, if you wish it,' I handed him the only card I possessed, that bearing my name. The perplexity that came over the man's face was amusing. He turned the bit of cardboard this way and that, but could evidently make nothing of it, so bidding him good morning I pursued my fishing. On returning past Nenthorn in the evening the same man came towards me at full speed in a towering passion and holding out my card exclaimed, 'What did you mean by giving me that thing?' My response was ready. I said quietly, 'I gave it because you asked for my card.' 'Aye, but that thing is not a fishing card!' 'Certainly not,' I said, 'but you asked for my card. Next time you will remember to request a gentleman for his fishing card, and not for his own.' So bidding him good evening I

walked on, amused at the man's simplicity and a little doubtful respecting the morality of the course by which I had filled my basket. I must freely confess that I have no doubt about it now, and that conscience gives the verdict against me.

During the month of May 1839, Charlie Ebdy and I spent ten days in fishing the Whiteadder, our quarters being at Elmford Cottage. The fishing was with fly, and the sport decidedly good. Sometimes we fished the river Dye, which joins the Whiteadder a little above Elmford, but I do not remember anything taking place of sufficient importance to be recorded.

We had heard many tales of the large fish that were captured in the Till, and we determined that our next efforts should be in this river, yet unvisited by us. The stretch of water to which we confined ourselves was from Heaton Mill to the pretty village of Etall. I believe this to be the best part of the Till for large fish and the most suitable for the angler, with its pleasing variety of dubs and streams. Our fishings in this river were always in the month of July, when the waving moss, which is one of its chief features, was most fully developed. The Till is a deep running river, so much so as to make wading dangerous at all times, but especially when the water is discoloured. Many a time did we take an unforeseen step and plunge far above our wading boots, and often when attempting to cross from side to side we were compelled to retrace our course. The old Border rhyme sets forth plainly the dangerous character of the Till.

‘Says Tweed to Till,
What gars ye rin sae still?’
‘Sae still as I rin, an sae fast as ye gae,
Where ye drown ae man, a’l drown twae.’

Next, after the quick-flowing streams, our chief success was in the narrow spaces between the beds of long waving moss. The worms for this river should be large lobs, as the depth of the water allows such to be best seen by the trout. We used rods fourteen feet and a half in length. With these, casting long lines upwards, we caused the worms to travel down the narrow nicks where the water was free from moss. The trout sheltered beneath the edges of the moss rushed out greedily, and every day numbers were taken in these contracted runs. On one occasion Mr. J. H. Forster made the most remarkable basket I have ever known. He had fished throughout the day apart from Charlie and myself, who on the contrary were never separated. At five o'clock when we wound up our tackle Mr. Forster's basket showed but seven fish, but of these one was $3\frac{1}{4}$ lbs., one $2\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., one $2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs., and four $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb., each, while Charlie and myself with baskets each outweighing his, had neither of us taken a fish of more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. On comparing notes it appeared that Mr. Forster had walked ahead and fished only the roughest parts of the strong streams, while Charlie and I had contented ourselves with the quieter water. The experience of this remarkable day's sport was not lost upon us, but bore fruit in our after fishings.

It was upon a bright hot day that we crossed the river, seeking the shade of a wood to guard us from the sun while at luncheon. The point we chose for crossing was a flat shelving rock which stretched almost from side to side of the river, and over which the water flowed at a depth of from one to two feet. As we waded across we saw a vast number of large eels, apparently diverting themselves in the shallow flowing water. They glided away as we approached, but with-

out much appearance of fear. On stepping ashore we were surprised by seeing at least a score of eels of the same size dropping from some tall green plants resembling water rushes, plunging into the river and there rejoining their companions. Our curiosity was aroused by this strange sight, and we examined the plants which were about five feet high, some in the shallow water, some upon the bank. We found the upper part of their stems covered thickly with insects of a bright emerald green colour which we concluded were an attraction to the eels. Then we chose a sheltered spot near, and sat down to eat our luncheon and to watch. Before long we saw one eel put his head out of the water, then a second, and soon the whole crowd struggled to the shore, each straining to be the first to ascend the stems and luxuriate on the coveted treat. It was a curious sight to see so many eels out of their own element twisting and circling round the plants till they reached the upper part, then setting vigorously to work till the plant was completely cleared of insects, on which they dropped to the ground, only to ascend another stem and gobble up the insects as before. Strangely enough all this took place under the scorching rays of the sun, but it seemed as if the momentary plunge in the water between the several courses was sufficient to appetise the feasters and invigorate them for further efforts. I have never again seen such a sight, and have only once heard of it. Mr. William Greenwell informs me that he saw eels thus feeding on the banks of the Till below Etall probably at the same place.

In my early pages I have made confession of the sufferings caused to the brute-creation through my careless placing of temptation in their way. During

this excursion the tables were turned upon me so effectually that memory yet recalls the scene with its painful associations. When fishing in the Till, and while I was standing in the middle of a deep rapid running stream casting upward with worm, I hooked a trout of about a pound weight. The rain was falling fast, and my hands were so benumbed with cold, that in attempting to extract the hook from its mouth, the point stuck firm in the middle finger of my left hand. This was annoying, but worse was to follow; the fish dropped into the water, and then I found that the line had passed beneath its gill cover, and so the angler's practice was reversed. I stood, with my left hand extended down the river, while the fish aided by the running water tugged and tugged at my poor finger. Hamlet counted it 'sport to have the engineer hoist with his own petard,' and Sir Harry Lee made the sentiment his own, but sure I am it is no sport to the angler to be caught by his own hook. My right hand was occupied in holding the rod, and my fingers were so numb that there was nothing to be done but to walk to the shore while my finger played the fish, or rather the fish played me.

On gaining the bank I managed to break the line and then looked ruefully at the poor finger with a large worm hook firmly imbedded in it. As I looked it swelled and throbbed, and taking my knife from my pocket I attempted a gash or two, but the knife was blunt and I desisted. My companion and Charlie came upon the scene and declared that the hook must be cut out, prophesying all manner of evil consequences if this was not done at once. I overheard them discussing the advisability of throwing me down upon the grass and performing the operation there and then. I was

not going to submit to this. Faintness came over me, and I begged them to leave me alone for a few minutes. When they went away I put on another line and captured almost immediately the largest fish of the day. Flushed by this success I determined to take my own affair into my own hands, and sitting down resolutely attempted to force the hook through the finger. First straining back the point, I made it circle round the bone, and then with repeated urgings succeeded at last in forcing it through the opposite side of the finger. Great was my joy in showing the results to my companions; and like a child who keeps its first tooth carefully wrapped up in a piece of paper, I placed this cruel hook in a safe corner of my pocketbook where it was enshrined for many years with other relics, sacred to an angler but 'caviare to the multitude.' And I always acknowledged that on this day I met my Nemesis, and that the several wrongs of La Touche, of Pussy and Piggy were in my own person avenged.

It is commonly said that angling is but an idle way of passing the time, and that while hunting and shooting tend by the exertion they entail to strengthen the frame, angling contributes but little to the physical improvement of the man. Let anyone holding such opinions take a day's angling in a river that has a rocky bed or that is filled with large slippery boulder-stones, among which it is difficult to preserve a footing; let him, encumbered with heavy wading boots, stem the wild rushing waters for several hours; let him carry twenty pounds of trout on his back under a broiling sun; let him in addition walk some distance to and from the river, and I venture to say that he will change his mind. It was upon the afternoon of a blazing hot day that, weary with walking in heavy boots, I crept

along by the side of the Till, working my way through the rank vegetation which frequently clothes its banks, and which reached in this part nearly up to my waist. My rod rested idly upon my arm with some twenty feet of line depending from it, and at the end the usual lob. The line was dragging along the surface of a dub, so still that no current was perceptible, when a wrench nearly plucked the rod from my hand. Turning to see how this could have happened, I observed a large circling eddy upon the surface of the dub, but I thought the hook must have caught against some submerged branch, and continued walking for about ten yards. The line was still pendent, and I observed that every two or three yards the swing of the rod caused the worm to spring as many feet out of the water. Another wrench, and another circling eddy! Here was a puzzle worth investigating, so placing the rod on my arm as before I walked forward, but watched carefully to see what would follow. Contrary to all experience, a noble trout actually sprang into the air and caught the worm when it was a couple of feet above the water. I instantly struck and firmly hooked it, and it proved to be a fine fish weighing nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

Now we know that salmon do many startling things. They are readily tempted by huge gaudy flies which have no parallel in nature, and in cold weather they greedily seize minnows though no minnow is ever found in their stomachs. As I have related, blue-dun flies ornamented with red tails have proved more attractive to trout than when the imitation was closer to nature, but this is the first and only occasion on which I have known a trout spring at a lob dancing in the air. Are we to suppose that the lob was taken for a variety of the flying serpent? or that there are lunatics among fish as there certainly are among men?

About this time I made more than one excursion to the Whiteadder, generally with Charlie Ebby as my companion. On one of these occasions we fished about five miles above Elmford, and succeeded in making heavy baskets. While we were considering which would be the shortest route to our home at Dunse, a stranger advised us to leave the valley and cross the hills which lay on our right hand. The sun was just sinking below the horizon, and the long shadows which stretched themselves before us gave warning to press on with all our remaining energy.

After an hour's walking we entered on a dreary moor, across which a dusty road trailed its snake-like way. We still pressed on and came at last to a gentle slope on whose side stood a building of that severe and simple form in which a Puritan would have loved to worship. It was however so diminutive that I doubted whether it could have been built for Divine worship, and a shepherd coming in sight with his tired flock I said to him, 'Pray is that a kirk? It looks very small.' 'Aye, aye, but it's no sae sma, there's aboon thirty collies there ilka sabbath.' The presence of so many collie-dogs, each implying a master, was to my shepherd the gauge whereby to calculate the number of worshippers, and at the time of which I write it was in the hill country a pretty correct test. To a member of the Church of England there is something inexpressively painful in the irreverence with which the lower orders in Scotland treat the House of God. I have seen people enter with their hats upon their heads, laughing, talking and spitting, seen them kick the collie-dog and make him take his accustomed place under the bench, and then seat themselves. Things are better now in the towns of Scotland, and to some extent I believe in the country districts.

CHAPTER X.

'Along the silver streams of Tweed
 'Tis blithe the mimic fly to lead,
 When to the hook the salmon springs
 And the line whistles through the rings:
 The boiling eddy see him try
 Then dashing from the current high,
 Till watchful eye and cautious hand
 Have led his wasted strength to land.'

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ST. BOSWELL'S AND DRYBURGH—ADAM JOHNSTON—SALMON-FISHING—
 JOHN YOUNGER—VERSES TO NANNIE—STRUGGLE WITH AN EEL—
 CAPTAIN F.—HIS TALES OF OLD TIMES.

DURING the autumn of the year 1839 an engagement called me to Edinburgh, and while there I arranged to spend a day at St. Boswell's. The beautiful scenery around Dryburgh attracted me, and I wished to ascertain whether it were possible for me to obtain any salmon-fishing, my only acquaintance as yet with the king of fishes being with the skegger captured in the Coquet. The coach set me down at the Buccleugh Arms early in the afternoon, and I walked at once to the braehead. There I beheld a view which was irresistibly attractive to me. Immediately before my eyes on a richly wooded peninsula, two-thirds of which was girdled by the winding Tweed, stood in deep repose all that is left to us

of Dryburgh Abbey, showing plainly by the lightness and airy grace of its columns and arches that French architects were employed in its erection. A noble bank of trees rose in the background, and farther off, at the distance of about two miles, the Eildon Hills, so dear to Sir Walter Scott, with the three picturesque peaks cleft in a single night by the restless spirit for whom his great ancestor Sir Michael was compelled to find employment. To the west hung the remnant of the chain-bridge which the hurricane of January 7, 1839, had shivered in pieces as though it had been a child's toy. Turning to the river my eyes rested at once on many a pool and fast-rushing stream in which my angling instincts predicted future triumphs.

At once I sought out Adam Johnston who was then tacksman of the Dryburgh as well as of part of the Bemerside fishings. I found him a man of quiet manners, modest, and desirous to please—a character which applies to almost all the professional fishermen I have known on the Tweed. One weakness certainly was common to many of them. When the 'lay' of a clean salmon was known, in season or out of season they were excited by it, and a little poaching was pretty sure to follow. They seemed unable to resist it; it was their fate.

In making my arrangements with Adam it surprised me to find his terms so exceedingly moderate. A day's fishing, including boatman and use of boat, was then only 5s. At the present time a rent of 200*l.* a year and all attendant expenses are paid for the water which I was then free to roam over at will. This will show how great a change has been produced in the value of Tweed-fishings by the competition of gentlemen eager for this noble sport.

1840.—In the first week of March I entered upon my new career as an angler for salmon. Long practised as I was in fishing for trout the conventional modes of casting and playing the fly came easily to me, and so far as I could judge I was soon as successful as my brother anglers. The fish taken were generally from 8 to 15 lbs. in weight; all were kelts, and doubtless had been much heavier when they came from the sea the autumn before. The destruction of kelts in the early spring, previous to the Act of 1857 which made it penal, was most lamentable; thousands of large fish were slaughtered every week, and sold to the dealers in the midland counties at $1\frac{1}{4}d.$ per pound. Every form of ingenuity was put in practice to capture these unwholesome fish, and yet, had they been spared, and permitted to revisit the sea, they would not only have increased several pounds each in weight, but would probably have realised 2s. per pound. So much for the greed and blindness of man, and for the stupendous ignorance of our Legislature!

It happened one afternoon that Adam was unable to accompany me, and that I was left to my own devices. Donning a pair of heavy boots I waded into the Burnfoot pool which runs beside the great Scaur at St. Boswell's, and soon took two fish, each of about 10 lbs. weight. Fishing on to the next stream, I hooked the largest salmon I had yet seen. Novice as I was he required all my skill, but after a long and severe run I was successful, and he lay upon the bank, a kepper of $21\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. This was the largest fish that fell to my rod in the Dryburgh water—indeed at that time such captures were rare; now, thanks to improved legislation, fish of double the weight are taken every season.

Wherever anglers resort in any number there is sure

to be some rendezvous which all frequent to learn the successes of each day, where angling gossip of every kind circulates freely. St. Boswell's was happy in this respect. At the workshop of old John Younger you were sure to meet every morning and evening the angling strength of the district; while there was a charm about the old man which was perfectly irresistible. A keen angler from his boyhood, he threw himself heartily into each detail of the day's adventures, and often had a word of advice or encouragement for those who were willing to receive it. John had a good deal of literary ability too. He wrote an admirable article on salmon-fishing which was published in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and was considered at the time quite a text-book for reference. He was also the author of several lyrical poems, whose simplicity and purity I have always admired. And when Prince Albert offered three prizes for the best essays on the temporal advantages of the Sabbath to the labouring classes, John received the second prize. Yet his essay was written under great disadvantages. John was a singularly modest and diffident man, and it was only under the strong pressure of his friends that he became a competitor. So much time was consumed in removing his scruples that only forty-eight hours were left in which to write the essay! When tidings arrived of its success the little village was stirred to its very centre; bonfires blazed and bells rang; but alas! the author was a poor man, without one decent suit of clothes fit to appear in Exeter Hall, and he must have stayed at home, had not a kind neighbour supplied his wants.

John Younger's published writings, as well as his numerous correspondence, all emanated from his workshop. Whenever an idea fired his imagination, down

went the ploughman's shoe which he was cobbling, and a sheet of paper spread upon the lapstone announced to visitors that John was 'rapt, inspired.' Many an evening have I spent with this remarkable man, listening to his compositions and sipping a glass of toddy with him. His reading and information were extensive even for a Scotchman; there were few of our British poets with whose works he was not well acquainted, and his views on men and manners were racy and original. He was a great politician, and, I am sorry to say, an advanced Radical. At the great county meeting of Selkirkshire, on occasion of the passing of the Reform Bill, John Younger was selected to return thanks for the enfranchisement of the small property-holders, and he did so in a really able speech which won him general admiration.

John was remarkable not only for his varied talents, but for his exceeding gentleness and consideration for others. He never flinched from putting forth his views plainly, but the way in which he did so might have read a lesson to many a man of higher station. Never did he forget, as is too commonly the case, that truth itself need not and should not be uttered in an offensive manner.

The following poem is a fair example of John Younger's style, but I am told that many others whose beauty and pathos are yet more remarkable are scattered among his friends. Some few of them which I have been able to collect are given in an appendix.

TO NANNIE.

It's now full twa an' forty year,
Sin nestling in wi' Nannie,
As weel my part, I held her dear,
Sae faithfu' young an' bonnie.

Her tocher was a trifle sma'
 A hard-earned weel-saved pennie,
 But o' tocher could I think ava,
 When in my arms my Nannie?

Nae artfu' wiles, plied e'er so fain,
 Could move the mind o' Nannie;
 Had court'ers wooed t'would been in vain
 Her heart was held by Johnnie.
 O' cares we've had the world's fu' share,
 Thro' stormy days an' sunny;
 My part has been the less to bear,
 I've had sic' help o' Nannie.

A wedding heat o' strong young love
 Will last through winters many;
 The frosts of years but tend to prove
 The links that bind to Nannie.
 Though teeth are fled and locks grown grey,
 She's yet sae kind an cannie,
 Love that outlasts young life's heyday
 Is the love I bear my Nannie.

Mid a' the thoughts that trouble me,
 The saddest thought of ony,
 Is wha may close the other's e'e—
 May it be me or Nannie?
 The ane that's left will sairly feel
 Amid a world uncannie,
 I'd rather face auld age mysell
 Than lanely leave my Nannie.

The loving wish so pathetically expressed in this poem was granted; John Younger died on June 19, 1860, having survived his faithful partner rather more than four years. Soon after my intimacy with John commenced, his wife became totally blind from cataracts on both eyes. Many a time, when seated with John in his workshop, I have seen him steal away as secretly as he could to the adjoining room where in her chair by

the engle-neuk sat the poor helpless woman, listening, always listening for the sound of the stèp she knew and loved so well. The old man would take her hand, whisper some tender words, and bending down, bestow the longed-for kiss. Then wiping away the tear that would gather in his eye, John would return to his lap-stone and his labour, leaving the loving heart to count the minutes till he would return again.

1841.—My early spring fishing this year was again at Dryburgh, and during the summer I visited the Tweed, the Eden, and the Cale. The only incident I recall in this trip was the capture of an eel in the last-named river. The Cale is a small stream easily commanded by the angler, and at the time of which I am writing it was well stored with trout, averaging four to the pound. Charlie not being with me, I engaged the services of the fisherman of the Floor's water, and it was well that I did so, for on two successive days I captured 99 trout, each day's basket being above 20 lbs. in weight. On the third day our fishing was interrupted by a fierce thunderstorm accompanied by violent rain, mingled with large hailstones, which drove straight in our faces. During two hours we were glad to secure shelter beneath an overhanging bank, then the storm abated and gleams of sunshine stole out. Soon the dark clouds rolled away, leaving a few lingering drops of rain, with now and then a faint glimmer of lightning and the last murmurs of distant thunder. Returning to the river we found it so swollen and discoloured that plainly nothing was to be done but to retrace our steps; still I could not resist the temptation as I walked along of dropping my line here and there into a quiet spot, and thus adding a few more trout to my creel.

While thus engaged I hooked a fish so heavy that it resisted all my attempts to raise it to the surface. It moved swiftly down the stream, always keeping near the bottom. I had never before had a fish on the line which so completely set me at defiance, and I was greatly in doubt what I had got hold of. Keeping in the middle of the river it had the advantage of the swollen current, and in spite of all I could do the creature dragged me on a mile or more. At last a favourable landing-place led me to try conclusions with it, and putting on all the pressure I dared, I succeeded in dragging on shore an enormous eel weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. I had when a boy killed many junior members of the family, and my gratification at their capture led me to look upon them with complacency, but I cannot describe my disgust on beholding this horrid-looking monster. The detestation with which I regard eels has ever been in the exact ratio of their size. Though they are commonly regarded in England as a dainty dish, they are detested by the Scotch. I well remember some years later giving my good old landlady Mrs. Johnston some eels to cook for dinner, and her remonstrating ‘Nay, nay, Mr. Henderson, surely ye wudna hae me touch thae serpent beasts. Think now o’ what the serpent did to poor Eve, nay, aw canna get ower that.’ Many of the Scottish peasantry believe the eel to be only a species of water serpent.

1842.—In the March of this year I found myself once more at St. Boswell’s, fishing alternately the Dryburgh water with Adam Johnston, and the Mertoun water with John Purdey. It was during this visit that I made the acquaintance of Captain F—— who was lodging in the neighbourhood. As we frequently fished opposite to one another we became gradually intimate, till at last he pressed and I accepted his generous hos-

pitality. During the evenings that I spent with him seated by his comfortable fireside, he used to relate many a strange tale of other days and distant lands which even now rise vividly before me, though I cannot relate them in the graphic language of the bronzed old sailor.

Captain F—— had been present as a midshipman at the battle of Algiers, and described the morning of that eventful day as having been so still and quiet that it was necessary to tow the fleet into the harbour by boats manned for the purpose. Approaching in this manner, ship after ship took up her position in line beneath those formidable batteries which had so long defied all Christendom. The commander of the vessel in which young F—— served had for several days been confined to his berth by so severe an attack of gout that his officers waited on him there before the engagement began, to learn his directions. To the astonishment of all, the commander ordered four sailors to carry him upstairs and place him on the centre of the quarter-deck. Having seated him there the men made an attempt to screen him from the eye of the enemy by placing a hen coop and other light things in front of him, but their endeavour brought down such a burst of indignation that the offending barrier was quickly removed. Then ordering a can of grog and with a long clay pipe in his hand, he addressed his officers in strong heart-stirring words and ordered them to their several posts. Seated in his chair, a fair mark for the enemy's fire, he directed the deadly fight and refused to be borne from it till the great stronghold of piracy was taken. As the last gun was knocked down from the enemy's battery, the Turk who had been directing its fire, jumped upon the parapet, and cursing the hated Christians, waved his sword thrice round his head, and hurled it

on the deck of the British vessel. The English sailors were so struck with his dauntless spirit that, led by their commander, they gave him one of those ringing cheers which none can give so heartily as the brave tars of old England.

Another anecdote shows that the dare-devil spirit which led to so many conquests was not confined to men who had seen long service, but burned as fiercely in the hearts of those who were in training to fill their places. Young F—— was still a midshipman, his ship lay in the Hooghly a few miles from Calcutta. It was evening, all the superior officers had gone ashore, leaving four midshipmen aboard. Dinner over they sat down to drink, and cards were introduced to wile away the hours till midnight. Whatever danger may attend wine or cards separately, the risk is far greater when the two are united. Intoxication led to quarrelling, and a glass of wine was thrown in the face of one of the party. According to the code of honour of that day nothing but blood could efface so dire an insult. A duel was arranged, F—— and another agreeing to act as seconds. From this time till two in the morning, the four sat with perfect silence, then rising they went in a boat to a small island a few miles off in the river. Now came the worst part of the affair. F—— and the other second disagreed on some details of the arrangement, high words followed, and ended in a challenge to another duel. Nay, so impetuous were these new disputants that they insisted on their quarrel being settled first. After much opposition from the other pair this was agreed to, and they all sat down to wait for daylight.

The first gleams of morning showed the party that they were seated just below the bodies of five

pirates who had been gibbeted in this lonely spot. The sight sobered them a little, but the code of honour permitted no retreat, and the island was so small that the duel could only take place with the hideous objects creaking in their chains right over the combatants' heads. The first and second shots were harmless; it was agreed that honour could only be satisfied with the shedding of blood. They fired again; F——'s antagonist was severely wounded, he fell insensible and bleeding profusely. The lads, for such they were in reality, thoroughly sobered, returned to the ship, and were placed under arrest.

The practice of duelling had become so common in India that the authorities were determined to put it down by the severest punishment. F—— was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be imprisoned for twelve months in a cage or caravan having one side guarded by iron bars through which the prisoner could be seen. Above the cage was placed a notice of his offence, and thus exposed to the jests and gibes of the mocking crowd he was dragged along and exhibited through the principal towns of Southern India. The sentence was a fearful one, and it appears to have had the effect intended, for Captain F—— believed he was the only duellist so punished. At the close of the year he was restored to his rank in the Navy, and distinguished himself afterwards at several engagements.

CHAPTER XI.

'Though Cheviot's top be frosty still,
 He's green below the knee,
 Sae don your plaid, an tak your gad,
 An gang awa wi' me.
 The pools are glittering i' the beam,
 The primrose blooms in Brinkburn Ha'
 The sawmon's lyin i' the stream,
 The western breezes saftly blaw.'—R. ROXBY.

THE COQUET—CASTING UP STREAM—A NIGHT AT THE BLACK BULL—
 SALMON ROE—HOSPITALITY AT MINDRUM MILL—THE BLIND WATER-
 RAT—THE CHEVIOT SHEPHERD AND THE WISE MAN—CHARLIE EBDY
 AT MERTOUN WATER—CAPTAIN F. AND HIS SON—THE MERTOUN AND
 RUTHERFORD WATERS—FISHING IN THE WHARFE—EFFECT OF MY
 WADING BOOTS ON THE LANDLADY'S NERVES—REMINISCENCE OF MY
 FIRST SHOT—ADVENTURE WITH A BOAR.

THE month of May is of all months in the year the most tempting to the angler, and indeed the most successful. The call 'up and off to Coquet side,' is then irresistible, and on the 16th of May A.D. 1842 I gladly went with my friend Mr. A. W. Hutchinson to Weldon Bridge. There we met Mr. Alfred Graham of Liverpool, Mr. Williamson and Mr. Fosberry. A day's fishing near to one another and the interchange of some little courtesies led to our dining and spending the evening together. The time passed most pleasantly, and was the precursor of many agreeable evenings, in which

a warm friendship was cemented between Mr. Graham and myself. We had too many thoughts and feelings in common not to fraternise, and we were both enthusiasts in the gentle art. How pleasant it was to tell adventures past ; to discuss the merits of our favourite rivers, and the most approved systems of casting. Midnight came too soon, and nothing but the necessity of rising early next morning drove us to our beds at night.

We mustered a formidable party for our next day's fishing. It was my fortune to join Mr. Graham and Mr. Williamson, and as it is seldom that something new may not be learnt by those who keep their eyes open, I learnt on this day that trolling with minnow for trout may be practised successfully by casting up stream. Advancing a few feet into a quick flowing stream, Mr. Williamson cast his minnow towards the opposite bank, but still considerably upwards, thus securing the placing of himself below the fish. In this way he took several, but the art seemed his own, for though I and others did our best, the best was nothing. I have never met with any other angler who fished with minnow in this peculiar manner.

After two or three days spent most agreeably Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Graham and I went on to the Glen, while the rest of the party returned home. The distance of Wooler Cottage from the Glen and the Bowmont induced us to take up our quarters at a little public-house near to Bendor, known as the Black Bull. The accommodation was of the roughest. All that could be said in its favour was that the landlady was obliging, and cleanly in her doings. We could only secure two rooms for the three, one dark and damp enough, in which we sat and took our meals ; the other above it was larger, and had three beds in as many of its

corners. During several years this sort of lodging was all that my friends and myself deemed necessary. 'Man wants but little here below' was our motto, and I have known many gentlemen whose homes possessed every comfort and not a few of the luxuries of life take kindly to these simple surroundings. It is true that at times there were penalties to be paid, and so one of our party found on this occasion.

The house was the accustomed resort of drovers who took cattle and sheep to the southern market; and knowing the scant ceremony common among these people, we generally took care to fasten our bedroom door. Unfortunately this precaution was once neglected. After midnight a drover arrived, found the house door as usual open upon the latch, made his way up the staircase, and entered the accustomed room. He then plunged into his accustomed bed, where at the time one of the party (I say not which) was stretched in peaceful slumbers, dreaming of the heavy basket he was to achieve on the morrow. At daybreak the unfortunate sleeper, giving a lunge in his dream, came into contact with the drover and awoke. As his eyes opened they rested upon a red woollen nightcap beside his own on the pillow, and the whole situation was revealed at once. Had an alarm of fire been raised, the poor fellow could not have sprung out of bed with greater expedition. Soon he was to be seen performing his ablutions with most commendable fervour, after which he went out for a couple of hours before breakfast, and aired himself in the fields. Not till evening did his face relax from the look of dire disgust it had assumed.

Late in the month of June Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Graham and I made a party to fish the Bowmont, the Glen, the Teviot, and the Ale. We thus varied the

scene of sport, but our success in the two latter streams was scarcely satisfactory. I see by my memoranda that on the 29th of this month the friendly competition generally going on between Graham and Henderson resulted in a close struggle. The water selected was from Bendor to Coupland, and the result was

A. Graham	88 fish =	25 lbs.
W. Henderson	87 „ =	25 „

and on the following day

A. Graham	40 fish =	13 lbs.
W. Henderson	59 „ =	18 „

This trip was in general successful, but the above mentioned days were the best we had. Graham occasionally indulged in a description of fishing unknown on the Northumberland rivers; indeed, I had never heard of anyone practising it but himself. It is well that it is so, judging by its deadly character on the only occasion on which I tried it.

One morning before starting from Bendor, Graham gave me seventeen dried pea roe which had been taken from a large salmon and were of proportionate size. He wished me to take more, but I had scruples as to such bait being legitimate, and only took enough to test their value by experiment. On reaching the lower end of the Fox Holes'-pool, I determined to make trial of their power. There was a charming breeze blowing up the water, just sufficient to hide my movements without impeding the true play of the line. Screening myself beneath some bushes which overhung the southern bank, I cast the line close to an old tree stump which projected into the water from the opposite side. Fifteen times did I cast the line and each time a fine fish was basketed; nay, the longer I fished, the more perfectly could I see that directly the pea

touched the water several fish rushed forward and contended for the delicious morsel. I had now only two peas left, so putting on a worm I cast it among the shoal; a trout instantly gorged it and was taken, but on trying a second worm the fish merely circled round, made their observations, and advanced no farther. I now put on the sixteenth pea, and the fight was renewed, the fish fairly leaping over each other in their excitement. Once more I placed a worm upon the hook, but it was useless; the fish had learned to discriminate. The seventeenth and last pea was put on with the same success as before, and I wound up half an hour's fishing with seventeen good trout taken with seventeen peas of roe and the one unwary trout that took the worm. So murderous do I consider this bait when used in clear water, that I should not have recorded this tale had not the legislature some years ago made the possession of salmon-roe illegal. It is now only resorted to by poachers, a class of persons not likely to see these pages.

The foregoing incident also illustrates the quarrelsome habits of trout when intent on feeding. No angler with ordinary habits of observation but must have noticed frequently how the largest trout of the shoal establishes himself in the most favoured locality, and should any of the lesser fry attempt to seize the tempting fly as it passes, how he is at once attacked by the tyrant of the stream, and compelled to put forth his utmost speed if he wishes to save his life.

I remember a tale told me by Johnny Younger which shows how surely the angler may rely upon this habit of the largest trout. On one of my visits to his workshop he mentioned three evenings' fishing which his son had recently taken in the Tweed. On the first

of these, when fishing upwards, I believe with worm, he came to the stream which flows immediately below Mertoun Cauld. The hour was late, the gloaming far advanced, and the angler had captured several trout of the usual size, when on trying one particular spot which he knew by experience to be the best, he succeeded in taking a fish of, if I remember rightly, 3 lbs. weight. On hearing this Johnny observed that no doubt this was 'the tyrant,' and advised his son to try the same spot on the subsequent evening, as the fish next in size would no doubt be found there. The prophecy proved true; a fish somewhat smaller than the last was basketed. On the third evening another trout still rather less was captured, but the three were far heavier than any others taken. An angler can scarcely pass a more interesting hour than in hiding behind a bush close to a bright clear pool well stored with trout, where he may watch in stillness the actions of the shoal. If the sun favours him by shining out, every movement of the fish will be clearly visible, and the social despotism of 'might makes right' witnessed in all its strength.

The distance of Beador from the Bowmout had hitherto confined our fishings in this river to its lower stretches, and now for the first time we fished as high as Mindrum Mill. While fishing near the mill an old man approached me with a kindly good-day, and a hope that I had good sport. He was a fresh complexioned man, of apparently more than threescore years and ten, and somewhat feeble in his walk. A few more words passed, and he enquired at what time I expected to return. Having named five o'clock, I passed on thinking no more of the matter. Our fishing ended, my friends and myself were wending our way back along the river side when the old man came forward and

said courteously, 'My wife's waiting for you, and all's ready. come away.' We could not resist such unaffected kindness, and followed him into the house. Here he introduced us to his very counterpart in age and simple gentleness. Dressed in plain homespun but with cap and collar white as drifted snow, this aged mistress of the farm entered on her hospitable task. We were ushered into a charming little room in which to make our toilette, and then into the best sitting room, where we found a table spread with meat hot and cold, eggs, honey, tea, and oh! such cream and butter. The old lady sat down and presided at the feast, but her husband would only walk about the room pleased to ask us questions and to join his wife in urging us to every possible effort in eating and drinking. Next came the inevitable toddy, of which our host took a little, and it would be difficult to describe his pleasure when he learned that two of his guests came from Durham. In early life he had held the farm of Little-town about three miles from that city, and with his wife had migrated to the Borders after several years. The name of Lynn I knew was still well remembered at Littletown; and well sustained as it is by his son, it will not soon be forgotten on the Borders. Warm invitations were given to us all, by this charming old couple; I always think of them with pleasure, and can scarcely recall anything more beautiful than the loving deference of the wife and the devoted protection of the husband. Past the allotted space of human life as they were, their mutual love seemed holier and more intense; to have lived and loved so long was surely a step to the Eternal Paradise.

Before we parted the old people gave us warm invitations to visit them again, and whenever I fished the

Bowmont in after years I always found at the farmhouse of Mindrum Mill a hospitable welcome for my friends and myself, first from the father and in later days from the son. And everyone who has fished much in the valleys of the Borders can, I believe, from personal experience confirm what I have said of the free hospitality there offered to the unknown wanderer.

1843.—On the 8th of March in this year I recommenced my salmon-fishing at Dryburgh, and was joined by Mr. Graham on the 14th. The results were,

A. Graham, in six days' fishing	.	.	22 salmon
W. Henderson, in nine „	.	.	34 „

It will be seen that our success was nearly similar, and let me say that it adds much to the pleasure of a fishing tour when friends are so equally matched as to make the competition of each day doubtful. It was on the 20th of this month, when resting in front of the fisherman's cottage, that Adam Johnston drew my attention to Graham, who was then engaged in battling with a heavy fish. The struggle was so long maintained that at last we went to his assistance, and reached the stream below the cauld just in time to see him land a splendid new run fish of 19 lbs. To capture a clean fish of such a weight in the early spring, and so far up the river, was a most unusual event, indeed so scarce were they at the time that the common market price was 5s. per pound. Adam Johnston, in addition to the Dryburgh water, rented some of the finest Bemerside pools. The rent for the last-named waters was only 10*l.* per annum payable in kind, and Graham had great pleasure in knowing that his salmon was accepted by the Lady of Bemerside in full payment for six months' rent. The recollection of these facts of

thirty years ago enables me to compute the enormous difference between the value of the Tweed fishings then and now.

During the month of May my friend A. W. Hutchinson and I had five days' fishing in the Glen, the Bowmont, and the Till, fixing our head-quarters at Bendor as the most convenient centre. My diary shows the result to be 130 trout taken by my rod, and nearly the same by that of my friend. The weather and state of the water were however very unfavourable, so we shortened our visit. It happened one day while fishing in the Bowmont that I had separated from my friend, and was trying a gentle running stream immediately below a small island. The sun was shining brightly, and I observed a water-rat of the old English breed crossing the water about half a dozen yards from me. I tried to intercept its passage by a gentle touch with my rod; this made it dive, but it quickly rose to the surface. Again I touched it, and it dived, till reaching the farther shore it ran backwards and forwards upon the narrow strip of gravel which lay between the river and a steep grassy bank. As there were several rat-holes in the bank, I could not understand why the creature did not take shelter in one of them. I shouted several times, while it continued to search for a hole, till at last in evident despair it sat upright with its face raised direct to the sun and its fore legs held upwards, the very attitude which in man would have been that of prayer. On approaching it, which I did noiselessly, I saw that the poor animal was blind. A more touching appeal to man's compassion I cannot conceive, and who shall say but that as it sat there it did not in some way appeal for light and guidance to the Father of Light. I withdrew as gently as I could, and look-

ing back some minutes after saw it still in the same prayerful attitude.

The following anecdote is borrowed from my 'Folk Lore,' as it was during this tour that the second visit recorded took place.

'About twenty years have passed since, after a long day's angling in the College, a small river which winds round the northern side of Cheviot, I entered the thatched cottage of a shepherd, which stood near the confluence of that stream with the Bowmont. The man and his wife bade me welcome after the kindly hospitable fashion of that district. I grew interested in their conversation, and promised to visit them again when I came next into their neighbourhood. I did so during the following spring, but what was my grief at finding the man, who had seemed to me a model of strength, now a complete wreck ; he was lying on a long settle by the fireside, wrapped in blankets. The poor woman on seeing me burst into tears, and it was some time before her suffering husband could tell his tale of too confiding simplicity.

'In the latter part of the preceding autumn he had caught cold while tending his flock on the mountain side. Acute rheumatism had followed ; he suffered a good deal, and being of a sanguine temperament he chafed at the slow but safe steps adopted by the surgeon of the district. As week after week passed by with little amendment, constant pain and impending poverty induced him at last, in an evil hour, to give heed to a neighbour's advice and resort to "the wise man who lived far over the hills." The wise man declared that the case was desperate, and demanded desperate remedies. As the first step, he directed that the sufferer should be wrapped in a blanket and laid in

the sharp running stream which flowed a few yards from the cottage. This was done with full faith, though it was the depth of winter. Never shall I forget the poor victim as he turned his dying eyes on me, and said, "Oh sir, I laid there twenty minutes, but I could endure it no longer, and I just said, Lift me out, I'm dead. They took me out and I've laid on this settle ever since." A few days more, and the poor fellow passed, as we humbly trust, to a better life, a sacrifice to one of the most cruel and heartless impostures I ever heard of. Had not death intervened, who can tell what further tortures might not have been in store for him at the hands of this ignorant and presuming monster ?'

1844.—Hitherto I had not been accompanied by Charlie on any of my salmon-fishing expeditions. He had seen little of this kind of angling, so being desirous to give him a treat I took him with me to Mertoun water on the 12th of March this year. We only fished five days, the weather being bitterly cold with much snow and frost. My sport was from a boat, and the result twenty-one salmon=213 lbs. Charlie, who had only such water as he could command from the shore, captured eight salmon=57 lbs.

At this time it was that my friend Captain F—— suffered from a misfortune which, like many others, left a sting behind. One day, when everything seemed to favour the angler's hopes, when fish were in plenty and seemed only desirous of offering themselves a ready sacrifice, Captain F—— attended by his son, a lad of some twelve or thirteen years of age, commenced his fishing in the Hare Craig pool. This is the deepest pool in the Dryburgh water, and was a special favourite with the Captain, who had made many a glorious capture

in its recesses. Let me add that the Captain was a big burly man, six feet two in height and with a breadth and amplitude befitting the imperial Jove.

His son was managing the boat, so that it drifted slowly down the stream, when the Captain, too eager in making a vigorous cast, went head and heels overboard. The poor boy thought he would certainly be drowned, so seizing a salmon cleik which lay in the boat he made a wild dash at his submerged sire, who was floundering with his head downwards, and succeeded in planting the cruel tool deep in the parental buttock. Roar upon roar, yell upon yell, proceeded from below, but the lad held on gallantly, persuaded that he was doing the right thing to save his father, till, after a long struggle, by a vigorous twist behind, the agonized Captain succeeded in wriggling off the hook, and instinctively avoiding the boat swam towards the shore, where I fear the poor boy got more kicks than halfpence in requital of his display of filial affection. It was long before the Captain could bear the solicitous enquiries of his friends as to the state of his tail. Mentally as well as physically it was long a sore subject.

1845.—The 12th of March in this year found me once more at St. Boswell's, and for the first time without a companion. Happily for me the omission was well supplied by Mr. Forbes Brown, who I found at the hotel, and whose daily fishing was on the Rutherford water, then rented by his brother Mr. David Brown, of Longformacus. We at once agreed to occupy the same sitting room and take our meals together, and never have I known a more genial and pleasant companion. His fishing being on the Rutherford and mine on the Mertoun waters, we frequently exchanged our day's rights, and thus added variety to our sport. During the night of

the 16th (Sunday) a heavy fall of snow occurred, and looking out on the following morning I found the snow resting twelve inches deep on the ground. The frost was so severe that the quiet pools were almost frozen from side to side. I had given up all idea of further fishing and was preparing to return home, when John Purdey the fisherman arrived at the hotel, and to my surprise announced that though we could only have a short day, yet we should kill 'a lot o' fish.' These words had a magical effect upon me, and putting on my long boots, we waded through the snow to Mertoun bridge.

Here a stoppage occurred, for the boat was about a mile lower down the river, and had to be towed upwards. Pointing to the shallow stream above the bridge, John said, as he started to fetch the boat, 'Aw saw a schule o' fish playing there yesterday; maybe if yer were to wade in, yer might heuck ane or twa.' The chance seemed small, but it was not in my nature to neglect it. I fitted on a set of minnow tackle at once, and soon I had my reward. The sun shone out, which on such a cold day was in my favour, and when John returned he found me with eight salmon on the bank, all taken within an hour and fifteen minutes. This put us in high spirits, and we fished slowly downwards to the 'Pot,' but the sun had ceased to shine, and when we concluded at five o'clock we had only added eight more fish to our basket. Still sixteen fish in five hours was a brilliant success; only on two other occasions have I taken the same number, and I have never exceeded it.

Two days later, by exchange with Mr. Brown, I fished the Rutherford water, and made the acquaintance of the fisherman John Aitken, one of the most obliging professionals on the Tweed. The Rutherford water is generally shallow, but at times it affords excellent

salmon-fishing, while for common trout it is universally admitted to be the best in the Tweed. Through Mr. Forbes Brown's kindness I was allowed to fish this water for trout, and this permission, afterwards confirmed by his brother at Longformacus, led to annual visits here during several years; and here I have known some of the most delightful days' sport of the many I have enjoyed through life. The kindness was not a little enhanced by the leave Mr. David Brown granted me to take a friend with me, and by the directions he gave Aitken to let me have occasionally a day's salmon-fishing. My first day's sport at Rutherford ended in the capture of eight salmon=101 lbs., one of which was a new run fish. Altogether this tour was the most profitable I had yet had. During nine days, in which I had fished forty-nine hours, I had taken in all seventy-three salmon—an amount of sport quite sufficient even to satisfy me.

In the early summer, by the advice of my physician, I went to Harrogate for a few weeks to recruit my health. Certainly angling was not among the prescribed remedies, but it was not forbidden, and when I saw the stream glitter in the sun, and the pool curl in the breeze the temptation was too much for me. So taking a light pony phaeton I drove to the little village of Castley near the 'banks of crystal Wharfe.' Leaving my carriage at a charming little public-house, I walked to the river and began fishing a strong stream which flowed from beneath a mill. I took six good trout with worm, much to the surprise of the miller, who had no notion of there being such large fish in the water, and satisfied with my sport returned to 'mine inn.' I there asked the old landlady to make me some tea, and while she was absent I hung up my long wading boots on a crook that was in the ceiling. She soon returned carrying a tray

of crockery, but in an instant she dropped it with a crash, fell upon her knees, covered her face with her hands, crying out, 'Oh mercy, mercy! O good sir, don't kill me, I never did you any harm.' I could only say, 'My good woman, what is the matter?' but the sound of my voice made her desperate and she exclaimed yet more pitifully, 'Pray, pray don't murder a lone woman; I'm not wicked, I've done no wrong to anybody.' Again I tried to pacify her and put my hand upon her shoulder, but this made matters worse. Shriek upon shriek ensued, and then a violent fit of trembling.

Finding my attempts to soothe her were of no avail, I went in search of assistance and brought a servant girl to do what she could with her mistress. On re-entering the room we found the poor woman kneeling and gazing with a look of horror upon the boots. The maid saw the cause of her alarm, and tried to make her understand that they were only a pair of boots used for wading in the river. When she apprehended this she turned to me and said, 'Oh sir, I really thought you had murdered a man and hung his legs up there.' Then she crept away and I saw her no more, the fright having made the poor creature seriously ill.

At this period of my life I generally accompanied my friends, R. Horn and J. H. Forster, on their annual visit to Wolsingham Park for August 12. My enjoyment lay by the side of the pure running Waskerly-burn which meanders through the park, while theirs consisted in toilsome struggling over broken ground, in search of the most game bird in the British sportsman's list. I never did shoot; whether I might ever have done so is a speculation, all desire to 'go a-gunning' having been extinguished in my breast by an untoward event which occurred when I was about twelve years of age

I had heard my mother complain of the inroads made in her garden by a certain family of cocks and hens, the gardener on his part declaring that neither peas nor gooseberries could be raised while such depredators went unpunished. I was just at the age which is ever on the look-out for adventure; my favourite books were those of spirit-stirring narrations, and I held life without such moving incidents to be stale, flat, and unprofitable indeed. Don Quixote had contended with windmills, why should not I go forth against cocks and hens? On pretences which a strict code of morals would scarcely justify, I obtained the loan of a gun, and loading it with what I imagined the due proportions of powder and shot, I ensconced myself beneath some laurels, and awaited the arrival of the feathered family. At last they came, and to my delight the old cock himself, the head and leader of all the mischief, led the way. After a moderate dinner on sweet peas Chanticleer went to roost among the lower branches of a wide-spreading old gooseberry bush, the hens and chickens clustering round him. My heart fluttered with joy; the long desired moment was at hand; I believed that the prize was my own, and that my enemy's proud comb would soon take its place in my satchel together with marbles and cherry-stones. Stealthily I moved onward, and inserting the muzzle of the gun into the bush—let fly. Oh what clouds diffused themselves; of smoke from my innocuous weapon, of dust from the scuffling of the outraged Gallican!

I 'back recoiled, I knew not why,' but alas! what were my feelings when the patriarch of the farmyard stepped out and stood undaunted before me, spread his wings, and crowed his highest note of victory. A profound disgust took possession of me, and from that hour

I confessed that the Fates had so settled my life as to omit all gunnery from the arrangement.

Although during these glorious August days I could not join my friends in eking out their heavy bags of game, I could yet add something to the pleasures of the evening meal, and I usually started before 8 A.M. to fish the trickling stream, so making my way upward that we might all meet by the side of a pure cold spring and enjoy the sportsman's luncheon with the sportsman's appetite.

One morning I approached the stream which lay far below me; the bank on which I stood was steep and perhaps eighty feet high, thickly covered with trees, while behind me was a stiff hedge, on a high earthen embankment. While I was putting my rod together, I heard a series of complacent grunts not far off, and looking downwards I observed a boar of more than ordinary size routing in the ground about thirty feet below me. The air blew briskly, the morning was bright, young spirits naturally ran high, and I felt very mischievous. So, ensconcing myself behind a tree, I imitated the creature so closely that he started and made an answering grunt; I repeated my call and was again responded to, then stepping from behind the tree I poked fun at the brute with one mighty grunt more. It is impossible to describe the savage look he assumed, as with open jaws and tusks projecting he rushed towards me. The notion of flying from a pig however never occurred to me, so when he came near I merely dodged round the trees; but a sense of the creature's real ferocity dawned upon me, and finding that he got nearer and nearer I began to run at full speed. For some time the race was pretty equal, but at length I was so hard pressed that I was glad to throw down my fishing rod, spring upon a fence, and

vault into the field on the other side, where I remained till I was satisfied that the brute had retired. He must, I am convinced, have been akin to the Brawn of Brancepeth who needed the courage of the hero Pollard to overcome him. Since that day I have seen boars before whose strength and fierceness no unarmed man could stand and live.

CHAPTER XII.

‘Let iither anglers choose their ain,
 An’ iither waters take the lead,
 O’ Hielan’ streams we covet nane,
 But gie to us the bonnie Tweed.’

T. T. STODDART.

FORMATION OF THE SPROUSTON CLUB—THE JOHNSTON FAMILY—SPROUSTON DUB AND BOB KERSS—THE DURHAM RANGER AND THE BIG FISH—MR. BOND’S SUCCESS IN JULY—THE POINTERS AND OUR ROD.

SHORTLY before my visit to Harrogate Mr. Walter Scruton had succeeded in forming a club composed of gentlemen who had during some time past frequented the Tweed. The Edenmouth salmon fishings were advertised to be let by sealed tenders, and Mr. Scruton offered an annual rent of 210*l.* on the understanding that a lease for five years should be given. Being the highest tender it was accepted, and the club entered into possession at Whitsuntide 1845. The members were Mr. W. Scruton of Durham, Mr. T. P. Teale of Leeds, Mr. E. Bond of Leeds, Mr. W. Hey of Leeds, Mr. A. Graham of Liverpool, and myself. And now occurred a dispute which showed a curious and not very satisfactory feature of the Scotch law. The advertisement stated that the water to be let was three and a half miles in length. Mr. Scruton, doubting the correctness of this assertion, had it measured, when the

true length was found to be two miles and three quarters. On this he applied for a proportionate reduction in the amount of rent, but was met with a statement that the law of Scotland allowed a man to advertise his property as of any size or possessing any advantages he might choose to ascribe to it, the onus of seeing that things were in all respects as stated lying with the purchaser. The unfairness of such a mode of action was pleaded, and Mr. Waldie, the owner of the water, consented to refer the matter to arbitration. Two gentlemen of Edinburgh learned in the law were appointed as arbitrators, and they decided that the law of Scotland was against us, but that as a matter of equity the rent should be reduced from 210*l.* to 185*l.* Mr. Waldie at once yielded, and the club paid the rent of 185*l.* until the year 1850.

The next thing to be done was to secure comfortable lodgings, with a room in which such members as were present might meet and take their meals together. Thus we should secure the sociabilities of life without any of the conventional restraints that would fetter the angler when he desires to shut out the world's cares for a time and to live in ease and freedom. We found all that we could desire in the house of Mr. Johnston. He had built it for himself on an elevated piece of ground leased under the Duke of Roxburgh. Three sides of the cottage were surrounded by garden and paddock, while it afforded from every window a view of the Tweed both near and extensive — a never-failing source of interest to the members of the club. The stretch of water which lay before them was long, and the swirls of the salmon could often be noticed as they rose to the surface, warning the fisherman to hasten his breakfast lest the happy moment of success should pass away.

Our landlord was already advanced in years and in feeble health, but there was a quiet quaintness in his conversation which made it very enjoyable, and his wife was one of the dearest old women that ever lived. Whoever came under her influence succumbed to it at once; nature had stamped on every word and look the impress of simplicity and truth; the Bible was her daily guide and companion, and an atmosphere of refinement and purity surrounded her. I need say no more, as Mrs. Johnston will hereafter be referred to more than once. Her pretty daughter Margaret waited upon us, and altogether more comfortable quarters could not be desired.

The Edenmouth water comprises a fair number of streams, generally well stored with salmon; but the gem, not only of this water but of the Tweed itself, is the far-famed Sprouston Dub. The cast here is at least half a mile in length, and the numerous sunken rocks are to the salmon as so many palaces of delight. Our old fisherman used to say, 'There's never a schule o' fish pass, but some o' them clap down i' the dub, they canna help it.' He spoke truly, and I believe that during the autumn fishing there are more salmon killed in this pool than in any other in the river. Old Bob Kerss had been for many years the tacksman of the water, and we now engaged him to act as our boatman. Long nights spent in watching his Cairn-nets in times of flood had brought on acute rheumatism, which bowed his back so as to make him unfit for other work; but once seated in the boat his infirmity did not prevent his doing his work well, and his knowledge of the habits of fish could not be surpassed.

My first visit to Edenmouth was in the early part of September. It was not successful; during five days' fishing I only captured nine salmon and one grilse.

Coming again in the middle of October I found Mr. Bond and Mr. Graham at Sprouston, and we made a most pleasant party. I remained there eight days, but the weather was so stormy, and the river so much affected by floods that I only fished four days, taking in all fifteen salmon and grilse. It was at this time however, I believe, that I had an extraordinarily rapid capture of grilse. I was fishing in the dub near the cast known as the Hedge-end; the water was blackish, and a few inches above its best height for fishing;—the time was afternoon. Putting on a small double white-tipped fly, I cast, and immediately hooked and captured a grilse of 9 lbs. weight; another cast, and the success was repeated; a third cast, and again the same success. Then from the bank behind me rose a loud cheer, and turning I saw a group of four gentlemen seated on the grass, among them Mr. David Robertson of Kelso, and Mr. T. T. Stoddart, the writer of some of the best books on angling ever published, and also of a volume of poems of no mean merit.

Now to be cheered by two such eminent professors of the gentle art as Mr. Stoddart and Mr. Robertson was great encouragement for such a tyro as myself, and the excitement was not a little heightened by the fact that Sir C—— D—— was at the time my immediate opponent. He was fishing with old Tom Kerss exactly in front of me; indeed as Bob said ‘Baith your fleas are fair amang the schule.’ A fourth, fifth, and sixth grilse were taken as rapidly as possible, and at each victory the cheers of the spectators rang out loudly. They were mingled however with something like strong language from the boat opposite, and when my opponent at last did capture a small bull trout the laughter which greeted

the feat was too much for him, and he ordered old Tom to row home. Before they had got twenty yards I had my seventh fish; the strong language then assumed an undeniable form, and only died away as distance intervened. Suddenly the fish sulked, not another rise was to be had, and my fishing ended with seven grilse, weighing 47 lbs., all taken within an hour. Here was an instance of the decided preference of fish for one fly over another. My rival was a more accomplished salmon fisher than I could at that time claim to be, yet these grilse slighted his offering while they seized mine with zest almost before it touched the water. We were both fishing among the same 'schule,' and undoubtedly the flies of each angler were seen by the same fish.

1846.—I remained at Sprouston this year from February 17 to March 3, and had during the interval ten days' salmon-fishing. The weather was unfavourable, there were often small floods, and when the water suited us as to height and colour there was no wind; all this sadly lessened our sport. My diary shows a total of 44 salmon and bull trout = 312 lbs.

It was on February 20 that I captured the largest salmon which had been taken in the Tweed for eleven years; so at least the old fishermen averred. I had fished steadily for five hours without taking anything, the unruffled surface of the dub offering indeed small prospect of success. At last I put on a large fly named the Durham Ranger by Mr. Scruton, the inventor. The fly had scarcely fallen in the rapid gliding water which forms the Cauld Slap when a boil broke the surface and the line tightened. It was evidently a large fish, and Bob began to preach caution. 'Ah,' I exclaimed abruptly, 'the hook has come away! no, it's fast again! Rely upon it, Bob, if I get this fish we shall

find that the hook has changed from one side of its mouth to the other.

The fish ran wildly up the dub, its pace being at one time so fast that almost a hundred yards of line were expended, then down he rushed to his original haunt, and 'indignant of the guile' he began to drop down the rapid rushing stream beneath the Slap. This put Bob in an agony. 'Dinna haud tight,' he exclaimed. 'Easy, easy, and maybe he'll come up again o' his ain fancy, but if ye pull ye'll be wrackit.' Acting on this advice I gently eased my line, and the fish was induced to return; then, untired by his exertions in the torrent, he once more sped up the dub for half a mile. It was as much as Bob's most rapid rowing could do together with my gentlest playing of the line, to avoid a catastrophe. When he reached the highest end of the dub he turned, and with failing powers returned to his first 'lay.' Here it once more occurred to him to use the assistance of the torrent, and spite of all my coaxing down he went, and on and on, till finding my line expended, I sprang on shore and followed him far down the stream. Home is still home to a salmon as to us human creatures, and though weakened by his severe exertions he determinedly made for it. But his strength was evidently now far spent, so putting on all the pressure I dared, the fatal cleik was inserted, and the (for that day) monster fish lay upon the bank, a kepper salmon of $30\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. weight.

This was the largest fish that Bob had ever borne a part in capturing, and the old man's agitation was proportionate. He could only cry out, 'Kill him, sir, kill him at once, he's awful to look at! Oh, what eyes he has! Pray kill him, sir.' On examining the mouth of the fish, we found that the hook had been first planted

in the further lip, but the hold giving way the hook had then firmly fixed in the other side. That night there was great rejoicing in the club, and an extra glass was quaffed to the memory of 'the big un.' The next morning my prize was dispatched to Mr. William Procter of Durham, by whom it was stuffed, and it now reposes in a glass case with the Ranger fly in the mouth, as fixed during the memorable struggle.

The fishings of the remainder of this year, though varied by visits to different rivers, do not present any events worth recording. I therefore only relate a feat by which my friend Mr. Bond astonished his brother members of the club, and which appears to me, considering the circumstances, to be quite without a parallel. It took place in July, which is commonly esteemed the worst month in the year for salmon-fishing, the month of which the Coquetdale bard drily observes

'The shade fishin' skulkers in July,
Went slinkin' for what they could get.'

When passing through Berwick-upon-Tweed, Mr. Bond's passion for everything connected with fishing led him to walk down to the place where the fishermen were drawing their nets. Here he learnt that a flood in the river had allowed many salmon to pass onward to the upper waters. This was quite sufficient to rouse him instantly to follow in pursuit; and taking the coach he arrived the same evening at Sprouston, sole unlooked-for representative of the club. Early next morning he was afloat on the dub, with old Bob as his boatman. Alternately sanguine and anxious they arrived at the Hedge-end cast, where a noble fish was soon hooked, run, and killed. He proved to be a salmon of 24 lbs. weight, with sea parasites thickly studding

his bright silvery sides. To use the words of my friend as he now tells the tale, he 'kept pegging away' up and down the dub, according to the conventional rule of the boatmen, whose laws in these matters are as rigid as were those of the Medes and Persians. Each time that he came to the Hedge-end he rose or captured a salmon, till in the early afternoon the sun burst forth in most unwelcome splendour, and the fish all sunk to the bottom of the river as the surest retreat from his scorching beams. All fishing of course was now at an end, but there lay on the bank five glorious new run salmon, weighing altogether 118 lbs. Taking into consideration the time of year, and the weight and quality of the fish, I consider this the most extraordinary take of salmon that I have ever known. The whole five fish were so equal in weight that, as Bob observed, 'they were just neebours.'

In the autumn Charlie and I paid more than one visit to Piercebridge, hoping to bring our knowledge of salmon-fishing as practised on the Tweed to bear upon the Tees. In this we were disappointed, blank days being the rule to which there was no exception. Still the drive of twenty miles before breakfast, the long day by the river, and the return in the evening were not without their charm.

On one of these visits we were again the unwilling cause of suffering to one of the brute creation. Our day's fishing ended, we returned to the village inn, which with its rows of pewter dishes, its bright chimney nook and sanded floor, was a model of cleanliness. Our hostess, though well advanced in years, was brisk and active, and while she busied herself on our behalf, we turned our eyes upon two handsome pointer dogs, who in lazy luxury were warming their noses before the fire. In

reply to our praises of the beautiful creatures, she said, 'Aye, they are bonnie dogs. My John's fonder of them than of any mortal creature. If owt happened to either of them dogs, aw believe he'd kill me though I be his mother.'

Weary with our exertions we had not taken down our tackle, but had planted our rods upright near the door. The salmon flies hung about five feet from the ground, and a gentle breeze was swaying them hither and thither, when unhappily one of the pointers, having strayed to the door, in larksome mood sprang into the air and seized a 'blue doctor.' With a wild yell which was echoed by our hostess the dog rushed out and ran up the village as if he were mad, his companion careering by his side and joining in the yelping duet. Out ran Charlie and I at once, but the animal was far in advance, dragging the salmon rod at a pace which it was impossible for us to vie with. Beyond the village we saw the dog bolt through a hedge, smashing both rod and line, then with its companion it tore up a steep hill, which resounded to their cries. Nothing more was to be done, so we retraced our steps, and found the poor woman at the inn seated in her armchair, rocking herself to and fro and sobbing out, 'Oh, dear! Oh, dear! what will become of me? What will John say?' Finding every attempt at consolation vain, we paid our bill to the servant girl and left the poor woman, grieved that she should have to bear the brunt of her son's anger alone, and yet not altogether sorry to escape an interview with the redoubtable John.

CHAPTER XIII.

‘Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field.’—SHAKESPEAR.

VARIED FISHING IN THE EDENMOUTH WATER—ESCAPE FROM A FRIGHTFUL CARRIAGE ACCIDENT—DR. RAINE’S MUNIFICENCE—FISHING TRIP TO THE WHITEADDER—NOCTURNAL ADVENTURES—ACCIDENTS ON THE WAY TO CHIRNSIDE—THE SPROUSTON HARVEST FIELDS—THE PARSON AMONG THE REAPER MAIDENS.

A.D. 1847.—I was unable to visit Sprouston before April of this year, and then I found the water much disturbed by small floods. Still I was not without compensation, for the season had arrived in which we might fairly expect excellent sport in the Edenmouth water by fishing for bull-trout and for common trout with fly. It was our practice during this month to fish for trout from the time when the ‘feed’ appeared on the water till about three o’clock, the earlier and later hours being given to angling for salmon. Hence our baskets at night presented a goodly variety of fish. I have captured on the same day clean salmon, kepper-grilse, kelt-salmon, bull-trout, silver white, and common trout. This variety of fish in April gives the Tweed a special advantage over most rivers. We fully appreciated it, and our little dinner-parties every evening added to our enjoyment. Many fishing tales were told, many speculations as to the morrow indulged in, till at last we ad-

journed to the kitchen, where pipes were smoked in concert with our obliging landlord, and we extracted not a little amusement from the quaint simplicity of his dear old wife.

In the month of June I encountered an accident so terrible that even at this distant date I cannot recall it without feelings of horror. My dear old rector, the Rev. James Raine, proposed to me a visit to Ushaw College in company with the Rev. Joseph Stevenson (the well-known Saxon scholar), Miss Raine and himself. The inspection of the College treasures proved full of interest, while the kindness and courtesy of the officials bore out the general sentiment in their favour. A heavy storm of rain detained us there some time; before it was quite over our phaeton was brought to the door, and we hurried off without inspecting properly the harnessing of our single horse. I was placed in front as driver, with Miss Raine by my side, Dr. Raine and Mr. Stevenson occupying the seat behind.

Scarcely had we reached the descent of the hill leading from Neville's Cross to the city, when the horse began to rear and plunge, and finally started off in a mad gallop. In vain did I exert all my strength; the horse was too young and powerful to be restrained. All I could do was to guide the animal through the turnpike, and then we tore down the roughly paved street of Cross-gate at a terrific pace. The cries of the by-standers brought crowds to the windows, and all screamed in concert as we approached the point of special danger. The little party alone were mute. Some closed their eyes, and from each heart arose a silent prayer to the Father of Mercy. But it devolved on me to make a decision. To attempt the ordinary road leading to Framwellgate Bridge seemed certain

destruction, for no horse could possibly gallop at full speed down that steep ill-paved hill and keep its footing. I therefore determined to try the way by Allergate, and casting away the whip tugged at the left-hand rein with all my strength. I succeeded in turning the horse in that direction, but the angle of the street corner was too sharp to allow the wheels to revolve, and with a terrible crash the carriage was thrown over and shivered into fragments. I was carried into a neighbouring house and remained insensible some time, till at last I became conscious that my friends with a surgeon were standing around me. Most providentially they had escaped with only slight cuts and bruises. I was taken home, and during a fortnight which I spent in bed I had time to think over the great mercy vouchsafed to me.

Two days afterwards my dear old rector came to see me; we had much serious conversation, and deeply rejoiced I was to hear him say on leaving me that under God he considered my presence of mind had saved his life. Pressing a little packet into my hand, 'take this,' he said; 'I give it to the church as a thank-offering to God for His great goodness.' The offering consisted of 50*l.* towards the restoration of the beautiful little church of St. Mary in the South Bailey, of which he was the rector and I his churchwarden. I should, in justice to the dear memory of my old and valued friend, add that this sum was given after he had already devoted much valuable time and labour to the work and had subscribed in money to what was considered the utmost extent of his power.

A few weeks elapsed, and my wonted strength did not return, so a fishing tour on the Borders was recommended to me, such a tour having always proved more

efficacious to me than any medicine. The result was that one accident led to another, in which last unhappily a friend of mine suffered severely. It was arranged that the Rev. W. Greenwell, Mr. A. W. Hutchinson and myself should try our fortune in the bright flowing streams of the Whiteadder, and we were speedily conveyed by train to Berwick-on-Tweed. Here it was necessary to wait about three hours, and Hutchinson declared his intention of seeing what he could of the old town, so famous in Border history.

As the time approached for again taking the train, Greenwell and I looked in vain for our friend's arrival. His innate love of wandering had overcome his good resolutions about punctuality, and as we sped from the station we perceived him picking shells and sea weed far away upon the shore. Pursuing our way we left the train at a small station, walked across the country till we gained the water-side, a short distance below Abbey St. Bathans, and took up our quarters at a little public-house not far from the Abbey, but on the opposite side of the Whiteadder. Late in the evening our missing friend arrived in a small cart, drawn so far as I remember by a donkey, good-natured as ever and ready to join in the laugh against himself. Always happy, always cheerful, he was invaluable as a companion in spite of the scrapes into which he was incessantly falling.

The public-house was charmingly situated by the side of a rivulet which joined the main stream just below, and its hostess was a good-looking, good-tempered woman, though unhappily disposed to imbibe too freely what she was so constantly serving out to others. The chief apartments were a large kitchen to the right of the entrance door, and a small parlour to

the left; in the former were three box-beds, in the latter two. Now of all contrivances for murdering sleep these abominable box-beds are the most successful. Carefully arranged for the exclusion of fresh air, and well stocked with insect life, only a very weary traveller would venture on such a couch. Such indeed we were, but there was a further difficulty, the parlour only contained two beds, and each of us vowed that nothing should induce him to sleep double, while as ill luck would have it the kitchen was crowded with navvies shouting bacchanalian songs. The often-repeated refrain,

‘ We won’t go home till morning
Till daylight doth appear ’

gave fair warning that a bed in the kitchen would prove no place of rest, but there was no other place for one of the party, so we agreed to decide by drawing lots. Poor Hutchinson! Fate was not propitious to him! As he drew the shortest straw he exclaimed with a comical side-glance, ‘ I don’t know how it is, but you fellows always have the luck ; ’ nor can I honestly assert that his good nature was not imposed upon. Undoubtedly he had a warm night of it, and he was wise to make it as short as he could. A roaring fire on a July night, a bed lively past endurance, a room full of navvies singing, and drinking whiskey toddy, looming through wreaths of tobacco smoke—all these were strong incentives to early rising. I too rose betimes, and was thankful to open the house door and breathe the fresh morning air. Stepping across the short grass cool with the heavy dew, I beheld our friend performing his toilette under difficulties but with commendable fervour. He was seated on a rock in the middle of the stream laving his feet in the rushing water. His costume was

of the slightest, consisting of but one laconic garment; in one hand he bore a small glass, while the other wielded the shaving brush with which he was lathering chin and cheeks. The scene was really worthy of an artist's pencil.

We fished the stream upwards towards Elmford; the result fully satisfied our ambition, and I learnt to estimate Mr. Greenwell's angling powers even more highly than before. Up to this time he had fished but little with worm, and never except in small brooks. His intuitive perception of the haunts of the trout as they vary throughout the day stood him however in good stead, and to my no small surprise, when we concluded our fishing his creel showed fifty-seven trout while mine only boasted fifty-three. This was only one of the many occasions on which he evinced an accurate knowledge of the habits of fish almost akin to instinct.

We returned to dine at the romantië public-house, but not to sleep;—the memory of the past night was too vivid. We had ordered an open carriage to come from Dunse and take us on to the village of Chirnside. While seated at dinner we were startled by an announcement that one of the horses which had been stalled in a low shed, had raised the thatch of the roof with its head, topped the low wall, and was now scouring at full speed up the valley. A good deal of time was lost in capturing the animal, and our journey was so delayed in consequence that great part of it had to be made in the darkness of night. Hence the following misadventure took place.

By eleven o'clock we had reached the summit of a hill separated from Chirnside by the Whiteadder. Our driver being doubtful of the way stopped the carriage, handed the reins to Hutchinson, who received them quite

unconsciously, being like the rest of us fast asleep, and set off to make enquiries at a cottage where a glimmer of light was to be perceived. The horses began to move, and feeling no restraint broke into a trot, which passed into a gallop down the steep hill before we recovered our senses. Greenwell, ever prompt, was the first to act. He clambered over the back of the carriage intending to drop gently to the ground, but in consequence of the rapid motion he fell with such force as seriously to injure one of his knees. Unable to move through pain he lay by the roadside, while the horses now quite frantic burst through a hedge, tore across a ploughed field, and then, still dragging the unfortunate carriage, sprang down an abrupt bank of ten or twelve feet, landing on a bed of loose gravel on the margin of the stream. The speed of the animals was now so far checked that I ventured to open the carriage door and spring out, but I fell down stunned and unable to rise. A dense fog shut out all surrounding objects, and as I lay on the ground the last sound that reached my ears was the splashing of the horses in the water as they bore the only passenger down the bed of the river.

I must have remained there unconscious for some length of time, since when I recovered I found my face and hands wet with dew. But the efforts of the driver roused at last the neighbouring peasants, and they came upon the scene carrying lanterns and ropes. When I enquired after my friends, they replied, 'Oh, one's gone down the river, and he must be drowned by this time; the other's lying back ow'r there wi his leg broke.' This intelligence quite overcame me and again I fainted away, but I was aroused after a time by the cheery voice of our drowned friend exclaiming, 'Why, what on earth did you jump out for? No good ever comes of jumping

out ; always stick to the ship. Why, I sat still till the horses came to a stop, and then I clambered over to the driver's seat and caught up the reins, and there I sat till the people came and carried me ashore. And now here I am as right as a trivet. Stick to the ship, say I ; stick to the ship !' Very good advice no doubt, only it came too late to be acted upon. 'Yes, I kept quite still,' he went on, 'though the roar of the sea all round me was terrible.' But this was too much for the bystanders, one of whom replied indignantly, 'Heer'd ye e'er the like o' that ? Why, mon, the sea's twal mile awa ! It maun hae been the water rinnin ow'r the cauld that tickled yer lug.'

We were now joined by Greenwell, who was supported by two men ; and leaving the driver and those around to land the carriage and horses, we proceeded to Chirnside and took refuge in a little inn where dirt, ill smells, and cobwebs reigned supreme. Poor Greenwell was installed in a bed festooned by the spider's toil, and a surgeon sent for, who declared that the knee had suffered a severe contusion, and ordered leeches to be put on at once. This was done, but acute pain and fever soon made the patient delirious, and when I crept into his room at daybreak I found him in a rhapsody among the cobwebs, while our landlord, who had undertaken to watch him through the night, lay stretched on the ground equally insensible from the effects of the whiskey he had relied on for support during his exertions. Weary and spent I was forced to throw myself on a sofa, and get what sleep I could.

In the morning the sun shone brightly, and Hutchinson and I walked to the scene of our adventures, accompanied by a gentleman who resides at Chirnside, and who declared frankly that it was impossible the horses could

have gone down the river. He said that in that case they must have passed beneath the arch of the large stone bridge, then under repair, and that the water there was so deep that the county authorities were engaged in casting several hundred tons of stone into the hole, to prevent the downfall of the structure. As we stood on the bridge in the bright sunlight, we distinctly traced the marks of the carriage wheels, and found to our astonishment that they had passed over the foundations of the bridge and some newly-laid stones, the width being only just sufficient for the purpose. Had the carriage altered its course by only three feet, it would have plunged into the deep water, and our friend must have perished as well as the horses. Though poor Greenwell was ill-able to travel, the miseries of our abode were such that within a few days I succeeded in removing him, and placing him with friends in Northumberland; Hutchinson went on to Edinburgh, and I returned home, certainly not improved in health by my brief tour with its strange adventures.

In the autumn of this year when the corn stooks stood thick in the fields, several members of the club and their friends were collected at Sprouston, and *one* of them encountered an ordeal more after the manner of the ancients, than of A.D. 1847. It was drawing near the hour of dinner, and Mr. P. W. Forster, satisfied with a long day's trouting at Reddon-haugh, took his way across a field of corn on which the reapers were at work. A comely damsel turned to him, and asked for something 'to wish his health.' Unfortunately his purse was not in his pocket, and yet more unfortunately he stood and parleyed with the syren, while several of her companions gathered around. Suddenly he was seized by a dozen arms strong though feminine, and with a loud 'yo-ho,'

was sent flying into the air. On his descent he was dexterously caught, and with a second 'yo-ho' flung up yet higher. This operation was repeated a dozen times, till his tormentors paused from very weariness. Poor Forster was just able to gasp out a civil good-day with thanks for their attentions, and then to crawl homewards. His pale face and fainting condition alarmed us, and we gave him a glass of brandy and water, before allowing him to recount his adventure.

One of our party, a clergyman with a strong dash of the Puritan in his composition, a model of decorum and rigid propriety, was horrified at the outrage, not only for its effects on the victim, but for its intrinsic impropriety. He could neither think nor talk of anything else that evening, and evidently looked upon the frolic in a much more serious light than did Mr. Forster himself. On the following afternoon, having returned from fishing earlier than usual, and looking out of a window in the direction of the harvest field, I beheld our stiff severe parson flying before a score of women, who with screams and shouts ran him as close as ever hounds did hare. With a dash worthy of a 'first whip' he rushed at his leaps, but to little purpose. His pursuers held on, and the chase was only ended by his bursting into the house and locking the door behind him. A yell of angry disappointment was heard outside, as the poor baited parson sank on the couch unable to speak. Our landlady was profuse in her application of cold water, we did all we could for him, but it was long ere he unclosed his eyes. Then he tottered to bed, from whence he reappeared in time to go off by the morning train. It was his first visit and his last to Sprouston—and its cornfields.

By a friendly exchange of water with Admiral Cator

I found myself on November 4 fishing the Dryburgh streams with the fisherman David Johnston. The water was in excellent order, a recent flood had brought a great run of salmon and grilse from the sea, and my takes were :

On November 4	.	.	8 salmon	= 93 lbs.
" 5	.	.	3 "	= $43\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.
" 6	.	.	2 "	= $38\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

after which I returned to Durham.

CHAPTER XIV.

' You see the ways the fisherman doth take
 To catch the fish ; what engines doth he make
 Behold how he engageth all his wits,
 Also his snarés, lines, angles, hooks and nets !
 Yet fish there be that neither hook nor line,
 Nor snare, nor net, nor engine can make thine.'

JOHN BUNYAN.

THE BIG FISH—THE ' WILLIAM HENDERSON,' ' GREENWELL,' AND ' WILKIN-
 SON ' FLIES—THE WATER HEN'S NEST—MEMORANDA OF MR. T. P. TEALE'S
 FISHING—JAMES WRIGHT THE TACKLE-MAKER—FISHING AT ETALL.

A.D. 1843.—It was not till March 30 that I recom-
 menced my salmon-fishing on the Tweed. Although
 during this visit the water was generally excellent
 both in height and colour, these advantages were neu-
 tralised by bright sunshine and little wind. The air
 was so cold and the surface of the pools was so quiet
 that we could seldom fish with fly, but were obliged to
 have recourse to the minnow. The result of my nine
 days' fishing was :

25 kelt salmon = $191\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

5 clean salmon = $48\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.

One evening when it was nearly dark, old Rob rowed
 me across the Butterwash stream, intending to land me
 on the southern bank. I had allowed the minnow which
 was upon my line to drag at the boat stern, and when

I stepped on shore was annoyed to find it fast, as I supposed, against a sunken stone. Several vigorous pulls failed to release it, and the boat was again launched for my assistance. When we arrived above the supposed stone we found that the minnow had in fact been seized by a very large salmon, who began steadily to take his course up stream with lofty disregard of our vicinity. Up stream and down stream he went, dragging us completely at his pleasure, till at last Rob said, 'He's ower gran a fish to lose, we maun land o' our ain side, or we'll hae to gie him up to the Deuk's folk.' So we landed on the north bank of the stream, on which the fish suddenly sulked, and Rob quietly observed, 'He's just ane o' thae beasts that if ye heuik them i' the gloamin' always run till next day.' This was not a pleasant prospect; it was now quite dark, the snow was falling in large flakes, and we heard the Kelso clock strike seven. Still it was out of the question to give up the contest, so despatching a boy to the house for wraps, a kettle, and a bottle of whiskey, Rob endeavoured to light a fire with some tolerably dry materials which were at hand, and we prepared to make a night of it. Still the fish sulked, time wore on, the clock struck eight, and then the monster began to move. He ran vigorously for a few minutes, when, alas! the hook came away and our excitement was at an end. Clearly the position of the hook in the mouth was such that we ought to have continued the run from the southern bank of the river. By changing to the north the hook was turned over and so came away. It is always dangerous for the angler thus to change his position in relation to the fish. Rob's feelings found a vent in few words, 'It's weel he's gaun, it's varra cauld.'

Late in August Mr. W. Greenwell and I went to

Sprouston in hopes of some good fishing for grilse. At the time of which I am writing the vicious legislation which allowed undue advantages to the owners of net fisheries, had caused the autumn supply of fish to consist chiefly of grilse, and not till near the close of the angling season did salmon ascend to the upper streams. The system of net fishing at the mouth of the river was so carried out as almost to ruin the upper fisheries. The mischief had become so obvious that an agitation commenced which eventually led to the great Parliamentary struggles between the proprietors of the upper and lower fisheries.

Our joint take in five days was twenty-one grilse = $150\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. We learnt on this occasion how much more mere chance, luck, fortune, by whatever name it is called, has to do with salmon than with trout fishing. On August 29 Mr. Greenwell captured six grilse while I only caught one. On the following day the case was reversed; his take was one and mine eight; yet I have no doubt that had our chances been equal, our sport each day would have been equal also.

Mr. Greenwell's success on the 29th led to a good deal of discussion as to the best salmon fly for black water. My theory was that a sharp contrast to the colour of the water was the best, and accordingly I directed Jemmy Wright to dress a fly with white silk body, golden-crest wings, blue chatterer shoulders and grey tippet. Here was a fly that certainly did show startlingly in a black water, and the result was that on the morrow I took eight grilse and rose eight more fish, while no angler in the neighbourhood captured more than a couple. It was still more remarkable that on none of my later fishings had I any great success with this fly yclept the 'William Henderson.' Some years

afterwards the idea of a white-bodied fly was improved upon both by Mr. Greenwell and Mr. P. S. Wilkinson, each inventing a fly whose distinguishing characteristic was a body formed of silver tinsel. These flies are now acknowledged to be among the best used on the river, if not the very best. By reference to the table of fish weighing 25 lbs. and upwards, it will be seen to some extent what success has been attained with 'the Greenwell' and 'the Wilkinson.'

A.D. 1849.—My first fishing this year commenced on February 27, but though I remained at Sprouston till March 8 the river was so much flooded that there were only two days on which it was possible to fish for salmon. On the 27th I fished from Rosebank downwards with Charles Kerss and captured fourteen fish, three of which were new run. They were chiefly taken with minnow, the water being clear and low and the air frosty. It is very unusual to take so many clean fish so early in the year; these three were all taken in shallow quick running streams.

In the month of July my dear sister-in-law and some of her children accompanied me to Sprouston. This is allowed to be the worst part of the year for fly-fishing, and I did not wish to try with worm, so the time was passed in taking an occasional cast for grilse, not without success, while the chief pleasure of the party lay in paddlings in the Eden and in boating upon the dub.

Soon after our arrival the children discovered a water hen's nest, built among some high reeds which grew in the water by the side of the Hedge-end cast. The nest was placed a few inches above the water and about seven feet from the river bank. When we first observed it, it contained eggs; these were soon hatched, and great was the delight of the children to watch the

old birds scuffle away from the nest and then to peep in and mark the progress of the brood. One sad day heavy rain fell, a high flood followed, and great was the children's grief over the little birds which they thought must be drowned and their nest swept away. Our first excursion on the subsiding of the flood was to the river-side nursery. What were the delight and astonishment of the young folks at beholding the nest firmly fixed to some of the reeds and waving in the air fully five feet above the surface of the water! As we watched we saw the mother bird travel down an inclined plane made of bent rushes which led direct from the nest to the river bank. Her brood followed her, and soon all dropped into the water and were hidden among the reeds. Within an hour we saw them all return to the nest up the inclined plane, and so things went on for several days till they forsook the nest. On examination it was clear to us that as the water rose the old birds must have placed themselves beneath their nest and gradually lifted it on their backs some five feet. But it was not in their power to make it descend, so they fastened it securely to the reeds and constructed the roadway to the shore for the egress and ingress of their brood;—a beautiful instance of parental care and of the instinct God bestows upon his creatures for their preservation and that of their brood.

Within a month I paid another short visit to the Tweed, uninteresting but for the capture of a grilse under singular circumstances. Fishing with old Bob as my boatman and the stream named 'the Bushes' as my locality, I succeeded in hooking a good-sized grilse. After a very short run it suddenly sunk to the bottom of the river, and there rested for a long time quite immoveable. Our patience was at last exhausted, and supposing that the fish had broken away I applied a

strong steady pull. Something then began slowly and heavily to ascend. One would have thought the hook was bringing up a gooseberry bush. When it reached the surface Bob inserted the cleik, and lifted into the boat a grilse of 9 lbs. and with it half a score of eels. Some dropped from the mouth, some from the stomach, while others held on so determinedly as to be captured rather than yield their prey. On examination we found that the fish had been hooked in the gills, and being choked must have died almost immediately. The flow of blood from the gills had attracted a number of eels, always to be found in the streams on warm summer days, and they greedily commenced the work of demolition. They had already made several holes in the belly of the fish, and Bob assured me that according to his experience they would have eaten up the inside of the fish within an hour, leaving the skin according to their custom as nearly whole as possible.

In Mr. T. P. Teale the club possessed a most pleasant and genial companion. His bright cheerful conversation was rich with thought and information derived from his deep scientific knowledge, yet no boy could have enjoyed more thoroughly the frolics and pleasantries of those around him. He has now passed to his eternal rest, but his memory is fondly cherished by those members of the club who still remain. The following memoranda culled from his diary exemplify his careful habit of analysing events, in order correctly to draw conclusions from them.

Particulars of 116 Fish of the Salmon kind, (being those first caught by T. P. Teale in the Edenmouth water), and commencing A.D. 1845.

116 salmon, grilse, bull trout, and whitling, averaging nearly 6 lbs. each = 662 lbs.

Of the 116 fish, 51 were bull trout and whitling, averaging nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. each = 175 lbs.

Of the 116 fish 65 were salmon and grilse, averaging nearly 8 lbs. each = 473 lbs.

Of the 116 fish, 101 were taken in the spring, and 15 were taken in the autumn.

Of the 101 fish taken in the spring, 8 were new run, and 93 were kelts.

Of the 116 fish, 71 were taken with fly, 39 were taken with minnow, 6 were taken with salmon roe.

Of the 71 fish taken with fly,

22	were taken with the	White wing.
15	„	„ Double white tip.
7	„	„ Tippet flies, <i>i.e.</i> Butcher, Ranger, &c.
7	„	„ Golden crested Flies.
6	„	„ Grey Drake.
5	„	„ Doctor, Purdey, &c.
4	„	„ Snipe wing.
3	„	„ Mottled Flies.
1	„	„ Silver Pheasant.
1	„	„ Dun Turkey.
71		

The 116 fish were taken in the following salmon-casts:—

33	in	Sprouston Dub Cast.
26	„	Eden Water Foot.
19	„	Falls and Mill End.
13	„	The Bushes.
11	„	Sharpitlaw Stream.
6	„	Bob's Door.
4	„	Turn of Haugh.
3	„	Butterwash.
1	„	Prison.
116		

The first thing which will probably occur to a

Tweedside angler on reading these particulars, is the low average weight of the fish. I have already stated that the cause of this was to be found chiefly in the unnatural excess of grilse over salmon. Happily since the wholesale destruction of foul fish in spring has been stopped, and net-fishing restricted, we can point to a vast increase in the size of the fish taken.

A. D. 1850. —In the middle of February Mr. William Greenwell and I went to Sprouston for a week, but the water was in such high flood that we had no fishing and so returned home. Hearing that the river was again in good order, I returned a few days later but had little success, only taking five fish. Thus ended my fishings as a member of the Sprouston Club, than which was never association of gentlemen whose intercourse was conducted more courteously and more pleasantly.

During my connexion with it, indeed I may say up to the present time, my friends and myself have owed much of the comfort and success of our angling to the proximity of the justly celebrated fishing-tackle maker James Wright. His cottage being but a stone's throw from the Club-house, his workshop formed a favourite rendezvous for fishermen both amateur and professional. Here the news of the day was discussed, tackle repaired, and flies ordered for the morrow's fishing. It is impossible to speak too highly of James Wright as a tackle maker. His flies for salmon and trout cannot be excelled, combining as they do in a high degree beauty and strength, together with a peculiar 'knowing look about them' which stamps them as works of high art. At the world's exhibition of A.D. 1862, Mr. Wright had a medal awarded to him for 'very great excellence in the tying of salmon and trout flies,' and at this day no man stands higher as a master of his craft.

Let me here atone for my negligence in not earlier putting on record the kindness of Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, and after his death of her Ladyship, with regard to the lovely stretch of water which runs below the picturesque village of Etall. They granted to my friends and myself ample permission to fish it, and from the first to the last of our many visits made about this time, we never failed to feel quite welcome there.

CHAPTER XV.

‘The salmon, proud in undisputed sway,
The trout in crimson-speckled glory gay;
The red-finned roach, the silver-coated eel,
The pike, whose haunts the twisted roots conceal.’—LOBB.

‘Forth from his den the otter drew,
Grayling and trout their tyrant knew,
As between reed and sedge he peers,
With fierce round snout and sharpened ears;
Or prowling by the moonbeams cool
Watches the stream, or swims the pool.’—SIR W. SCOTT.

THE WISE ECONOMY OF X.—HIS DISCOMFITURE—FISHING AT RUTHERFORD—
MY HOOK IN SANDIE’S LUG—THE OTTER AND THE SALMON—MR. LANG-
HORNE’S CAPTURE OF A PIKE—THE ANGLER’S LUNCHEON—REYNARD ON
THE WALL—MR. LANGHORNE AND MR. SWIRE ON THE TWEED—FISHING IN
THE WARK WATER.

DURING the summer of 1850 I found myself once more at Bendor cottage, my companions being Mr. Alfred Graham and a friend whom I will designate as X. A very merry time we had of it; X. was a delightful fellow in his way, but he was not without his eccentricities. Happily he was good-tempered as well, and always ready to join in a laugh against himself. He was marvellously economical, his economies all growing out of the maxim immortalised by Poor Richard, ‘Take care

of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.' He would give his guineas freely in charity, but alas for the waiters or drivers who had to deal with him! they sadly missed the accustomed six-pences.

A fishing trip ever appeared to X. a favourable opportunity for exercising what he termed a wise economy. He would on such occasions spare his ordinary suit of clothes, and don certain quaint garments which he ferreted out from the recesses of his wardrobe. The present visit was destined to witness a more than ordinary adoption of the antique. Mr. Graham and I had risen early and enjoyed a short stroll while our landlady Mrs. Chambers was preparing our eggs and bacon. Returning to the house we met our friend whose strange appearance first struck us dumb and then provoked us to peals of laughter. 'What are you fellows about?' cried X. 'You always are laughing. If a fellow may not wear his old clothes on a fishing trip, I should like to know when he may wear them.' However he began to laugh as heartily as we did, and we all sat down to breakfast merrily enough. I must explain that our friend had in earlier days hunted the fox, but with advancing years he had given up this recreation for the gentle art so dear to the quiet contemplative man. His 'wise economy' now dictated to him that the garb which so well became the field was not unsuitable for the flood. So he shone resplendent this summer morning in a bright green coat with velvet collar, gilt buttons, white cord breeches, a purple satin waistcoat figured with gold, well known some years before at many a dinner table, a pair of pale blue worsted stockings, and a white hat whose brim was faced with green. But the climax of absurdity was reached in the boots, boots that had

seen much service in the chase and were minus their polished tops.

In such guise did X. coolly sit down to breakfast and as coolly prepare to mount the dog-cart and drive to the scene of our fishing. But alas for economy! On stepping into the vehicle the soles of the boots, long disused and dried up, deliberately detached themselves from the upper leathers, and their wearer stood confessed in his stocking feet. A fresh fit of laughter followed, and then Graham to the rescue! With some cords long used for driving the plough, he strapped and bound his friend's feet till they resembled those of an Italian brigand. X. surveyed the operation with great complacency, apparently quite contented with his legs; he stepped into the dog cart, and we drove off to fish the Till below Etall.

The day was most successful; in the afternoon, we being all three near together, Graham and I observed the approach of a large party of ladies and gentlemen on horseback, returning to Etall House after a ride. As they passed us they paused to enquire what sport we had had, glancing again and again at our highly picturesque-looking friend, who, unconscious that he was the observed of all observers, was fishing from a flat rock with about six inches of water flowing over it. Suddenly he looked up, perceived the group, saw the many eyes bent upon him, and for the first time in the day wished that he was not attired in Kendal green and brigand thongs. Obeying a natural impulse to retire out of sight he backed and backed, desirous at least to hide his legs in somewhat deeper water. Still he continued his retrograde motion till unluckily he stepped over the edge of the rock, and fell backwards into deep water, from which he floundered out to stand in confu-

sion before the gay riders, dripping like a water-god. The most finished politeness could scarcely bear such a spectacle unmoved, and as the Etall House party pursued their way, poor X., now thoroughly humbled, could hear peal after peal of merry laughter at his expense.

A.D. 1851.—From this date to the year 1856 my journal is sadly imperfect. It contains very few memoranda, and this I regret the more because several excursions with friends which I took at this time deserved to be chronicled.

In May 1851, I went with Mr. Brown's leave to fish at Rutherford, the most charming locality for trout-fishing on the whole Tweed. The fisherman's cottage, within a few yards of the river, has a bedroom and sitting-room for the accommodation of anglers, and I frequently availed myself of them when during many years after this date I fished the Rutherford water. One day, starting from Sprouston with a friend after an early breakfast, we drove to the cottage and met as usual with a kind welcome from John Aitkin and his wife. Excellent baskets were made that day by my friend and myself, and I was leisurely fishing from the river-bank near the cottage, when flourishing my line rather widely, I became aware that the end fly was gone. Accordingly I sat down on the bank with Aitkin's son, Sandie, then a big lad, and began to search for a counterpart of the missing fly, but the search was a long one and a quarter of an hour passed before I was again equipped. Now Sandie possessed the virtue of taciturnity in a remarkable degree and was singularly quiet and self-possessed, so it surprised me not a little to see him all this time indulging in most extraordinary and grotesque contortions of countenance. At last the poor lad clapped his hand to

his ear and roared out, 'Dash it, aw believe it's in ma lug!' And sure enough in his ear we found the missing fly. However for most mischances there is a remedy. Taking out a penknife, I sharpened it upon a stone, and sawed out the offending hook; but I observed that after this Sandie never failed to give me a wide berth when I was fishing with fly.

About two hours later, while John was boating me at the lower end of the dub, we were surprised by seeing a fine salmon raise itself perpendicularly out of the water, and after poising itself for an instant, descend slowly, tail first, till it disappeared. This was only at the distance of about six feet, and the movement of the fish was unaccountable. While we were discussing the matter, it rose a second time, and while perfectly upright wriggled spasmodically. Now the enigma was explained. An otter was holding the poor creature firmly by the tail, and its efforts to cast itself out of the water were restrained by its enemy, who on each attempt dragged it slowly downward. There could be little doubt of its ultimate fate, and I believe that the number of fish annually destroyed by otters is not inconsiderable.

The most notable event of the year was certainly the capture of a pike by my friend Mr. J. B. Langhorne, and I am pleased to be able to give the particulars in his own words:—

'I was visiting my good old friend and patron, Richard Ellison, Esq., at his mansion of Sudbrook Holme, near Lincoln. One morning at breakfast arose a discussion as to the merits of pike as an article of food. Opinions differed, so it was finally agreed to test the matter, to a certain extent at least, by having a pike at dinner that very day, if one could be procured; and I, as

a supposed expert in the gentle art, was deputed to capture the "wolf of the water."

' There is at Sudbrook an extensive sheet of water containing in its bosom, I doubted not, numerous pike. So to it I betook myself, and in one of the boats there moored I set out on my piscatorial expedition, but not one pike could I see or feel through all the lake. Either the water was too deep, or my assistant had not hit upon the right spots. It then occurred to me to move upwards to the stream which fed the lake, and this I found to be only two or three feet deep, and as clear as crystal. After proceeding up it a short way, I saw the very gentleman I was in quest of,— a fine pike about eight or nine pounds in weight, poising himself quietly by a gentle movement of his fins in mid-water. In water so clear as this I thought it almost hopeless to attempt to capture him. However I chucked my bait, a dace, before him as quietly as I could, and to my astonishment it was instantly seized in the most voracious manner. My tackle being pretty strong, I promptly drew my friend ashore, and then, not many more of his species being apparently in the run, it occurred to me that I might as well have some more sport out of him if he was willing. So I gently put him in again, on which he paddled off a short distance, wheeled round, and stationed himself much as at first. I threw the bait again, he seized it immediately, and this operation was repeated some five or six times.

' On the seventh or eighth occasion, I cannot precisely remember which, whether the hook had given him an awkward prick, or for what other reason I know not, a spirit of caution and reflection possessed him. He made long sweeps round the bait, he approached his nose to it and recoiled again and again, and only with much

twiddling and a great deal of management did I at last persuade him to make another bolt at the lure. This time I durst not trust him again, but carried him off incontinent to the cook, and we ate him at dinner that day.

‘There was a distinguished company to partake of him; one peer, one bishop, two or three baronets, and many county notables. I told my tale as I have told it above; the company was far too dignified for anything like direct contradiction, but I heard two or three dry coughs, and another subject was introduced at once. Plainly not a soul believed me. I have repeated the story since in many companies, but have no recollection of ever finding any Christian or Samaritan yield the slightest credence thereto. I once told it at an anglers’ dinner of about twenty assembled by my excellent old friend, Teale of Leeds, to meet Frank Buckland. On that celebrated occasion, every man excelled his neighbour’s fishing anecdotes, but the above simple story was rejected by all as a “cram” entirely beyond deglutition.

‘And yet the tale is perfectly and entirely true. In explanation I would only mention the impression I was under at the time that there was then very little to feed on in the water, and that the fish was in fact half starved.’

For myself I cannot see why any doubt should have been cast upon this narration. Indeed the capture of my first pike in the year 1837 was almost as marvellous. Not till I had drawn the fish four times to the shore did I succeed in capturing it. That Mr. Langhorne’s pike made a similar journey six or seven times is a difference too trifling to make the tale less credible.

A.D. 1852.—In my early spring fishing this year I was once more accompanied by Charlie Ebdy, and the

scene of our labours was the Glen. The weather was bitterly cold, with showers of sleet and hail, such weather as inclines the angler, however hardy he may be, to provide himself with any comforts that may be attainable. Charlie was very handy in the preparation of snug little luncheons. Selecting two or three brace of well conditioned trout, he used to divest them of heads, tails, fins and interiors, sprinkle them inside with a mixture of pepper and salt, and then encase each fish separately in about six folds of wet paper wound tightly around it. Meanwhile I was not idle. Choosing the nearest 'bieldy bit,' I lit a fire of dry furze and fed it till there was a good supply of red ashes. In these we placed our fish, together with a few potatoes from the depths of our pockets, covered the whole up with more lighted furze, and watched some twelve or fifteen minutes. When we withdrew our hot luncheon from the embers we thought it more delicious than any banquet spread in hall or bower, and I believe that all my angler friends would agree with me if with the same surroundings they would make the same experiment. A little drop of mountain dew seasoned our repast, and then our backs resting against a tree, our feet turned to the glowing embers, I solaced myself with a pipe, remembering with the old English divine Isaac Barrow 'to thank Him who hath wrapped up a blessing in a weed.' I have since tasted the luxury of the Italian dolce-far-niente, but it pales before the joys I have described.

While so seated one day we suddenly heard the distant cries of hounds in chase; the sounds grew nearer and nearer, and at last poor hunted Reynard appeared upon the scene. We were seated about a hundred yards from the river on its southern bank, a little below Lanton Mill. On the farther side of the river rose a steep hill, and here direct from the water's edge to the sky-line ran

a stone wall, apparently the division of separate estates. To this wall Reynard made his way wearily, with protruding tongue, evidently quite exhausted. He sprang upon the wall, though with difficulty; there he paused and listened as if to calculate the distance of his pursuers. His next proceeding was to run along the top of the wall for about forty yards in the direction of the river, then suddenly turning he retraced his course and still keeping on the wall trotted some hundred and fifty yards up the hill and finally dropped down upon the grass on the side from which he had first come. We distinctly saw him skirting along far up the hill side while the hounds were coming forward to the wall on a parallel line.

Charlie and I were much struck by the scene, and agreed not to say a word about what we had witnessed, but to give the poor creature a fair chance for his life. On swept the hounds topping the wall, but they were soon at fault; a cast was made and then a second wider one, but without result. Next a cast was made within the wall, and after that a consultation held, ending in the return of the hunt eastward;—they were completely foiled. No doubt at the next merry meeting of the foxes of Glendale when the tale was told of our Reynard tricking his pursuers, he was greeted with cheers and one cheer more—and well he deserved the honour.

Shortly after this Mr. Langhorne and Mr. Swire had a splendid day's sport in the Tweed, and by the kind permission of the former I am enabled to insert his description of it.

‘The best day's trout fishing that I ever had in my life was on a certain day in the month of May, and as far as I can recollect in the year 1852.

‘My brother in-law Mr. Swire and I were staying, as had been my habit for years during that month, at St. Boswell’s, on the Tweed, partly I think to angle for trout and partly to hold pleasant converse with my old friend Johnny Younger, that most skilled of old Tweed fishermen and most genial of men.

‘That memorable morning we did not take things in haste, but sauntered out about 10 A.M. to walk slowly up the river in search of some spot suitable for commencing our sport. About 11 A.M. we reached the fine deep rolling stream opposite Bemerside. There had been a flood, but the water had now run down to the best colour for an angler, and I saw the trout rising in every direction, not leaping out of the water in mere sportive play, but with an evidently determined intention of feeding. I said at once, “Let us start here.” Swire went a little higher up the water, and we both commenced work.

‘My very first cast was rewarded by a trout weighing $3\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., the largest I had ever caught in my life, and he was landed in no time, the stream and the shelving gravelly bank favouring me. I need hardly say that I fished after the Southern fashion, with a one-handed rod in one hand and my landing net in the other.

‘Shortly after this my coadjutor arrived with a splendid trout in his hand weighing $3\frac{1}{4}$ lbs., and crowing over me thereupon. “Call that a trout, youth,” said I, “I call it a minnow,” and produced mine. I then proceeded, and in a very few minutes landed eight more trout, and including my first monster they averaged one pound each. At this crisis up rose out of a ruined Starch House (whatever that may mean, I only know certain old buildings are so designated in that part of the

country¹) the keeper, who had been watching me. "Waal," said he, "you're joost a graaund fusher. I niver saw anything like it afore, and I could na bear to interrupt you at furst. I was quite daised, but you see our maister Mr Fairm² of Chapel allows no fushing here, so you maun just move on."

'This I took to mean half-a-crown, but as there was plenty of water before us I did move on and joined my partner. We proceeded up the river, and such a day's fishing has surely seldom been seen. We fished chiefly by wading in at the bottom of the stream and casting up. Each of us carried two baskets, and by one o'clock the baskets and all our pockets, even my trousers pockets I remember, were crammed with trout. Finding ourselves unable to carry any more we put up our rods and walked straight to Melrose, where we went into the first grocer's shop we saw, bought a tea chest, weighed it, poured out all our take into it, and found that it touched a good 56 lbs. We then nailed up the chest, addressed it to our friends in England, and proceeded down the river on our return to St. Boswell's.

'Meanwhile an excursion train had arrived from Edinburgh, and in our downward progress on arriving at one of the best streams below Melrose we encountered

¹ Some curiosity having been excited respecting the Starch Houses here alluded to, Mr. Langhorne at my request kindly made enquiries on the subject among several of his friends residing on the Borders. Singularly enough though some among them have Starch Houses on their estates, he could get no account of their origin or ancient use. When the search seemed almost hopeless, an old lady between eighty and ninety years of age was heard speaking accidentally of the use of Starch Houses by the peasantry at the close of the last century; and from her it has been ascertained that large quantities of starch were then made by the villagers throughout the Borders in their potato fields, and stored in these roughly built houses.

² Properly Fairholm.

an Edinburgh citizen, clad from top to toe in the garb of old Gaell, kilt and philabeg and all. "Glad to see you, gentlemen," he exclaimed. "Fine weather, but this is an awefu bad fushing day." I made answer that we at all events had not found it so. "Hoity, toity! nonsense mon! Am considered a guid fusher, but I've flogged this stream down seven or eight times and never had a rise." "Well that is strange," said I, "for I think I have hardly made a cast to-day without a rise." "Waal now I call that extraordinary. I canna believe it. Will you tak my gad (*Anglicè* rod) an see if ye can get a rise wi' it?" I looked at his gad, and perceived it to be a two-handed affair, about the size and weight of an ordinary salmon rod, with a line fit to pull out a grampus, and some seven or eight flies upon it each about the size of a bumble bee. However, having accepted the task, I shouldered the gad, and proceeded to walk down to the bottom of the stream. "Guid sake! Where are you gawing to? Wha ever saw any body fush frae the bottom o' the waater?" I replied that generally, if not always, we did fish from the bottom of the water in England. "Waal Sir, I've heerd mony a queer story about things they do in England, but this bangs a! Fauncy a mon fushing frae the bottom o' the water!"

'This action of mine was so absurd in the eyes of our friend that his amusement at it quite exhausted him. He had to lie down on the bank to laugh and to refresh himself with a little whiskey. His eyes however were shortly opened as I hauled to bank some eight or nine fine trout one after another, having however great difficulty in deceiving them in consequence of the weight of the rod, the thickness of the line, the size of the flies, and the assistance which the worthy Celt had previously rendered by flogging the stream. But it was a day for taking such as I have never seen before

or since. Soon our friend broke in again with, "Waal noo you're just a fearfu' mageecian! Whaar did you learn that trick? Ye ken it's quite impossible to believe it's fair fushin'. Ye hae a trick mon, there's no denying it. For did na I fush this stream mysel' doon several times without a rise, an' ye fushed it up? And of coorse it's quite impossible for a man to fush up a stream and catch a trout without he has a trick." I told him the trick was simply to fish from the bottom of the stream with a small rod and light tackle, but this doctrine he indignantly rejected as heretical to an inexpressible degree,—and so we parted.

'He hallooed after us however with an offer of the trout I had caught, declaring that he was quite sure that "wi' such feckless gads as oors we should never catch enough for dinner," which nevertheless we did, and with scant trouble.'

A.D. 1853.—It was in the autumn of this year that I first fished the Wark water. The stretch is short, containing only two pools and as many streams. All these may be considered shallow as compared with the best waters in the river, but the shallowness which is a valid objection in a dry season is just the reverse when the Tweed is moved by frequent swells, and I have often known the shallows of Wark furnish heavier baskets than the celebrated casts of Carham, Sprouston, or Makerstoun. The locality is picturesque. Almost overhanging the river are the still imposing ruins of Wark Castle, one of the Border fortresses taken by James IV. when marching to the fatal field of Flodden.

And first they heard king James had won
Etall and Wark, and Ford; and then
That Norham Castle strong was ta'en,
At that sore marvelled Marmion.

The Donjon keep was almost destroyed; the Castle fell never to be reared again, but enough remains to prove its noble extent.

Beneath the shelter of these ruins and near the edge of the cliff stood the cottage of the fisherman old James Scott, who for many a year had toiled there as tenant or tacksman under the Earls of Tankerville and Home. He was a kindly-hearted, simple-minded old man, with few topics of conversation and a strong tendency to refer to past events of the good old times, when 'salmon were na sae pawky, and were satisfied with a grey Turkey or a muckle white wing.' The labour of boating was performed by his two sons Thomas and Robert, both men of education superior to their station. Indeed it would not be possible to find two fishermen more anxious to place good sport within the power of any angler who needed their services, or better acquainted with the fishing characteristics of their own streams and pools. I speak in this place of Wark and of its fishermen because the time was approaching when I should with other gentlemen become intimately associated with them.

One fine day in October I left Sprouston soon after 9 A.M., went by rail to Wark station and enjoyed the invigorating autumnal breeze as I walked along the pretty lane leading thence to the fisherman's cottage. On arriving there one of the young men took me in charge, and we proceeded to fish the dub, beginning at the lower end. The wind now blew fiercely, tearing the half-withered leaves from the trees and scattering them thickly on the surface of the pool. Our fly was selected of a colour opposite to that of the leaves, and we had fished three-fourths of the cast when we heard old James's voice through the roar of the gale. 'What

hae ye dune?' shouted the old man. 'Nothing,' was our brief reply. 'Put on a white wing, and let it be a muckle ane,' was his dictum, and seating himself on the bank, he awaited the result with confidence. His patience was not severely tried, for after a few casts I hooked a fish of certainly more than 20 lbs. weight. After a good run, deceived by the violence of the wind, and ignorant of the decay of my casting line, I pressed too heavily and broke it near to the hook. 'Ae sir, but ye were o'er heavy on him; ye should aye tak time wi sic big beasts.' So spoke James, and he was right. The barb of self-reproach entered deeply into my soul, and the next event by no means tempered the smart.

Proceeding upwards we tried a pool termed the Snipe. Here I soon rose and hooked another large salmon, but striking too quickly, I again lost my casting line. Almost crying with vexation I had the boat pulled to the shore, and began an examination of the line. I gleaned a few grains of comfort from its condition; it was quite rotten and unfit for use. Only one small fish fell to my rod on this unlucky day; still it made good the old adage, 'many a bad beginning makes a good ending,' for in the ten following years I made many a heavy basket in Wark water.

CHAPTER XVI.

‘When the sunbeams are bright in the far eastern sky,
 The angler departs with his rod, line, and fly;
 Of the cares of the town nor its folly he dreams,
 For his soul is wrapped up in the sports of the streams.’

R. NICHOL, *Newcastle Fisher's Garland*.

FISHING IN THE GLEN—WEASELS AND EELS—‘GREENWELL'S GLORY’—
 JUNE FISHING WITH MR. J. H. FORSTER—ADMIRAL CATOR—THE
 BREAMISH AND THE TILL—FRIENDSHIP TESTED—THE WEE, WEE FISH
 —SPEARING SALMON—WORM-FISHING FOR SALMON.

A.D. 1854.—In this year the Earl of Durham became tenant of Coupland Castle, and of as much of the fair stream of Glen as wandered through the estate. To this his lordship added the shootings and fishings of Lanton, making altogether a stretch of five or six miles of as lovely trouting water as the most epicurean angler could desire.

Through the kind intervention of Mr. Morton, his lordship readily granted leave for myself and a friend to fish this water; indeed during the twelve years of his residence at Coupland Castle this permission, whenever asked, was freely accorded to me as to many other gentlemen, who thus partook of a pure invigorating enjoyment such as no money could purchase.

In the January of this year Thomas Scott, our Wark

boatman, observed a singular occurrence. While passing by the foot of the island, below Wark fishing Shield, he saw a weasel running away from the river side with a living eel in its mouth. The eel was about a foot long and seemed by its contortions strongly to object to the enforced journey. Scott gave chase, but the weasel bravely carried its prey to the mouth of a mole run which it entered, leaving the eel outside. The weather at the time was frosty and the ground hard, but there was no ice upon the river. During the following winter Thomas Scott's brother James saw another weasel running briskly with an eel in its mouth about a hundred yards above the ferry on the north bank of the river. I am at a loss to understand how weasels can find eels in the depth of winter, as the eels are at that season deeply buried in the mud to escape the cold, which is death to them.

During the month of May Mr. William Greenwell and James Wright made some memorable days' fishing on Reddon Haugh. Morning after morning they were to be seen wading deep in the wide quiet dub above the stream called Brose. Happily for them each morning a breeze blew from the east, ruffling the surface of the water, and so causing their flies to hang leisurely over the fish. This circumstance, aided by lines cast 'far off and fine,' enabled them every evening to show bumper creels, the remembrance of which still lingers in the neighbourhood of Sprouston. The work was chiefly done with flies dressed of feathers taken from the blackbird's wing, the bodies being formed of coch-y-bonddhu hackles. So deadly did these flies prove that they have been awarded the commemorative title of 'Greenwell's Glory.' In spring and early summer I invariably use one on my cast of flies, and with the

exception of the March Brown have found none more successful.

In June Mr. J. H. Forster and I commenced our fishings in the Glen and Till. They lasted a whole week, during which the competition between my companion and myself was serious. Fortune favoured first one and then the other. At length the day came for our return home, and we agreed that the last morning should decide who was the victor. The coach used in those days to pass our little inn at half-past two o'clock, and so we fixed the time of trial from eight A.M. to mid-day. Lots were cast for choice of water, and the lot falling to my friend he chose the stretch immediately above Coupland Mill Dam, while I arranged to begin at Akeld Bridge and fish upwards, so that we might meet the dog-cart at the Ford near Coupland.

I found the stream in beautiful order. A recent flood had left the water of a pale-ale colour, and, to complete my satisfaction, a gentle breeze from the east rippled the surface of the pools. The fish were eager and enthusiastic, so that by ten o'clock, when I arrived at the long shallow stretch called the 'Duck-reach,' my creel was half filled with goodly trout. My best luck however awaited me here. Hidden by the curling ripple and keeping my back as close as possible to the row of willows which lined the southern bank, I rarely made a cast which did not result in a bite or a fish. Casting well upward, the ripple allowed me to draw each fish so stealthily towards me that the shoal remained in happy ignorance of my proximity.

On gaining the top of the Duck-reach it only wanted a few minutes to twelve o'clock, so I walked straight to the appointed rendezvous. My friend soon appeared, and his languid air and sombre countenance seemed to

tell of expected defeat. 'Well, what sport?' said he. 'Pretty good,' was my reply, on which he went on, 'Well, I have made a mess of it. I thought that in such a beautiful coloured water my best chance would be with minnow, but I lost two sets of tackle and only got a few fish. At eleven o'clock I put on the worm, and in that last hour did well, but it was quite a mistake to try with minnow.' He then emptied his basket and counted 28 fish upon the grass. I unstrapped the waterproof cloak which hung across my shoulder and drew from the pockets exactly the same number. 'Ah,' said he, evidently relieved, 'then it is a drawn bet, that's better luck than I expected.' 'Yes,' I replied 'except for these,' and from the shelter of a whin bush I drew forth my hidden creel, in the hole of which stood a branch of broom, proud token that it contained 20 lbs. weight of fish, and would hold no more. My four hours' fishing thus produced 27 lbs. weight of trout, being by far the heaviest take I have ever made in that time. Of all trout rivers give me the Glen, and of all its bonny stretches give me the Duck-reach.

During the preceding three or four years I had frequently met Admiral Cator at the Sprouston Club House, and these meetings led to an intimate friendship, which continued till his death several years later. The Admiral's enthusiasm for salmon fishing was unbounded, and although he was a tall heavy man and advanced in years he would go through a long day's fishing with little apparent fatigue. My experience of the Wark fishing gained in the previous October induced the Admiral, Mr. P. S. Wilkinson, and myself to take the autumn fishings there, and many most enjoyable days we had, under the guidance of the Scotts. I have no memoranda of the results of this season, except a note of Mr

Wilkinson's killing a salmon of 25 lbs. weight in the Cuddy Hole on November 6th. This was considered a very large fish at that time when the salmon fishings of the Tweed had attained their climax of sterility, before the Act of Parliament a few years later gave protection and length of life to the king of fresh-water fishes.

A.D. 1855.—About this date I frequently fished the upper stretches of the Till; indeed my wanderings often took me above Bewick Bridge where the stream bears another name, that of Breamish. The local rhyme thus describes this change of designation:—

The foot of Breamish and the head of Till
Meet together at Bewick Mill.

This is not the only Northumbrian river which thus curiously alters its name. The Pont on passing beneath the bridge near Stanington becomes the Blyth; and I believe other instances might be adduced. When fishing the Breamish my residence was generally at Old Bewick, where the warmest hospitality awaited me and any friend who chanced to be my companion. But this was not the only charm of Old Bewick. There was a peculiar heartiness, a sort of almost boyish freshness in our host's welcome which have endeared the spot to many now far away.

The following incidents will show how heartily my dear old friend Mr. Langlands entered into the pursuits of those about him. One February some time before the year of which I am treating, circumstances led me to visit Old Bewick. The season was a severe one. A sprinkling of snow lay on the fields, the ditches were coated with ice, and the struggling sun had barely power to melt the floating 'grue.' Such was the aspect of things when Mr. Langlands and I bent our steps to the

bailiff's cottage, in search of a rod and line with which to capture any trout voracious enough, or alert enough, to be open to temptation on so uncompromising a day. The rod and line were obtained, but alas! the pocket-book only contained one old rusty worm hook, now exceedingly valuable, as things become when they are scarce. The cold was piercing, still we persevered and a few lanky-looking trout were taken, till an unlucky cast caused the hook to fix itself firmly among some brushwood which laced a row of piles placed to protect the farther bank from the rushing water. All my efforts to disentangle it were vain, on which my friend stripped off boots and stockings and prepared to wade through the icy cold water in search of it. Nothing I could say was of any effect; he was determined my sport should not be interrupted. When he got to the place he found the hook fastened at such a depth that he was obliged to plunge his arm to its full length in the perilous bath. He brought me back my hook, and I made up a dish of eight trout. I never again tried trout fishing in the depth of winter, and when I recall that day's sport, I think how far one might travel without finding a man past fifty who would insist upon undergoing such punishment in order that his guest might have another hour's amusement.

The glowing descriptions he heard of the charms of Tweedside induced my friend F. Greenwell to join me at Sprouston in the month of May. Though no angler, he was a devoted ornithologist, and during his rambles by the streams and in the woods he was always seeking to add fresh specimens to his rich collection of the eggs of rare birds. One day, on the fourteenth of the month as I remember, I found the water at Rutherford too high and too dark in colour to allow of my wading

with safety, so the fisherman John Aitkin proposed to row me upon the dub while I fished from the boat with fly. The strong current running through the pool, aided by sunken rocks and boulders caused numerous swirls upon the surface, which together with the blackness of the water effectually veiled my tackle from the eyes of the fish.

Waiting till some trout near at hand rose at the natural insect, I cast my fly about two yards above. In most cases the fish responded, and I was rapidly filling my creel when it occurred to me that as there was such excellent prospect of sport, my friend, however ignorant he might be of the art, would do well to try his luck.

A second rod and tackle were soon put in order, and as no boatman was at hand Mrs. Aitkin, like a good soul as she was, volunteered to lead my friend to the triumphs he anticipated. Manfully he swung his rod, but the greater his vigour, the more erratic was the course of his lure, till after half an hour's severe labour I saw him quietly on terra firma again. I landed too to enquire the cause and met first the old lady, who with a rueful countenance exclaimed, 'Aw just landed to save ma auld e'en fra being heuked. Ae what a mon it is! He just had his fleas all round ma heed, an they stuck i' ma heer till aw could stand it na langer, sae aw just rowed ashore.' On reaching my friend he presented me with his solitary trophy, a wee wee fish not four inches long, while with a peal of laughter he declared that he too had had enough of it, and that nothing should ever again tempt him to take a fishing rod in hand. That evening at Sprouston the 'wee, wee fish' was pinned on the wall above the fireplace as F. G.'s mark, and there I found it on my return in July. When a friend who called then to see me asked my

landlady how she could bear such a nasty smelling thing in the room, her reply was ready, 'Ae Sir, it's ower wee to stink; it niver had a stink in it.' And so the wee fish long remained as a memento of May 14, till some ruthless unsympathising hand tore it from its place. For myself my day's fishing produced 48 trout = 24 lbs. I have often noticed that when the fish take well in the Tweed, the average weight is two to the pound.

My health being delicate I went to Sprouston in July, hoping to gain tone and vigour from the pure bracing air of Tweedside. I was alone there for a fortnight, and though health was my chief object and the season of the year as well as the low state of the water were sadly against fishing, still I could not avoid making a trial, and I succeeded better than I had dared to hope.

I found my old ally Charles Kerss wandering by the river side, lonely and dejected, for the present his occupation, like Othello's, gone. We sat down on the bank to talk over past feats, ever to the zealous angler a consolation, and while so engaged hope whispered that the situation, bad as it was, might still afford us some sport. 'What say you to spearing in the sunlight?' said Charles. 'Shall we try it?' 'I never had a spear in my hand,' replied I, 'and I don't think I have strength to wield it.' 'Oh you'll do the trick if you do but try,' was the oracular response, and accordingly on the morrow armed with a light leister we commenced a searching investigation of the bed of the Rosebank stream.

The sun shone brightly on the water, which was five or six feet in depth, and thickly strewn with large

boulder stones. These stones afford the sort of quiet shelter which induces the fish to settle down behind them. Taking my stand in the front of the boat, I peered to the bottom of the water, and after half an hour's dodging here and there I discerned at last something like a black log of wood behind a stone. I watched this intently while Charles held the boat steadily in hand, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing a movement such as might have been expected from the tail of an almost quiescent fish. 'Now steady,' said Charles. 'Turn the leister so that the prongs may cross his back, glide it slowly down till it is about a foot from him, and then strike. Pin him firmly to the ground, and if you do not hold firm he will wriggle off.' This advice I carefully followed, and succeeded in pinning the fish tight upon the gravel, but the thrill which tingled through my arms from the poor writhing creature was very painful. I felt quite sick, and for the first time in my angling career felt something of the self-reproach of a murderer. The fish proved to be a clean grilse of 6 lbs. weight.

It is said that a Frenchman, while visiting at an English country house, found himself one day the only gentleman left at home in company with the ladies. 'Ah,' he exclaimed, with a truly national shrug, 'Ah these Englishmen! they take their breakfast, and then they say, "Let us go and kill something." They go and kill, and are seen no more till it is time to dine and to eat that which they have killed.' Now when I am in the country, and close to a river, this national craving is too strong for resistance, so despite the qualms with which first I used the leister, the next morning found me again at Rosebank. Indeed during several days Charles and I generally succeeded in butchering at least a couple

of grilse. I am thankful however to say that this most objectionable method of taking salmon is now prohibited by law.

It seemed at last as if no more grilse were to be found, but Charles suggested that probably there was a salmon in the 'Grain stream' waiting to be captured with worm. Again I objected; I had never fished for salmon except with fly or minnow. I knew nothing of the art of fishing with worm. However Charles' arguments, seconded by my own desires, soon brought us to the indicated cast. It is a narrow rapid rushing stream which the angler may easily command from side to side by wading in a short distance from the bank. Here taking an old casting line, long used for fishing with minnow, Charles attached a link with two large hooks short in the shank, and placed near together. He then fastened on them two and a half large worms of the kind known as dew-worms, creatures that are most easily found after dusk, when they come out of their holes to enjoy the damp surface of the ground.

A formidable array of No. 1 shot was next added to the line, then taking two or three steps into the stream at its highest point, I began fishing downwards. This kind of fishing is the most unnatural that I know of. According to Charles' directions, I drew in three or four yards of the reel line which was to be first reserved, and then gradually payed out as the bait went down the stream. Then casting directly across towards the further bank, I began to play the bait with a jerking motion against the stream, allowing it to travel gradually round. Next I took a couple of steps down the stream, and then another throw, and so went on till I had nearly got to the end of the cast, when to

my delight the line stopped, and I distinctly felt a fish nibbling and pulling at the bait. Trembling with excitement I cried out, 'Here he is!' 'Give him time,' replied Charles, 'let him pouch it.' But I was too eager to heed the advice, and giving a sharp stroke had the mortification of finding that the fish had gone off with more than half the casting line.

Moments like these are to the angler a taste of purgatory. I was full of self-reproach for a lost opportunity, and there was no need of Charles' 'I told you so' to make me perfectly wretched. However Charles added 'Try again, very likely he has a neebor.' We therefore proceeded to construct a new line, and I found some consolation in the fact that the one I had been using was thoroughly rotten. All once more in readiness, I recommenced at the head of the stream, and fishing carefully arrived at the exact place where I had first felt the salmon. Immediately a munching and tugging began which said plainly, 'Here I am.' This time I gave the fish at least a minute pulling and jerking the line all the time, to make him hold eagerly on to the bait. 'Now strike,' said Charles. I did so and a fine salmon sprang out of the water, showing his sides of dazzling silver in the brilliant sunshine. Most tenderly did I play him, and it was not till after a quarter of an hour's run that he lay on the bank, a fish of 9 lbs. weight. What was our surprise to see hanging from its mouth the lost line with the long array of heavy shot attached to it. On examination we found that the first set of hooks was planted far down in the stomach, and yet though the long heavily weighted line was hanging in a strong stream and therefore tugging at that most sensitive organ, our salmon's appetite was equal to a

second breakfast. Surely this bears out the comfortable theory that fish have little feeling.

My salmon fishing this autumn was again at Wark, the tenancy being shared as before between Admiral Cator, Mr. P. S. Wilkinson, and myself. I was but little there, and have no memoranda of my captures.

CHAPTER XVII.

'Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river.'—SHAKESPEARE.

NOTES OF FISHING IN FEBRUARY, 1856—IN MARCH—DEAD SALMON UTILISED—FISHING WITH MESSRS. CUNDILL AND EVANS—WITH MAJOR MAUNSELL—THE WILD CATTLE OF CHILLINGHAM PARK—LORD OSSULSTON—'YE ARE WAUR THAN A NET'—OCTOBER FISHING WITH MR. C. BRAMWELL—THE ANGLER'S CARNIVAL.

A.D. 1856.—The fishing memoranda of this year are too numerous to be given in full. I only cull from them such particulars as will give fair evidence of the average sport of my friends and myself. The following are recorded in my diary.

AT WARK.

Feb. 19.—Rev. J. Cundill, 1 bull trout, 8 lbs.; and William Henderson with same rod, 1 salmon kelt, 9 lbs.; Henry Bramwell, 5 fish, kind unknown.

Feb. 20.—William Henderson, 1 bull trout, 6 lbs.

Feb. 21.—Rev. J. Cundill, 1 salmon kelt, 14 lbs.; William Henderson with same rod, 1 salmon kelt, 14 lbs., 1 bull trout, 8 lbs.

Feb. 22.—Capt. Henderson, 2 salmon kelts, 28 lbs.; William Henderson with same rod, 2 clean salmon, 26 lbs., 2 salmon kelts, 26 lbs., 2 bull trout, 13 lbs.

AT SPROUSTON.

Feb. 23.—Rev. J. Cundill, 1 bull trout, 7 lbs., 1 salmon kelt, 14 lbs.; William Henderson with same rod, 1 salmon kelt, 8 lbs.

AT WARK.

Feb. 25.—P. S. Wilkinson, 1 salmon kelt, 1 bull trout; William Henderson 3 kepper grilse, $28\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., 4 salmon kelt, 36 lbs., 1 grilse kelt, 5 lbs.

Feb. 26.—P. S. Wilkinson, 10 fish 80 lbs.; William Henderson, 1 grilse kelt, $5\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., 3 salmon kelts, 35 lbs., 2 bull trout, $7\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.

Feb. 27.—P. S. Wilkinson, 1 clean salmon, $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., 1 salmon kelt, 13 lbs.; William Henderson, 2 grilse kelt, $12\frac{1}{4}$ lbs., 2 salmon kelts, $24\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

AT SPROUSTON.

Feb. 28.—William Henderson, 3 salmon kelts, 37 lbs., 1 clean salmon, 9 lbs.

The weather being mild, nearly all the fish in the above list were taken with fly. I give these particulars because they fairly represent the size, quality, and number of the fish usually taken in the Tweed during the spring fishings immediately preceding the Parliamentary legislation of A.D. 1857 and 1859.

On March 1 I drove to Makerstoun, to fish that most picturesque water under the guidance of James Kerss, who acted as boatman. It was a dull heavy morning; no break in the leaden-coloured sky, not a breath of wind to move the pools. Still my sport was fair, and the day ended with a basket containing

1 kepper salmon	.	.	.	.	.	19 lbs.
2 salmon kelts	.	.	.	.	.	22 lbs.
2 grilse kelts	.	.	.	.	.	$11\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.
1 clean salmon	.	.	.	.	.	9 lbs.

all having been taken with fly.

We commenced fishing on the uppermost portion of the water and gradually dropped downwards. Many of the best casts were, however, useless for lack of wind to move the surface. Soon after we began my boatman observed a dead salmon at the bottom of the water, which he promptly raised with the gaff and placed in the prow of the boat. I made some remonstrance,

but let it pass. Soon he drew the boat to a place where the water turning round a rock made a quiet eddy and hauled up two more large fish. A more disgusting sight I never beheld; they had been dead several days, and stank offensively. My wrath was now fairly roused and I insisted on their being taken out of the boat, which was done after some demur on James' part. 'What can you want with such horrid creatures?' I enquired. 'Oh they'll do weell for Paris when they're mixed wi' better beasts. Parlezvous is a capital cook.' On subsequent enquiry, I learnt that they did go to Paris and that James received 6*d.* per pound for this loathsome food. It must not be supposed that in this matter James Keress was worse than his neighbours. Up and down the Tweed from Peebles to Berwick many fishermen pursued the same practice. Indeed the high price, 6*d.* per pound, then given for all kelts whatever their appearance, created a numerous body of scavengers who rose early and prowled along the river banks to seize any fish that had died during the night. And when they could not find purchasers in the local markets the fishmongers had no compunction in sending them to France.

In spite of the stringency of the present law I grieve to say that there is still an illicit trade in kelts for Paris, and I would warn all tourists who may visit the gay city in winter not to venture on *Bouchées de Saumon*.

Early in May I had a few days' trout-fishing with Mr. Cundill and Mr. J. C. Evans. Weather and water were alike unfavourable, and our pleasure was mainly derived from fresh air, exercise, and good fellowship.

On the first of the month we went to Rutherford and found the water brown in colour, though by two o'clock it so far cleared as to permit fishing with fly.

My morning was spent in trying with minnow, but my captures consisted only of three large fish and my losses were severe, since I ran at least a dozen more. Soon after midday the water was covered with myriads of 'March-browns,' a few 'Yellow-duns,' and some small black flies. The fish rose madly, and I must have hooked upwards of a hundred, but by some strange chance I only succeeded in landing thirty-two. So ravenous were they that twice I took two large trout at the same time. Mr. Cundill and Mr. Evans lost much time in fishing with worm, which the fish would not take. It was not till the afternoon that by changing to fly they had any chance of sport. They found as I did that though the fish rose well they would not hook, which was the more surprising because in the afternoon the water had assumed that rich dark colour which so frequently fills the angler's basket. Mr. Cundill secured twenty-two fish, and Mr. Evans about the same number.

Nothing more occurred specially worthy of record till May 9, when Mr. Cundill having returned to Durham Mr. Evans and I availed ourselves of leave to fish the Eden near to Spotmains, a point much higher up the river than I had hitherto visited. We were kindly welcomed by the aged farmer Mr. Bromfield, who, however, warned us that we should probably find the waters dammed back in a lake for the use of a cornmill two or three miles up the stream, and must not expect any sport until the barrier was raised. His words were but too true. Hour after hour we flogged the river in vain, passing by many small runs and streams which we felt instinctively must hold many good fish. Long accustomed to expect a rush of water at a certain time of day, and with it their daily feed, the fish would not move earlier, and at four o'clock in the afternoon neither of

us had taken more than four trout. We were only a quarter of a mile from the lake where our fishing was to end, and our prospects were gloomy enough, but they soon began to brighten. Observing that the volume of water suddenly increased and became slightly discoloured, I planted myself under the shadow of a tree near the foot of a pool about six yards long. Through the middle of this pool ran a stream of about six feet in width, and in this I made my trial cast. Without moving a yard I took out twelve noble trout of at least 9 lbs. weight, to the astonishment of my friend Evans who gave up his own fishing simply to watch my sport. From this spot up to the mill I continued to basket the fish with all possible speed, and at 6.15 P.M., *i.e.* in little more than two hours I had made a total of thirty-eight trout = 20 lbs. Had there been wind enough to allow the dubs to be fished during the earlier part of the day, or had the mill sluice been raised in the morning, I believe that each of us might have taken from 40 to 50 lbs. weight, so numerous and so large are the fish in the neighbourhood of this lake.

On July 5 I dined at the Newcastle Barracks with Colonel Grey and the officers of the 85th Light Infantry, my eldest son having recently entered this regiment. Major Maunsell and I started the next morning for the Tankerville Arms, Wooler, bent on using our time for fishing in the Glen to the greatest advantage.

We began our work on the 7th near to the wooden bridge below Bendor. The water was rather high and quite clear, the wind south, the sky heavy with dark clouds. For some time we could only capture small fish, which I have noticed is often the case before rain. About mid-day the clouds opened and the rain fell heavily; the fish, finding the 'feed' which instinct had

warned them was at hand, began to take eagerly, and the result was that Major Maunsell took thirty-five fish while I captured fifty-seven. My fishing was with worm, but my friend, having only been accustomed to fish with fly, preferred keeping to the decoy he was used to. He was an excellent fly-fisher, but early in July no skill however great can make the heavy baskets with fly that can be made with worm.

On the following day the river was in high flood, so we took a carriage and drove to Old Bewick, making a diversion to visit the old Tower of Hepburn and try if possible to obtain a sight of the celebrated wild cattle in Chillingham Park.¹ For two hours we wandered among grassy slopes and through masses of forest trees searching for the herd. At length we reached the top of a little hillock, and found ourselves nearer to them than we altogether liked. The herd consisted of about sixty. We instantly threw ourselves on the ground in hopes of escaping observation, and for some minutes we apparently succeeded. Then, either from the animals scenting us or from some other cause, a movement took place which showed us that our presence was suspected. Three large bulls advanced in front of the herd, while the cows and calves huddled together in a compact body. In this position they remained for about ten minutes, and then the bulls began, first at a trot, then at a gallop, to circle round the hillock on which we were lying. Thus warned, we sprang to our feet and fled for shelter to the nearest wood. We were only just in time to clamber over the paling before the bulls reached it, in a wild fury which fully warranted our retreat. In fact we

¹ It is impossible not to feel a deep interest in these the only surviving descendants of the savage herds which anciently roamed free in the Caledonian forests.

hurried on to the park wall and hardly felt safe till we were on its farther side.

The 9th proved one of those exceptionally cold days which sometimes deface an English summer. The wind was bitter with occasional showers of hail, but I have often observed that these cold days prove the most profitable to the angler. Major Maunsell killed with fly forty fish=20 lbs., while my take with worm was fifty-seven fish=30 lbs. The most successful flies were a drake with red body, and a blue dun with yellow body.

On the 10th, when we began to fish at Glen Bridge we found the water of a rich dark colour. This was a great advantage to us, as the air was sultry and the sun shone with a troublesome glare. Scarcely had I commenced when an unusual accident befell me. I hooked a good fish, which suddenly bolted straight down the river between my legs, and of course carried the line with it. Force of habit made me strike, but I did so too sharply and my rod parted in the middle. This unlucky stroke cost me an hour's loss of time to make the necessary repair.

The fish continued to take well till we gained the Fox-Hole Pool, where I observed that the surface of the water was perfectly still and that the fish were rising fast at the flies which rested on it. This induced me to abandon the worm, and putting on a cast of flies I crept stealthily beneath some bushes that lined the southern bank. Here, hemmed in by trees and in a cramped uncomfortable position, I shortened line to the length of my rod. The fish rose at every throw and in a very short time I took twenty fine trout, while Major Maunsell sat on the bank and most kindly prepared a set of flies for me on finer gut.

At this juncture Mr. Jones, the keeper, came upon

the scene, and begged us as a favour to walk to Glen Bridge, and then fish downwards, as Lord Ossulston had just arrived to fish the Glen for the first time, and he knew that Lord Durham was desirous his friend should have good sport. Of course we complied at once with his suggestion, and recommenced below the bridge. The water here comprises many deep holes and dubs, with intervening streams. Much of it is difficult to fish when the water is clear and still, but in its then discoloured state I did not hesitate to fish the streams, walking downwards, though I greatly dislike such a style of fishing. The result was that when we reached our inn, and my basket was examined, there were but two small trout in the lot, the total being seventy-four fish = 35 lbs.; while Major Maunsell's basket contained forty-five trout taken with fly.

In the evening my old friend the Rev. William Dodd came in, eager to learn whether the report he had heard of our day's sport were true. On learning that it was so, he added that Lord Ossulston had expressed a great wish to see its results. To this we gladly acceded, and all paid a visit to the larder, where a man was engaged in packing the proceeds of our two days' labour, in all about 105 lbs. weight. Lord Ossulston was exceedingly surprised at the sight; indeed our success created quite an excitement in the inn. I had previously heard a good deal of his Lordship's fame in the field, and of his special powers in the deer forests of the Highlands. From the Scotts I had heard of his remarkable success in fishing for salmon at Carham; all the more surprised I was to find that so universal a sportsman had scarcely ever heard of fishing with worm for trout in clear water.

Lord Ossulston most kindly invited us to fish that

portion of the Till which passed through his estate, and an appointment was made for all the party to meet on the following morning about two miles from Bewick Bridge. There were visitors at the castle, so Lord Ossulston could not join us till half-past twelve o'clock, but Major Maunsell and I began fishing at ten. The general features of the Till at this point are excellent for angling, only in worm fishing many hooks are necessarily lost on the snags or hidden branches of trees which protrude from the gravelly bed of the river. The banks are high, and abound in willows which afford capital shelter for the fish; but the quiet character of the pools requires a breeze, and for the want of this we sadly suffered.

The morning was dull with dark threatening clouds, and the air had that peculiarly close heavy feeling which disposes all animals to become lethargic. The cattle stood knee deep in the river, idly whisking the flies with their tails, and the insects that abounded among the willows were one and all too lazy to leave their homes. From the time Lord Ossulston joined us my attention was directed not so much to taking a number of fish as to showing his Lordship the best method of fishing with worm. Standing in the middle of a pool, with willows projecting from either bank so as to make casting difficult, I was yet able to capture six fish of more than half a pound each in no long space of time. His Lordship then took the rod, and his past experience in fly fishing enabled him at once to cast a long clean line. His difficulty was in knowing where to look for the fish, which is the most vital point connected with worm fishing in low clear water. Before long however he landed eight fish, while he expressed his determination to pursue the art in future summers.

On reaching the lower end of the field below Bewick Bridge the river takes a sharp bend, and at this spot in the very middle of the water there then stood a large boulder stone which caused a whirling circling eddy behind it. To this I directed Lord Ossulston's attention, and urged him to try his luck in the inviting whirlpool, which I instinctively felt must be the abode of some monster fish, too grand to brook a divided empire. His Lordship, however, drew back, and insisted on my making the essay while he looked on. The first cast was unsuccessful; at the second the line was gently stopped. It was no doubtful motion telling of indecision or the weakness of early youth; a slow sailing about the eddy was going on, evidently showing a proud indifference. At last I summoned all my courage, and pointing my rod down the stream and almost on a level with its surface, I gently struck, and the fish feeling the hook, rushed upwards intending to gain his accustomed haunt beneath a ledge of rock. Here the struggle commenced in earnest. As I put on all the pressure I dared my fish was fain to seek refuge in a downward rush, which he did gallantly, and ran me at my top speed upwards of fifty yards. As his broadside was towards me and his head averted, it was not possible sooner to check his speed, but finding him bent on attaining the shelter of a tree-root, I held on to the utmost strength of my tackle, and happily succeeded in landing him on a convenient gravel bed. He proved to be a short thick fish of $1\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. weight, and both in form and colour the most beautiful trout I have ever seen in England. The sides of the head were bright Prussian blue shading off into various tints of olive, the body chiefly gold, while the pectoral and anal fins were a rich vermilion. The numerous scarlet and

black spots made the combination of colouring exquisite, and we all regretted no Landseer was at hand to portray these beauties ere they faded. Such not being the case his Lordship proceeded to crimp the fish with his *couteau de chasse*, and here a surprise awaited us. In the stomach of this glutton we found thirty full-grown undigested minnows, yet he had been eager to add to them the worm which caused his ruin. After arranging to meet his Lordship on the following Tuesday, Major Maunsell and I drove to Old Bewick and spent the evening with our friends there.

July 12. — Major Maunsell having never seen 'Tweed's fair flood,' we decided that after our day's fishing we would drive over the hills to Sprouston. At 10 A.M. we began work at the shallow ford below Coupland, and I at once put on the worm. The place did not look especially favourable, but then the fish were clearly 'in the mood.' I had scarcely taken a few steps into the water and was just 'wetting my line' when Mr. Jones, the keeper, appeared on the opposite bank and commenced a conversation with 'Good morning, Sir, I hear you have got leave to fish.' I replied, and we went on chatting while, without stirring a yard, I drew fish after fish from the water, till six goodly trout lay in my basket. All this time my new acquaintance eyed my movements attentively, till when the sixth fish was captured within ten minutes his excitement could no longer be restrained, and he burst out with 'Egad Sir, ye are waur than a net, I never seed the like!' I have always considered this the most flattering compliment to my system of worm fishing that I ever received. My dear old friend Mr. C. Bramwell, with whom during the next few years I had many a fishing campaign, took up the cry. Whenever he saw

my basket filling with unusual rapidity the old man would call to me with his cheery ringing laugh, 'Egad Sir, ye are waur than a net, I never seed the like!' Many happy evenings did Mr. Bramwell and I spend together, of which I shall have more to say hereafter.

From this time till four o'clock we did little; a storm had been brewing in the west, and at length it burst with terrible fury. The rain with mingled hail pouring down in torrents drove us to the shelter of a hedge, but it proved a sorry refuge and we were soon wet through. To add to our disasters my pipe was drowned and the last fusee expended, but a drain of mountain dew cheered us a little, and at a quarter to five we recommenced our labours a little below Lanton Mill.

We found the fish running in the heavy strong streams and had a splendid hour's fishing. Throwing a long line towards the further bank, and well below a row of willows, I drew out one large fish after another in rapid succession, and in the course of an hour converted a shabby creel into one containing fifty-five trout. Indeed the broom was in, and it would hold no more. By this time the carriage had arrived, but we were so thoroughly drenched with the rain that we were glad to enter a cottage where an old woman kindly allowed us to change our clothes. A good horse took us past Mindrum and over Haddon Rig in gallant style, and at half-past eight o'clock we arrived at Sprouston, where we found Mr. William Greenwell awaiting us.

On Monday, the 14th, Major Maunsell and I went to Rutherford, while Mr. Greenwell remained at Sprouston nursing his strength for the following day. On arriving at our destination we saw at once that all fishing was useless. The river had suddenly risen and looked

more like a mess of pea-soup than the lovely pale ale tint which anglers delight in, so after a short and unsuccessful essay we returned to our lodgings.

We started at six o'clock the next morning to keep our appointment with Lord Ossulston. It was a charming morning, the air soft and warm, and the scent of the newly mown hay was delicious in the early breeze. In driving over Haddon Rig we passed by the 'south running water,' in whose well so many a love-lorn maiden has sought to discover her future fate. There was little difficulty about the spell. The fair enquirer had only to borrow the wedding ring of some gude wife, take a glass of water from the well, and with her finger and thumb to suspend over it the ring by a hair from her own pretty head. If the ring struck against the side of the glass she knew she would die an old maid, if it turned quickly round she would be married once, if slowly twice.

While crossing the high ground which separates the valleys of the Tweed and the Bowmont, we could not but remember that we were on the site of the bloody fray of Haddon Rig, and that this line, for centuries the boundary of the two kingdoms, must have witnessed many a dark and ruthless deed. How great the contrast presented by the present scene! On whichever valley we cast our eyes all was smiling brightly; there was peace in the present, and promise of plenty in the future.

Shortly before nine o'clock we met Lord Ossulston and Mr. Dodd, on which the party divided. Mr. Greenwell chose the water below Akeld Bridge, Major Maunsell and Mr. Dodd that from the bridge to Coupland, while Lord Ossulston and I fished the stretch of water above the Castle. I fished but little, being chiefly

engaged in pointing out the places where the largest fish might be expected to lie. His Lordship proved an apt pupil, and when I left him at three o'clock the trout were taking well, so I have no doubt that by the evening he made up a good basket. On reaching our inn we found that Mr. Greenwell had had excellent sport. The totals were:—

Mr. Greenwell	56 fish
Major Maunsell	29 „
William Henderson	30 „

Thus closed our eight days' fishing, the incidents and successes of which will ever rest among my pleasantest memories.

On October 4 Major Warren and Mr. F. S. Warren accompanied me to Sprouston, where we found the Tweed in high flood, so on the following day all the party with the addition of Mr. J. B. Langhorne crossed the hills and fished the river College for trout. Here too we found more water than we wanted, but we made fair creels, and thoroughly enjoyed our expedition. The five following days were spent in fishing for salmon at Wark and Sprouston, but the river still ran so high and discoloured that our success was small. At last we gave the matter up, and returned to our homes after one of the most unprolific week's fishing I had ever known.

Our tenancy of Wark water was now so far altered that Admiral Cator ceased to be one of the partners. He found that the Dryburgh water, which he also rented, offered him as much angling as he wished for.

On October 25 I joined Mr. Henry Bramwell at Sprouston, and found that several gentlemen had during the last fortnight been fishing the Tweed with fly, but that their ill success had been so decided that most of the party had dispersed. Indeed the few fish then in

the river had seen so many various flies that they were probably as learned in entomology as the fishermen themselves. Our success was almost nil, until on November 5 Mr. Christopher Bramwell and I went to fish the Carham water, with John Scott as our boatman. We had only one rod, and we hailed it as a cheerful omen when my friend captured with it a new-run grilse of 9 lbs. Scott then proposed that I should change the tackle and make my essay with worm. This was done, and then dropping leisurely down from the 'Wheel,' we reached the 'Kirk End' stream, where after a gallant run I captured a beautiful fresh-run salmon of 16 lbs., and a few yards lower down in the same stream, a grilse of 7 lbs. Besides these I rose two fish and hooked a third with the 'White-wing.' The result of this day convinced me that worm-fishing for salmon was the most toilsome, most difficult, as well as most exciting mode of capturing that noble fish.

November 6.—It was my misfortune on this day to have only the fishing of the 'Boat stream' at Wark, the other parts of the water being occupied by my friends. I tried it on each side with fly, but met with no response.

About one o'clock I put on the worm and tried the south side, on which I captured one fine grilse and ran another. Proceeding to the north side I hooked two fish above the 'Upper Cairn,' but was unfortunately nervous and lost them both by not allowing them sufficient time. When I went to the fisherman's cottage old James fell into a state of great excitement. Wandering backwards and forwards with his eyes fixed on the fish, he repeated again and again in melancholy tones, 'Eh! just to think I hae lived sae lang, an niver tried worm. What a many bonnie fish might I hae

killed when the water was ow'r law for any ither way. In this pathetic wail of the old man I quite agreed, and applied it to my own case.

November 7.—This, the last day of the fishing season, was usually held up and down Tweed side as the Angler's Carnival. It was usual for the river to be occupied by as many rods as could find boats and boatmen, while many a zealous angler, failing to get either, boldly waded the streams in search of sport.

Touched with the prevailing mania I rose at six o'clock, breakfasted ere the sun had risen, and went out with a light heart. Tradition avers that in spite even of a hard frost and low water salmon will never be so unkind as to sulk when the angler is about to bid them a long farewell. November 7 was always spoken of, beforehand at least, as 'the great day,' and such this year it was destined to prove to me, for on it I killed more fish than had succumbed to any rod for many weeks.

Threading my way through piles of dead leaves crisp with frost across the plantations of Carham, I found James wandering on the river bank, eager to 'be at it.' The old man was restless, haunted as he was by the notion of a wasted life through his ignorance of worm-fishing. His son Thomas acted as boatman, and we began our work on the south side of the 'Snipe cast,' a few yards above the rock point. The result was exciting; in little more than two hours I killed three fine grilse, and hooked or ran seven others. This was all done while going once down the southern side of the cast, for the northern side was closed to me on account of an eddy which prevented the free travelling of the worm. We then proceeded to the 'Dub,' which we tried for a short time. Here two fish ventured to

enquire of the bait, and both were captured. A short trial of the 'Island stream' produced no results, so we quickly passed on to the 'Boat stream,' which had done so well on the previous day.

Tom now went to secure his share of the family dinner which was going on at the cottage, and left to my own devices I waded into the stream above the 'Upper Cairn' and killed two more grilse. One of these made a famous run for life. At the moment of hooking one of the screws which attached the reel to the rod fell into the water and was lost. This made it impossible for me to work the reel with steadiness, and to make matters worse I soon found that I had to deal with a Tartar. First he banged beneath the boat, and when I succeeded in coaxing him from this hold he struck straight down the stream so furiously that a hundred yards of line were run out before he slackened pace. Many times and with difficulty did I manage to reel up line, but it was only to have the manœuvre repeated till I was about as crazy as himself. Could I have followed him on the gravel bed my work would have been comparatively easy, but I was placed on a small patch of ground only two yards square, with deep water on each side. In this cramped position and with a damaged reel the work had to be done. Done it was at last to my great joy, and he lay at my feet, as pretty a fresh-run fish as could be seen.

It was now half-past two o'clock, three-fourths of the beautiful 'Boat stream' was yet untried, and as I looked fish after fish showed himself on the surface, when, horror of all horrors! I found that my last worm was spent. It was, I knew, useless to attempt to fish with common worms, for only the green sickly-looking dew-worms have power to captivate the fancy of a

salmon. I thus lost two hours of as tempting promise as ever man had; and vexed though pleased, grumbling though proud, I walked to the cottage and spread upon the ground

1 salmon and 6 grilse = 63 lbs.

All were fresh run from the sea, and all about the same size. Poor old James was almost beside himself. Present delight and regrets for the past showed themselves in his oft-repeated words, 'Eh, what a bonnie lot of fish! Oh if I had but knawn sooner!' It was gratifying to learn that no angler on the Tweed had for several weeks past made such a basket, and that on this day the highest number recorded as falling by any other rod was three fish.

CHAPTER XVIII.

'We twa hae fished the Cale sae clear
 An streams o' mossy Reed,
 We've tried the Wansbeck an the Wear
 The Teviot an the Tweed.'—T. DOUBLEDAY.

FISHING AT MAKERSTOUN—AT SPROUSTON DUB—WITH MR. BRAMWELL—
 IN THE CALE—THE EEL AND TROUT—LEGENDS OF LINTON—LAST USE
 OF SALMON ROE—FISHING AT SPROUSTON IN WILD WEATHER—IN THE
 EWART WATER—SCENERY AROUND THE TRIBUTARIES OF THE COLLEGE
 AND THE GLEN.

A.D. 1857.—On March 3 I went to Makerstoun by appointment with James Kerss. We flogged the whole length of water, and only captured one small grilse with minnow, the next day was more favourable, for on the same water I took a clean salmon with fly, and four grilse kelts with minnow.

March 5.—This day was noticeable for a violent hurricane of wind. The boatmen could not hold the boat on Sprouston Dub without the help of a second man, and a rope attached to the rowlock. It was, in spite of the storm, a successful day. My take was one fish in the Bushes, two at the Skerry Rock, three at the Slap, and one at the Dub, all taken with minnow. Before concluding I gave the White-wing fly a trial, which added two more, making a total of nine fish = 80 lbs.

The singular event of this day was the taking of the three fish at the Slap in three throws of the line.

March 6.—Fished Sprouston upper water, and took two grilse kelts.

March 7.—My brother-in-law the Rev. T. C. Durham having joined me, we drove this morning to Makerstoun. Mr. Durham fished the lower water while I tried the upper. The first hour was spent in a vain endeavour with fly, so at 11.30 A.M. changing to minnow I fished steadily till one o'clock, by which time I had taken six fish. The weather then changed suddenly, it became cold and stormy with violent hail, so that I only added two more to the number, making in all eight fish. On this day Mr. Durham killed his first salmon, an event ever to be remembered by the angler.

March 9.—Fished again at Makerstoun and took two grilse kelts, thus ending my spring fishing for salmon.

Early in May Mr. Cundill and I went to Sprouston with intent to fish the lovely streams at Rutherford for trout, and meeting Mr. C. Bramwell and his son it was arranged that on the first day I should be the companion of the latter. The snow fell heavily during the morning, and the air was so cold that it lay unmelted on the ground, a very unusual sight in May. I had taken fifteen trout and was sitting in the fisherman's cottage talking with Mr. Brown of Longformacus, when a telegram was handed to me announcing the alarming illness of my dear wife. I at once hastened home, and did not return to the Tweed till July.

July 13.—Accompanied by my nephew I went by appointment to meet my old friend Mr. C. Bramwell. We all fished at Rutherford on the following day, but with little success on account of the foulness of the

water. Our next essay was in the Bowmont, which we fished near to Mindrum Mill. The water was dead low, foul with moss, and most unpleasant for worm-fishing. Mr. Bramwell's basket contained forty-eight trout and mine but forty. And here let me observe that though my friend was past the prime of manhood, and had lost much of his early activity, still the excellent lessons he had learnt in boyhood from the Witton-le-Wear scholars made him a competitor not easy to deal with. He certainly was for his age the best worm fisher I have ever known.

July 16.—Again we all went to Rutherford, Mr. Bramwell beginning below the Cauld with worm. I had recently received some minnow tackle of a peculiar description, and being desirous to try its merits, I walked on to the top of the 'Coarse-Heugh' streams, and fished most carefully for several hours, but I had only one run from a trout, and killed a large eel which seized the minnow while trolling in a strong running stream. This completed my disgust, and I retreated to the Cottage, where I found Mr. Bramwell and my nephew. The former had been fishing with worm in the strong rough water of the north stream below the Cauld. The wind blew fiercely, and it was only in 'odd places,' behind stones or some other shelter that he could do anything. On such days it is the observant angler alone who can take fish. Mr. Bramwell had in this way caught fifteen large trout. After luncheon we all returned to the river, but the trout had ceased to feed, and the day closed with few fish though of good size:—

C. Bramwell	.	.	.	18 trout = 11 lbs.
John Henderson	.	.	.	9 " = 4 "
William Henderson	.	.	.	7 " = 4 "

July 17.—Mr. Bramwell and I went to Carham, determined to fish the water thoroughly from thence to Sprouston Dub. We laboured on, hoping that the fish would begin to feed, but all in vain ; Mr. Bramwell took but four trout and I took five. Two of mine weighed over a pound each, and my line was broken by a grilse which seized the worm below the Slap. We had set our hopes very high on the results of this most unlucky day. There appeared no reason why the fish should not feed, but at last we came to the conclusion that they had fed early in the morning and would not do so again till late in the evening. This is not unfrequently the case in July.

July 18.—My nephew and I with James Wright made an early start for the picturesque village of Hownam. On arriving at the little inn our party divided, Wright going to fish the Yet-burn, while my nephew and I pursued the valley of the Cale.

We began at Chatto where the brook is very small, and was then remarkably so, owing to a long continued drought. The fishing was most difficult. As I came near to pool after pool, the fish saw me distinctly and scuttled away at once to the streams above. In the small trickling streams alone was it possible to take them, as there only would they allow the angler's near approach. The Cale, however, abounds with fish of fairly good size and excellent quality. I fished upwards of three miles till I was no great distance from its source, and in spite of all drawbacks succeeded in taking 58 fish = $12\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

While fishing my attention was arrested by a rustling in the grass at the edge of the burn. Next there was a violent shaking, and then I perceived a trout jerking about and gleaming in the water most unaccountably. Looking more attentively I saw the tail of a trout projecting from the mouth of an enormous eel, certainly

two feet in length. The eel made several attempts to ascend the stream but in vain, being apparently half choked by the trout, which was too large for it to swallow, and which seemed stuck fast in the creature's throat. My nephew rejoining me, we determined to try and stab the eel by fastening a knife to the butt end of my fishing rod. Unfortunately the blade doubled backwards, and so prevented my pinning him to the ground. In the struggle he cast the trout out of his mouth, and it fell upon the bank at a considerable distance from the edge of the stream. It was seven inches long, and though dead was not marked by the teeth of the eel.

Returning from our day's wandering we paused to examine the singular sculptured stone which once formed the door head of Linton Church, and is built into the south-western extremity of the present structure. Full of interest it undoubtedly is. The figures, though defaced by time, can be made out pretty clearly. A knight on horseback with a lamb by his side, attacks two monsters and plunges his lance into the throat of one of them. Popular tradition connects this sculpture with the ancient legend of the Worm of Linton, a terrible dragon whose poisonous breath laid waste the country round till it was destroyed by the Laird of Lariston. It is said that after failing in an attack with ordinary weapons the Laird armed himself with a peat dipped in scalding pitch and fixed upon his lance. He was thus enabled to endure the monster's poisonous breath, and according to the local rhyme,

The wode Laird of Larristounne
Slew the Worme o' Wormestone,
An' won a' Linton parochine.

The church, though of no great antiquity, is built of the old materials and stands on the old site. And a

noteworthy site it is, consisting of a little knoll of fine compact sand, differing entirely from the soil of the neighbouring heights. The geologist may see in this sandy knoll the work of some mighty river of ancient days; the villagers of the neighbourhood account for it by a wild and pathetic legend. They relate how, long ago, a young man slew a priest and was condemned to death; but his sisters, two fair maidens, interceded for him and at last won his pardon on condition that they should sift sand enough to form a mound on which to erect a church. The maidens undertook the task and completed it, though one of them it is said died of fatigue immediately afterwards.

Local tradition has done much to add a charm to Linton, and the place is in itself very attractive, lying as it does beneath the woods of Clifton and the lofty heights of Cheviot, while the Cale adds a brightness to the scene as it hurries by in haste to add its waters to those of the nobler Teviot.

July 20 and 21 were spent in fishing the Cale at Morebattle and the Tweed at Rutherford. Nothing worthy of record took place on either day, and we then returned to Durham.

October 5.—I returned to the Tweed in hopes of good salmon fishing at Wark, but the flooded state of the river during the whole of my visit allowed no sport worthy of record except perhaps one morning's fishing for trout with salmon roe, this being the last season during which it could legally be practised.

In the late autumn, when the Tweed and its tributaries were too much flooded for salmon fishing, it was the practice of anglers to resort to the water side and pass their time in taking trout with this most destructive bait. Some idea of the havoc played with it in

those days may be formed from the entry in my journal which records that on October 8 Mr. Langhorne, James Wright, and I killed at Reddon-Haugh, between the hours of nine and twelve, 121 trout = 43 lbs. Robert Roxby might well say

The midge-flee may do in fair weather,
For foul, sawmon-roe is the king,

but the law of 1857 has prohibited its use, and with great propriety.

A.D. 1858.—The 1st of March found me again at Sprouston, seated at breakfast by a glowing fire. It was not cheering to look at the landscape buried deep in snow, and when I reached Sharpitlaw stream I was driven to take shelter under a hedge by the violence of the wind, which drove the hail and snow wildly below it. The only place where it was possible to fish was the 'Grain Stream,' and here with the white-wing I landed a kelt salmon of more than 20 lbs., and afterwards with minnow three other kelts, all within two and a half hours. In accordance with the new law all were at once returned to the river. The bitter wind then drove me to our lodgings, where I found Major Dickens, whose companionship, always enjoyable, was doubly welcome on such a dreadful day.

On the next morning I went to Wark by train, and had to wade more than a mile through deep snow ere I reached the fisherman's cottage. I first tried the north side of the dub, and landed a grilse kelt with the white-wing, and then changing to minnow, captured two clean salmon, besides landing five more kelts. Total:—

6 kelts	.	.	.	.	.	= 46 lbs.
2 clean salmon	.	.	.	.	.	= 14 lbs.

in $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. It will be seen that in very cold weather

the only successful fly was the white-wing, and that on this and the minnow the angler must depend for sport.

March 3.—This proved a milder day, with bright sun and a moderate wind. I fished the ‘Snipe’ at Wark with minnow, and landed four kelts but no clean salmon. I then returned to Durham.

On April 24 I went to Sprouston, in accordance with an arrangement that Mr. C. Bramwell, Mr. Cundill, Mr. John Bigge, and myself should meet there on Monday, the 26th, for a few days’ trout-fishing. My journal does not record the success of my friends; mine was as follows:

April 26, at Reddon Haugh (Tweed) . . .	15 trout
„ 27, at Rutherford „ . . .	19 „
„ 28, below Hownam (Cale) . . .	20 „
„ 29, at Reddon Haugh (Tweed) . . .	14 „
„ 30, below Mindrum (Bowmont) . . .	48 „
May 1, at Rutherford (Tweed). . .	14 „
„ 3, „ „ „ . . .	29 „
„ 4, below Mindrum (Bowmont) . . .	31 „
„ 5, at Rutherford (Tweed) . . .	11 „

On July 2 my wife and I went by rail to Alnwick, and thence drove to Wooler Cottage, where we met Mr. J. C. Evans and our nephew John. When commencing our fishing at Coupland the next morning Mr. Jones informed us that Lord Durham had interdicted fishing with worm in the Glen. This was a great disappointment, and we were obliged to carry on our fishing chiefly in the Ewart water and in the College, where no such restriction existed.

During this trip there were only two days on which I made baskets worth recording. On July 5 we fished the Ewart water, when Mr. Evans made a good basket with fly, while I killed with worm 22 lbs. weight of fish. On the 7th we fished the lower portion of the

College, and had hardly begun work at the bridge near West Newton when a thunderstorm burst over our heads, and heavy rain discoloured the water. Hitherto the fish had taken shyly, but now all was changed. At every cast of the line a fish was captured, and we were rapidly filling our creels when we approached Heath Pool. Here, taking my stand by the largest pool, I had such an opportunity as can only occur in small mountain streams which swarm with fish, and that when the water is high, and dark in colour. Without moving more than three yards I took about fifty fish. So greedy were they that I repeatedly took three trout at a cast, and the result was that my basket, though chiefly filled with small fish, eventually weighed 25 lbs.

The scenery of the College is indeed extremely pretty; it is a little tumbling stream, and has a course of about five miles ere it joins the river Bowmont just below Newton Bridge, where the united streams take the name of the Glen. The valley through which it hurries on varies in width from three or four hundred yards to a mere ravine, and pretty hazel-woods ornament it here and there. About two miles above its junction with the Bowmont, in the very narrowest part of the valley, where the hills on either side almost overhang the stream, is a succession of small cascades and deep black pools, guarded by precipitous cliffs, locally known as Heath Pool Lynn;—a favourite place for picnics and such-like summer entertainments.

The College is formed at a spot called Southern Knowe, by the junction of two small mountain brooks. One of these named Fleehope Burn presents through the greater part of its course no special features of interest, its little vale being flat and swampy, and the hills around it round and green. But as you approach its

source and turn an angle in the hills, you enter the really fine gorge of Henshole, a chasm extending from top to base of Cheviot, down which the stream rushes in a succession of cascades, with lofty precipices and towering rocks on either hand. The other burn, hight Lamsdon, rising near the eastern end of Cheviot, has a longer course, and generally a more picturesque one. Still, though the chasm on the side of Cheviot known as Bizzel is fine, and the cliff called Dunsdale-Crag which forms the base of a rugged precipitous hill, and overhangs the brook, and which has already been brought before my readers as the scene of Mr. Culley's night adventure, is yet finer, there is no special feature connected with the Lamsdon equal to Henshole.

Although 'auld Cheviot's frostypow' is not very lofty, the scenery of the little wild valleys that nestle at his feet is varied and very pretty, while the countless

petty rills
That tumble down their several hills

with their many falls and miniature cascades, lend an additional charm to these lonely secluded spots.

CHAPTER XIX.

'When the wind is in the north
The skilful angler goes not forth.
When the wind is in the south
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth.
When the wind is in the west
Then the sport is at its best ;
When the wind is in the east
'Tis neither good for man nor beast.'—*Old Rhyme.*

FLOODS AT SPROUSTON—THE SWALLOW-SMOLT AND TROUT—FISHING IN THE GLEN—IN THE COLLEGE—A YOUNG ANGLER DISAPPOINTED—DEATH OF MR. JOHNSTON—THOMAS SCOTT'S DEXTERITY—A DAY LOST—COMPARISON BETWEEN WARK WATER AND SPROUSTON DUB—DR. HOLDEN AND THE 'STRANGE IRREGULAR BEAST'—RESULTS OF FISHING IN SPROUSTON DUB.

A.D. 1859.—My attempts at salmon-fishing this year exemplified the exceeding uncertainty of the royal sport. On March 12 I went to Sprouston, and found the river in flood. After waiting for four days, during which it was not fishable, my patience was exhausted, and I returned to Durham. The 28th found me again at Tweedside, prepared for a day's fishing on Birgham Dub, where the water was in such excellent order that Sandy Smith, the boatman, declared I should kill a boatful. I did not altogether share in his anticipations. During the previous night the wind had blown

violently from the west, and during my long experience I had scarcely ever failed to see a rapid rise of the river follow as a matter of course.

However, I began work, and commencing at the foot of the stream as it enters the dub, I soon landed two kelts and rose four others. But the river rose several inches, and I had no alternative but that of turning to fly fishing for trout. I took several, but further floods followed, and I was obliged a second time to return home, thus losing all my spring fishing for salmon—a disappointment to bear which demanded all my philosophy.

On April 19 I visited Sprouston, intending to fish for trout in the Tweed. The water was low and clear, which made it necessary to use fine tackle, and cast ‘far off and fine.’

On the 21st my fishing began in the deep streams immediately below Bamff Mill. A good basket of fish may generally be secured at this season by boating among the several runs of heavy water. I had scarcely made a few casts with a ‘March Brown’ fly ere I hooked a trout of about six ounces weight. While dragging it against the stream, here very powerful, the trout was seized by a large fish which contended fiercely with me for the prize, and ran out many yards of line. On drawing it to the side of the boat, I found it to be a monster swallow-smolt of five or six pounds weight. Seeing me he gave up his prey, and retired into deep water. I was so astonished that, instead of raising the line preparatory to making another cast, I dropped the point of the rod, on which, of course, the small trout sank downwards. It was promptly seized again by the swallow-smolt, who on this occasion ran out nearly all the reel line; and it was long before I brought him

sufficiently near to attempt a capture with the net. For this he proved too cunning, yielding the prey rather than be caught himself. Unfortunately, I had not a set of trolling tackle at hand, or I should probably have secured this, the most voracious fish of the trout species that I have ever chanced to encounter. My day's work ended with a goodly basket of fish.

My next trip was to the Glen, for which I started on June 20. I reached Old Bewick in the evening; was disappointed at not getting the companionship of the boys, and went on alone to Wooler Cottage. Next morning I drove to Ewart, and began fishing with worm about 10.30 A.M. The water was low and clear, the sun shone brightly, and there was little wind. This part of the Glen abounds in long stretches of deep water, and though the streams are not numerous, yet at the times of feeding they are filled with trout of good size, which visit them for their daily meal. I fished upwards to Bendor, and left off with a basket of 17 lbs. weight.

June 22.—Began fishing at Akeld Bridge and so upwards to Coupland, between 10.30 A.M. and 6 P.M. The wind blew strongly from the south-east, and several showers of rain fell. The trout took eagerly, and when my basket was weighed at Wooler Cottage the scale turned 27 lbs.

June 23.—To-day I indulged my bent for a change of water. It is, I must avow, a weakness of mine to long for fresh streams and new scenes, which seem to bring back 'the merry days when I was young,' days when hope made everything bright and gay. Starting just above Coupland at 11 A.M., I wandered on, and ended my day some way up the river College at 6.30 P.M. My basket was again a heavy one, weighing 22 lbs.

June 24.—My beat this day was from Akeld Bridge to Coupland. The water was low, there was no wind, and appearances were against my having any sport; still by careful, delicate fishing with a long line, in the still shallow dubs, I succeeded in taking 15 lbs. weight of trout between 9 A.M. and 1.30 P.M. I then returned home, after four days of most successful fishing, during which I captured 81 lbs. of trout in 27 hours. All the fish were of good size, the small ones having been at once returned to the water.

August 1.—The month of August is considered the worst part of the fishing season, but circumstances led me near the Glen, and I was joined there by Charles and John Langlands, young lads who entered heartily into such sport as was to be had. We began the day with worm near Bendor, and worked upwards to the Duck-reach, when the fish suddenly ceased to feed, and we returned down the river, taking a few casts with fly. Charles' basket weighed 9 lbs., and mine 12 lbs.

August 2.—We all began fishing a mile below Bendor. The wind blew furiously, and it was with difficulty that we could guide our lines or know when a fish offered himself. Altogether our day was not successful. At this time John Langlands was but a schoolboy, not yet in his teens. Still what he lacked in years was more than supplied by his ardour, which made him in after life a first-rate angler. In the afternoon, with a shout he announced the joyful tidings that 'a big fish was pulling like mad.' Charles and I at once ran to his assistance, and soon satisfied ourselves that the big fish was an eel, whose weight enabled it to run sulkily along the bed of the pool. However, we thought it best not to dash Jack's hopes

all at once, so suggesting that it might be a salmon, we begged him to use his utmost care and skill. 'Give him line,' shouted Charles; 'Now then reel up,' 'Bend your rod upon him,' with many another piece of advice. At last Jack, with a face as serious as if he were about to deal death to a twenty-pounder, enquired, 'Shall I play him? he pulls terribly.' This was too much for us, and with smothered laughter we made off, leaving Jack with his big fish. Poor lad! bitter was the disappointment when he drew to bank only an eel.

On September 29 our good old landlord Mr. Johnston died, aged sixty-three. He was buried at Eckford, leaving many to sorrow for the kindly-hearted old man, and to miss him in his accustomed place in the ingle newk, where he used to hold his 'cracks' and tell his tales of Auld lang syne. The parting with this friend of fifteen years was a severe wrench to me.

I went again to Sprouston on November 9, and fished steadily at Wark for four days, killing however only two small grilse and four bull-trout. Annoyed at such poor results I returned on the 25th, eager if possible to wind up the season brilliantly. I found Mr. William Greenwell and Captain Kidd at the lodgings, the latter having that day fished the south side of Sprouston Dub, and killed 10 salmon = 173 lbs. Mr. Greenwell had fished the shallow streams at Wark with no success, while in the Snipe and Dub Mr. Wilkinson had taken one salmon and five new-run grilse.

November 26.—I drove to Wark and fished the Snipe and Dub. There was scarcely any wind, and I could do but little, killing 2 new-run grilse and rising 6 more. One of these, a fine salmon of more than 20 lbs., was twice in the landing net, and after all escaped, owing to the drawing of the whipping silk on

the gut. May none of my fishing friends ever experience the feelings with which I saw that fine fish glide away. Though my success was small, the day was enlivened by a feat of dexterity on the part of Thomas Scott which well deserves to be chronicled. Tired with wielding the rod I handed it for a time to Tom, while his brother Robert acted as boatman, and I lay idly in the stern. Tom was fishing from the bow of the boat, and casting a somewhat long line, when a salmon sprang into the air four or five yards nearer to the boat than the position of the fly. Raising the fly rapidly from the water Tom jerked it in the direction of the fish, and succeeded in striking the hook into it while still in the air. The action was so violent that the fortunate angler fell at his full length within the boat, and so he lay for some time, playing the fish which rushed violently to the farther side of the river. But in good time Tom was 'up and at him again' with skill and patience which entailed a victory. Having been hooked in the side the run was of necessity a long one, but the fish was landed at last, and proved to be a new-run salmon of 16 lbs. weight. I have frequently tried to hook a salmon when in the air, but never succeeded.

On this day Captain Kidd fished the south side of Sprouston Dub, and killed 7 salmon averaging 18 lbs. each; and Mr. Greenwell from the north side took 5 salmon of the same average weight. Mr. Wilkinson fished the shallow streams at Wark, and had no sport.

November 28.—Just as I was starting for my fishing at Wark a messenger came to inform me that the south side of Sprouston Dub was at my service. The temptation was irresistible, and I was just stepping into the boat with sanguine hopes of a grand day's sport, when Captain Warrender arrived with permission from the

Duke of Roxburgh to fish the Dub. All fishing for the day was thus lost to me. The river was in splendid order, and a brisk wind crested the waves with foam. Captain Warrender killed 9 salmon and Mr. Greenwell 7, the average weight of all the fish being nearly 20 lbs. Captain Wilkinson and I fished the remaining two days of the season at the Lees and Wark, but our sport was not worth recording. Our experience during these last days verified the rule that Wark water is best when slightly in flood, while Sprouston Dub excels all other casts when the water is low. Two or three hours' rain upon the hills would have reversed the sport; Wark would have yielded the heavy baskets and Sprouston Dub proved a failure.

A.D. 1860.—On April 10, Mr. Cundill, Mr. John Bigge and I found ourselves at Wooler Cottage. We fished for several days in the various stretches of the Glen, the College, and the Breamish, and although the weather was very unkindly we managed on an average to take each about three dozen trout daily. It was an exceedingly agreeable visit, and not the least agreeable part of it were the evenings, when clustered round the fire while the wind was whistling without, we fought our battles o'er again and prepared for future conquests.

On October 8 Dr. Holden of Durham and I fished the south side of Sprouston Dub and the adjacent streams. We occupied the same boat under the guidance of Charles Kerss, and fished with the same rod. My friend killed a fine salmon of 18 lbs., with the 'Double-white-tip' fly, had a fierce run with another, and rose a third. I took one fish of 18 lbs., another of 14 lbs., and a third of 10 lbs. All these fish were new-run and in excellent condition. The flies used were very small and dressed on double hooks.

We fished the same water on the following day, but there was not a breath of wind upon the Dub, and our efforts were useless.

October 10.—The morning was wet and stormy, still we went to Wark, and while I tried the Dub for salmon, Dr. Holden with a light rod searched for 'what could be had' in the Ana-side stream. Good luck awaited him, for he succeeded in hooking a noble salmon which tried the powers of his rod and tackle to the utmost. The fish ran out seventy yards of line, and described so many circles round the boat that Tom Scott declared it to be 'a strange irregular beast.' After a long struggle the Doctor captured him in gallant style, and he proved to be a new-run fish of $22\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. One that I had taken in the meantime weighed 18 lbs.

The three following days exemplified again the proverbial uncertainty of salmon-fishing. A continual flood precluded all chance of sport, and we therefore returned to our homes.

November 5.—I began my fishing on this day about 12 o'clock at the Rosebank stream. The water was in beautiful order, but not till after two hours did I succeed at Sharpitlaw in rising four fish, two of which I killed and ran a third. The two taken weighed respectively 12 and 18 lbs. The former was the most beautiful salmon I had ever seen so late in the season. We decided to cut it up and ascertain its character; not a particle of milt could be found, and all present unanimously agreed that the fish was an unusually early spring salmon.

November 6.—I began this morning at Sharpitlaw about eleven o'clock, and soon rose three fish, killing two of them, which weighed $16\frac{1}{2}$ and 18 lbs. respectively. Besides these, I had a run with a much larger

fish, which finally broke away. In the Butterwash I rose five fish, killing one and struggling a long time with another of at least 20 lbs. weight. Lord Tankerville had throughout the day fished the south side of the Dub, and killed six fish=80 lbs. After his lordship's departure, I made a few casts in the Dub, and captured two salmon of 22 and 17 lbs. weight respectively, besides running others. My creel showed a result of 88 lbs. this day. The two following days, however, only ended in the capture of three small grilse.

November 9.—This day was spent in fishing the south side of Sprouston Dub, in company with my brother-in-law, the Rev. T. C. Durham. I rose 17 fish, killing 6, and running 3 others, according to the following table:—

Name of Fly	Number of rises	Salmon	Grilse	Weight
At the Silver body	5	2	—	{ 22 lbs.
„ „ Ranger (black body). .	3	—	1	{ 28 „
„ „ Doctor	2	—	2	{ 9 „
„ „ Silver Body (grey hackle). .	2	1	—	{ 3 „
„ „ Ranger (blue body) . .	2			{ 8 „
„ „ White wing	2			{ 18 „
„ „ Double-white-tip . .	1			
	17	3	3	88 lbs.

November 10.—This day was also passed by the south side of the Dub. The water was in excellent order, and a south-east wind made it most favourable both for rising and hooking the fish. The only drawback was that it rained incessantly. The following table shows the results:—

Name of Fly	Number of rises	Salmon	Grilse	Weight
At the Ranger (black body). .	7	2	—	{ 23 lbs. 18 „
„ „ Silver body	1			
„ „ Grey Turkey (blue body) }	2	1		17 „
„ „ „ „ „ „ }			1	12 „
„ „ White wing	3	2	—	{ 15 „ 15 „
	13	5	1	100 lbs.

Besides the six fish taken, I hooked and ran four others.

November 12 proved to me a blank day, but Mr. T. P. Teale, while near me, killed a fine fish of 28½ lbs. weight.

November 26.—Being again at Sprouston, I went with Captain Burrell to Wark. He and Mr. Wilkinson began to fish the Dub; a fine wind was blowing, and Burrell killed four salmon. Wilkinson left us early enough to allow me to fish one fly up the north side of the pool. Selecting a ‘double-white-tip,’ as well suited to the colour of the water, I soon rose four fish, of which I killed one beautiful fresh-run salmon of 28 lbs.

November 27 found me once more at work with my old friend John Scott, the well-known fisherman of Carham water, for boatman. The morning gave little promise of sport, for the water was thickly covered with ‘snow-broo,’ which caused the fish to take shyly. I rose 6, killing 2 of 14 and 16 lbs. respectively. While fishing the Dub I rose a monster salmon, the largest I have ever had the fortune to see alive. He lay for some time on the surface of the water, as if proud to exhibit his goodly proportions. John eagerly declared him to be a fifty-pounder. The fish ran steadily for some

time, and our hopes rose high. In fact, John passed into a state of temporary insanity, and exclaimed repeatedly, 'He's jist a notorious fash; was ever such a fash seen?' I begged for a rational estimate of his size, and John protested, 'He's far far aboun forty; he's jist fifty pund.' But, alas for us, the monster soon changed his tactics, and, wheeling round, made a sudden rush down the river, on which in a few seconds the hook came away. Probably it was stuck upon a bone, and the reversed position of the fish acted as a lever upon it. When the line came home I turned to John, who was gazing intently on the spot where the fish had disappeared. He appeared to have lost all consciousness; at last a deep sigh marked the bitterness of his disappointment, and he wailed out the reproach, 'He's jist a notorious vaag-a-bone.' Alas! it is a melancholy fact that the monster fish are very apt to get away.

November 28.—Again I fished at Wark, amid snow, which the severe frost would not allow to melt. My only capture was a salmon of 22 lbs.

November 29.—My fishing was at Sprouston, and before 11.30 A.M. I took two salmon, weighing respectively 20 lbs. and 15 lbs., and a grilse of 9 lbs. These were taken in the Bushes, but when we came to the Dub, which was the true centre of our hopes, we found it perfectly calm. I rose four fish, but could not hook them. Had there been a good breeze, the slaughter would doubtless have been large, for the Dub was full of salmon.

Among the pleasures of Tweedside, I have already mentioned the daily chat on fishing matters carried on chiefly in the workrooms of the tackle-makers. The following list of large salmon taken during the autumn of this year was obtained from that source. I believe

it to be correct as far as it goes, though doubtless many more 'heavy weights' were captured that did not come to my knowledge. I give the list, because it fixes the time when the beneficial results of returning the kelts to the river could first be measured. The Act of Parliament only came into operation in the spring of 1858, at which time the capture of a 20-lb. salmon was a rare event. By the autumn of 1860, few anglers fished the Tweed without taking one or more of still heavier weight.

List of some of the large salmon captured with fly in the autumn of 1860 :—

Name	Place of capture	Number of fish	Weight
By The Duke of Roxburgh . . .	Floors	2 each	28 lbs.
" Mr. Egerton	Lees	2 "	28 "
" Captain Kidd	Birgham	1 "	28 "
" Lord Dunglas	"	1	29 "
" Mr. William Scott	"	1	30 "
" Lord Guildford	"	1	29 "
" Lord Gardner	Makerstoun	1	29 "
" Mr. James Forest	"	1	28 "
" Mr. Gray	Carham	1	29 "
" Mr. Broadwood	Pavillion	1	31 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
" Mr. T. P. Teale	Wark	1	28 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
" Rev. J. Cundill	"	1	28 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
" Mr. William Henderson . . .	"	1	28 "

CHAPTER XX.

‘A birr! a whirr! the salmon’s in,
 Upon the bank extended;
 The princely fish lies gasping slow,
 His brilliant colours come and go,
 Silver alternating with snow,
 All beautifully blended.
 Hark to the music of the reel!
 It murmurs and it closes;
 Silence falls on the conquering wheel,
 The wearied line reposes.’—T. T. STODDART.

FISHING IN BIRGHAM DUB—A TOO EAGER SPECTATOR—FISHING WITH MR. BIGGE AND MR. CUNDILL—CAPTURE OF A SALMON WITH FINE TROUT TACKLE—A SIMILAR FEAT BY MR. CULLEY—NEW BROOMS SWEEPING TOO CLEAN—FISHING WITH MR. LEWIS—WITH DR. HOLDEN—WITH MR. P. S. WILKINSON—NOTES BY THE LATTER ON THE FISHING SEASON OF A.D. 1862.

A.D. 1861.—On February 25 accompanied by Mr. Lewis I fished Birgham Dub. The Tweed was a ‘big water,’ and good in colour, but not a breath of wind was stirring, and this told against us seriously. I rose 7 fish, and landed 6 of them. This was the first day on which Mr. Lewis had seen salmon taken in the Tweed, and his anxiety to witness the sport carried him just ‘a *leetle* too far.’ While I was running a fish near the boat, and this eager spectator was craning his neck far ahead and gazing intently downwards, suddenly he lunged head first into the water and appeared a moment

after, diving side by side with the salmon. Happily for him, Mr. Lewis had been trained to swim in the strong running rivers of Canada, and though now encumbered with heavy wading boots, he struck out so vigorously that he soon reached the shore.

February 26.—The water was clear, but still too high for good fishing. Mr. Lewis began at Rosebank stream, while I remained at Sprouston to write letters. During the afternoon I joined him and fished for a short time. Mr. Lewis landed three kelts and I one, in all about 50 lbs. weight.

February 27.—By this time the water was in excellent order, and I fished the south side of Sprouston Dub with a wind so boisterous that I had again and again to sit down lest it should blow me overboard. At such times it is that the fish rise boldly, and this day was no exception to the rule. I rose 21 fish, of which I ran 14, and succeeded in landing 10. All were kelts and had to be returned to the river, but we estimated their weight at 107 lbs. Meanwhile Mr. Lewis fished at Birgham, and landed 6 fish = 93 lbs., running also two more.

February 28.—Important letters recalled me to Durham.

April 24.—My fishing this day was for trout in the 'Butterwash stream,' in front of my lodgings. I soon captured two bull trout and ran a third of about 6 lbs. weight. Next my fly was seized by a large salmon kelt, which in spite of my most careful coaxing ran out the whole length of line, and so made off with the lure. Five large common trout were added to my creel during the morning, and at 1 o'clock I joined Mr. Cundill and Mr. Bigge at our lodgings, and we set off to spend the afternoon among the ruins of Kelso Abbey and Rox-

burgh Castle. We saw them to great advantage. Never did the old castle look nobler than on that April day, standing picturesquely on its high grass mound, canopied by ancient trees just mantled in a cloud of tender green, and guarded by the classic waters of Teviot and Tweed.

Several days' fishing followed, on which my friends and I made baskets which, if not specially heavy, were yet sufficient to satisfy us. But not till May 3 did anything of particular interest occur.

On the morning of that day Mr. Cundill, Mr. Bigge, and I drove to Rutherford for a day's trouting. The weather was fine, and the water low and clear, necessitating the use of *very fine tackle*. My friends chose the streams near the Cauld to begin their operations, while I took a bold rough run of water about two hundred yards above the boat-house. Putting on one of James Wright's inimitable 'March-browns,' dressed on double hooks as my end fly, and attaching this and two other flies to the finest casting line in my possession, I began at the highest point of the stream and captured two bull trout and two common trout of large size. All seemed to promise a heavy basket, when a huge boil, followed by a tug, announced to me that a salmon had not disdained to include even a 'March-brown' in his morning meal. During a full quarter of an hour he ran boldly up and down the stream, springing from the water several times, so that I ascertained him to be a fish of about 12 lbs. weight. At last, finding that he could not shake off my persevering attentions, he sulked, lay down behind a large stone, and determinately sawed the line in two. Taking a casting line and flies similar to the last, I recommenced at the head of the stream, and in less than a quarter of an hour hooked another salmon, evidently

larger than his predecessor. Warned by experience, my attention was now directed to keeping clear of the point of danger, while the fish seemed as determinately bent on making for it. The long struggle that ensued was as to whether he should make this stone his asylum or not. My rod was a light one, 13 ft. 1 in. in length, and made for single-handed trouting with fly. By an unfortunate mistake I had on leaving Sprouston placed in my pocket an old worn-out reel which had not more than six yards of spare line, and in the middle of this was a knot such as could with difficulty be made to pass through the rings of the rod. Such were the frail materials with which I had to do battle with the largest salmon I had ever hooked with a trout fly.

The salmon proved 'game.' Never resting for a moment, up and down the stream he sped, and away to the opposite side with a rapidity which kept me not only reeling up and letting off line with all my might, but also running in and out of the stream, and frequently far into the heavy, deep water, where I kept my footing with difficulty. Many times, my spare line being run out, my only resource was to cast the rod into the water and allow the fish to drag it at his will, until by dropping down stream he allowed me to recover it.

The current ran strong and rapid, ending in a long, shallow ford. Below that lay the Cauld Pool, by the side of which the fish could not be followed, the rocks on the river bank allowing no passage; so my only resource would have been to swim after him. It was not possible for me to measure the length of this long and severe contest. Long and severe it was, but at last the fish began to show signs of relenting, and gradually dropped down to the Ford. Here I succeeded in coaxing him into water not above three or four inches deep, and he

lay on his side panting. I looked round for some friendly assistance, but my brother anglers were out of sight, and the fisherman John Aitkin was too far off to hear my cries, which were doubtless feeble through exhaustion. The work was plainly to be done alone, and a critical moment I found it. Shortening line I attempted to approach the fish, but the time for coming into such close quarters had not arrived. Away he went on his side for upwards of ten yards, splashing in a style that seemed to destroy all hopes of his capture; only the most equal and gentle handling could have held him.

Having gained the deep part of the Ford, the salmon began dropping down to the Cauld Pool. This would never have done, so shortening line and running into the middle of the stream below the fish I commenced a great splashing in the water, and showed myself as much as possible. The ruse was successful; the salmon was 'gliffed,' as I intended, and up stream he rushed as furiously as when first hooked, then true to his instinct he made for his first hold near to the fatal stone. Steady pressure was again applied, and the fish, maddened by the coercion, sprang many times into the air and attempted to lash the line with his tail; nothing but holding the rod upright prevented a catastrophe. With a gentle but firm hand he was gradually drawn to the shallow water at the foot of the pool, where line was once more shortened and the fish lay on his side gasping convulsively. I paused a moment for thought, and then, though the water was some inches deep, I threw myself upon the prize, which vainly wriggled beneath my chest while I inserted my fingers beneath the gill cover.

My prize was soon laid upon the bank; the struggle over, my brain began to swim round and round, and I

fell upon the green bank as helpless as the fish itself. Victor and victim lay in equal unconsciousness side by side, for how long I do not know, but happily my situation was seen from the opposite bank by the fisherman's daughter, who pulled across the river to my assistance. A dram of whiskey and a few moments of rest restored me, and I was able to appreciate my wonderful success. Before me was a beautiful kepper salmon of $19\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. weight, with both hooks of the small 'March-Brown' firmly embedded in his mouth.

Larger fish may perchance have been captured by anglers with fine trout tackle in other rivers, though of this I feel doubtful, since I placed a challenge in the 'Field' newspaper which produced no response; but the oldest fishermen in the Tweed say that the feat has no parallel in that river. The salmon was carefully stuffed by Mr. Proctor, of Durham, and still rests in a glass case hard by my accustomed chair.

There are few anglers who cannot point to some exploit which has taxed their powers to the utmost. The foregoing incident was the great event of my angling life, while the following history, as told by my friend Mr. Culley, speaks of a similar feat in another of our northern rivers:—

'A truly exciting scene was the capture of my first salmon, in the Glen, near Kirknewton, now many years ago. I had gone out in the morning unattended, had hooked a good fish, and had lost him for want of assistance. I may say that salmon then came seldom so far up the Glen except in heavy floods, but there had just been a very heavy flood, and there were plenty of fish. Returning to the Vicarage in great disgust, I procured the services of my woodman, J. Thompson, jun., and went again to the river, selecting a pretty pool under

a high craggy bank, half-way between Lanton Mill and the adjoining Ford.

‘A fish soon came, rising short; in a few minutes came an unmistakeable pull, and the run of a lovely fish, who quitting the pool, almost immediately went at a most alarming rate down stream, for about three-quarters of a mile, causing us to run after him through or over every obstacle as fast as we could.

‘So little did I know of salmon-fishing at this time that I was using a diminutive single-handed rod of about 11 ft. long, with a small whitling fly and a trout fly on the gut line, so that I had scarcely any control over the fish, who bolted into a new-made weir at the opposite side—a hideous place bristling with projecting boughs. Here he lay, and I tugged at him in vain.

‘At last Thompson plunged through the river (it was late in October), and from the top of the weir prodded down with a long pole, and succeeded in ejecting our fish. The creature went down into the next pool, and here the work began in earnest. So far the fight had occupied three-quarters of an hour, but in this pool it was continued for an hour and three-quarters longer. It was dreadfully tiresome and fatiguing, but the trouble and discomfort fell chiefly on my faithful attendant. The fish’s tactics were twofold. He made occasional wild attempts to bolt down stream, which would have been fatal, as a little further down the river was full of recently fallen trees, where he must have broken us; so at each rush Thompson dashed into the water up to his waist, and the passage being narrow, always succeeded in turning him back into the pool. Between these rushes the fish sulked, lying like a log at the bottom of the pool until my attendant waded in and stirred him up with a pole, upon which he rushed for the outlet, Thompson flying to be there before him.

‘How often this was repeated I cannot say; meantime the top joint of the rod broke, but this gave me a rather heavier hold on the fish, who at last began to turn on his side. It had been dark for some time, and we were almost disposed to break off the tackle in despair, when suddenly Thompson plunged into the water and reappeared with the fish in his arms! We laid him down and gazed in speechless admiration, *i.e.* as far as the darkness permitted. Thompson was but just in time, for the hook (the fish had taken the trout fly) was bent nearly to a right angle. Strange to say, the fish was a grilse of only $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and was not hooked foul.’

About this time (A.D. 1861) a storm which had long been brewing culminated in the determination of several gentlemen never again to fish the Tweed for trout. The Parliamentary Act of 1857 had produced a general and loyal desire to give effect to its provisions, and so to recover for this beautiful river its ancient celebrity. It unfortunately happened either that the Tweed Commissioners were not happy in their selection of water bailiffs, or that the bailiffs, dressed in their brief authority, exceeded the instructions of their masters, as they certainly passed the limits of decency and discretion. During April and May the banks of the river were generally crowded with anglers of all grades and all ages, and it was the bailiffs’ duty to see that no young fry of any fish of the salmon kind were captured either by persons aware or unaware of the offence committed. Now as regards the young of the salmon there can never at any time be a doubt; their appearance is always sufficiently distinctive; but with the young of the bull trout it is far otherwise. These latter fish have not, as a rule, by the month of April

assumed the silver mail in which they take their journey to the sea, and before they don their salt water garb their appearance is almost identical with that of the common trout. Indeed, the resemblance is so great that I have often seen the produce of a day's sport laid on the grass, the opinions of professional fishermen taken as to which were bull trout fry, and different verdicts given by judges equally experienced in all matters connected with fishing.

Few who know the difficulty of the case would speak positively in it. What shall we say, then, of water bailiffs, with an assumption of certain knowledge, coolly swearing in the magisterial courts that such and such fish were fry of the salmon kind, and magistrates, on such evidence, entering convictions against gentlemen who neither intended to break the law nor believed they had done so? How shall we speak of water bailiffs seizing the proceeds of an hour's angling of a lady and little boy, and casting fish and basket into the river with language unfit for them to listen to? Or how excuse the seizing of the basket and rod of an aged clergyman, and throwing both into the stream? These and such-like glaring outrages were perpetrated within my knowledge, and much ill-feeling they produced, but happily of late years I have heard less of such disgraceful doings.

A.D. 1862.—*February 24.* I fished the Edenmouth water with James Kerss. The river was in excellent order, and the wind blew freshly from the south-east. I thought it strange that with such advantages I only captured one small grilse. Mr. Lewis fished at Birgham Dub, rose 10 fish, and landed 3 of them.

February 25.—The day's beat was on the south side of Sprouston Dub with Charles Kerss, and both

wind and water were all that could have been desired. I rose 4 fish, and missed them all; then putting on the minnow I had 6 runs from which I landed 3 fish. Mr. Lewis fished at Rosebank and rose 8 fish, landing 4 of them.

February 26.—I began the day at Hempseed Ford. The water was very white and I tried the fly without success. Late in the afternoon I put on my minnow tackle, and within an hour ran 7 fish, landing 5 of them. One of those which got away was a clean salmon, and he made such an excellent run that I deemed his capture safe. Mr. Lewis fished at Birgham Dub with minnow, and had 3 runs, landing 2 fish.

February 27.—Again I fished the south side of Sprouston Dub, and again wind and water were in my favour. My difficulty arose from a scarcity of minnows, of which I had only seven. With these I had 7 runs and landed 5 fish = to 59 lbs. I had also excellent runs with the two fish that got away.

April 23.—A large party was now gathered at Sprouston. I found there Dr. Holden with his two eldest sons, Captain Burrell and Mr. William Greenwell, and we were soon joined by Mr. W. G. Wooler. The Tweed being flooded, Dr. Holden and his sons, Captain Burrell and I went to the Bowmont. The wind was unpleasantly high. I took only 20 trout.

April 24.—Dr. Holden, Captain Burrell, Mr. Wooler and I fished at Rutherford. The river was of a good colour, but high. I killed 23 fine trout.

April 25.—Rain was falling heavily when Burrell, Wooler and I drove over the hills to the Bowmont. We found the water high and slightly discoloured. My fishing was with worm, and I took 26 good trout.

April 26.—The Tweed being in full flood I went again to the Bowmont, where I found many anglers at work, tempted by the discoloured state of the water. I killed only 25 small trout.

April 28.—On this, our last day, Dr. Holden and one of his sons went with me to Rutherford. The water was very high but clear, the sun shone brightly, and the fish rose so short at the fly that their capture was difficult. I killed only 15 trout, but fortune brought me some excitement in the shape of a long run with a salmon and another with a sea trout. Both unfortunately got away. In the evening we returned to Durham, well pleased with our trip.

I have, so far, said but little of the fishing of my friend Mr. P. S. Wilkinson, for though we had at this time been partakers of the Wark salmon fishery for eight years it had seldom happened that we were there at the same time. Thus it was not possible for me to chronicle his doings. When our partnership began, I naturally imagined that my experience of salmon-fishing as practised in the Tweed gave me a certain advantage over my friend, and accordingly I recommended him to put aside his accustomed flies, and to fish with the most celebrated Tweed models, such as the White-wing, Double-white-tip, Doctor, or Ranger. He did make some trial of these, but soon returned to his former favourites, which being formed chiefly after one fashion, appeared to me to present too little variety. Old James was in no little distress about it; he could not imagine how salmon at Wark could be killed with strange flies, and said to me very ruefully, 'The Captain jist believes in fleas o' his ain graithing, an they're a' kizzens, jist as like as peas.' I fully agreed with James and went on my old way, while Mr. Wilkinson

was equally constant to his favourite flies. After a few days, however, both James and I found cause to moderate our conceit, and the old man, after looking round to make sure that no one else heard the admission, confessed to me one day, 'I've jist been thinking that after a' the Captain may be reet, for aw dinna see but he kills as mony fish as ither folk, an maybe mair.' This was undeniable, and the present year was to bear witness to James's experience.

The delicate health both of my wife and of myself necessitated a long Continental tour in the autumn of this year, and thus I lost the best season for salmon-fishing except that of 1873, which has occurred in the present generation. Frequent, but not excessive rains, were the chief feature of the autumn. These kept the shallow pools and streams of Wark generally in fishing order, and the successful angling of Mr. Wilkinson and other friends made the place and the season famous. Having myself no notes respecting the sport of this memorable year, I gladly, with Mr. Wilkinson's permission, insert some of the memoranda taken by him at the time. The following extracts from letters written by him to me will, I am sure, be read with interest.

'Respecting the angling season of 1862, the principal features of my sport that autumn consisted in the absence of a single blank day during the nineteen days on which I fished at Wark, from October 29 to November 24—in the large number of fish taken by myself and by other rods there during the first few days of that period, and also in the number of large fish taken, at a time when the increase in the size of Tweed salmon had only just begun to be noticed. The total produce of my rod in the 19 days was 114 fish = 1,762 lbs. weight, an average of exactly 6 fish per day; the best day's

sport being 13 fish = 235 lbs., and the worst 2 fish = 28 lbs. weight. There were only two days during this time when the water was not fishable, but it had been in flood for some weeks before October 29, and it was frozen over when I was driven home on November 25. During the five days from October 30 to November 4, omitting Sunday, my rod killed as follows :—

October 30.	.	.	8 fish = 88½ lbs. weight
" 31.	.	.	13 " = 235 " "
November 1.	.	.	13 " ¹ = 165 " "
" 3.	.	.	9 " = 111 " "
" 4.	.	.	5 " = 55 " "

‘ On this last day I only fished the Cuddy Hole after Lord Tankerville, who had all the water, and killed 10 fish = 154 lbs. weight.

‘ In the first four of these days your rod killed as follows :—

October 30,	Messrs. Grey and Scurfield	5 fish
" 31,	" "	15 "
November 1,	" "	7 "
" 3,	Mr. Teale.	10 "

‘ Thus the total of my rod for these four days was 43 fish = 600 lbs.; and the total of the two rods in the four days was 80 fish. By adding Lord Tankerville’s day (the 4th), we get as the total of Wark in five days, 95 fish.

‘ I consider, however, that my most remarkable days in the season were the first and last. The first was on October 29, when the Dub was at a height at which old James Scott said he had never seen a fish killed there; yet in the lower part of it I killed 5 fish = 95½ lbs. weight. The last day was November 24,

¹ Three of these taken by Sir J. R. Carnac.

when the frost was intense, the sun very bright, the water low and clear, and the day quite still. Yet from the south side of the Dub, in water as smooth as glass, with the low sun throwing my shadow right across the fish, I killed during two hours 7 fish = 95 lbs.

‘ It only remains to mention the weights of the large fish taken by my rod, and I give those of 24 lbs. and upwards :—

5 fish of 24 lbs. weight	1 fish of 27½ lbs. weight
2 " " 24½ " "	4 " " 28 " "
2 " " 25 " "	1 " " 29 " "
2 " " 26 " "	1 " " 33 " "
2 " " 27 " "	1 " " 34 " "

‘ On some days, the fish I took averaged heavy weights; thus on November 14, among 7 fish which I took, I had 28½ lbs., 26, 25, and 24½; and on November 21 I had, among 6 fish, 28 lbs., 28, 24½, and 24.

‘ Before closing my account of the season, I will exhibit the other side of the picture by narrating some circumstances connected with the most unlucky and unhappy day’s angling I ever experienced, to which even now I cannot revert without a pang of regret for a great opportunity lost. It was November 3, and I fished Wark Dub, which, after the long series of floods, had run down to a capital size, though growing rather clear. I had previously been fishing with flood-size hooks, and had only tied one of a smaller size the night before as more suited to the present state of the water. The first fish I hooked was a very large bright salmon, which at its first rush ran right across the Dub, then back and down stream, by which course it sunk my line, which hitched on a stone in mid-stream and itself broke away, drawing the hook out of the fly.

Having no more flies of the right size, I was obliged for the rest of the day to fish with hooks far too large for the water, and the result was, that while I hooked and ran 20 fish, some of very large size, I only landed 9 of the smallest among them. Besides these, I had touches or slight hold of full 20 more. The Dub was swarming with fish, and I felt quite convinced that with smaller flies I might have taken 20 good fish. In connection with this day's angling, I may mention that I found the fly from which the hook had been drawn was uninjured in the wing, so I slipped another hook into the vacant hole in the head, lashed down the loop, and remade the silver body; and with the fly thus resuscitated I had ample revenge. It never lost a fish that took it, and must have killed some 20 fish during the remainder of that season.

'There was one great day at Floors in the 1862 season, when Mr. Philip Egerton landed 16 or 17 fish, which weighed 284 lbs.'

CHAPTER XXI.

‘When genial spring a living warmth bestows,
And o’er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal currents glide within their bounds,
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun and skim along the lake;
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams,
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with every watery snare;
His hooks, his lines peruse with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rod retie.’—JOHN GAY.

JUVENILE ANGLERS—FISHINGS WITH MR. BRINTON—‘DAFT JOCK’—
FISHINGS WITH MY SON—MR. GREENWELL’S SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT
—NOTICE OF MR. CULLEY’S ANGLING.

A.D. 1863.—April 18 was the beginning of a delightful week which I spent at Sprouston with my wife, our little daughter Bertha, and Mr. Cundill. Our fishings were in the lovely streams at Rutherford. Mr. Cundill and I pursued our sport with satisfactory success, while my wife and child strolled along the lovely banks of the river or rested in the fisherman’s bright cheerful cottage, where at midday a dish of trout dressed in a coating of oatmeal awaited us, a meal which with our good appetites a Prince might have envied.

One morning we found the fisherman and his wife absent, nor did they return till late in the afternoon. They had been at the funeral of a friend some miles away, and on our asking whether there had been a large gathering, our hostess replied in scornful accents, ‘A’ it was a puir affair a’ the gither. There was na ae mon fou; it was a puir affair.’ Here was an expression of the general feeling of the Borderers as to the importance of the ancient virtue of hospitality. My friends were themselves perfectly sober persons, but they expected that the usual consequences of feasting should be apparent on such a solemn occasion.

June 9.—My visit to the Glen was now varied by my having for companions my wife, our three eldest girls, and Mr. Brinton. The children were very young, their united ages being short of thirty years. A father must be an enthusiastic angler to enjoy thoroughly as I did seeing his little girls each with rod in hand and tiny creels upon the shoulder wildly casting their lines into places where assuredly no fish were to be found, while ever and anon he was employed in releasing their hooks from branches of trees, grass and stones, nay often from their own frocks and hats. All places and things seemed to possess a magnetic attraction for their lines, and so eager were the trio that every moment lost in the necessary extrications seemed to them a cruel deprivation of happiness. Consigning the little people at last to the care of Mr. Jones the keeper, Mr. Brinton and I pursued our separate fishings. My friend’s take was very satisfactory, considering that up to this time he had not had much practice in fishing for trout. My success was far above the average, being 104 fish, chiefly captured with the ‘Greenwell’s Glory’ fly.

On rejoining the children we found them almost

wild with excitement, each claiming instant attention to her own capture. The results proved to be:—

Lucy	2 trout and 1 eel
Mildred	6 „
Bertha	7 „

June 10.—The rain fell so heavily that it was impossible for my wife and children to leave their snug quarters at Wooler Cottage. Mr. Brinton and I however were not daunted by such a trifle as a soaking rain, and donning our waterproofs we proceeded to fish the water above Coupland. My take was fifty good fish, Mr. Brinton's twenty-six, the most killing fly being the Yellow body with starling wing.

June 11.—The flood was so high as to preclude all possibility of fishing.

June 12.—Mr. Brinton and I drove to the water above Coupland, but we found it so swollen that we proceeded to the College. Here to my surprise I killed only forty-eight fish, while, stranger still, twenty-four of these were taken with fly in one pool within half an hour; indeed, the take was exactly one fish per second of time.

June 13.—The river had by this time subsided to a moderate height, and its deep porter colour was exactly suited to the efforts of the juvenile angler. So placing the children under the guidance of Mr. Jones, Mr. Brinton and I pursued our fishing above Coupland. My friend had very good success, and my bumper basket, including one sea trout, more than satisfied me. On our return I found the two younger girls fishing the 'split streams' below the Cauld, while their sister was to be seen a hundred yards lower down struggling with a large sea trout, which kept repeatedly springing out of the water to the young lady's no small alarm. Unhappily,

just as I drew near to render the much needed aid, the fish broke away. The young angler looked very sad, indeed I am not sure that a tear did not lurk in the corner of her eye. It was indeed a trial to lose by far the largest fish of the day. The baskets when examined showed:—

Lucy	7 trout and 1 sea trout
Mildred	11 „
Bertha. . . .	7 „ and 1 sea trout

All the fish were of good size, and when we clustered round the fire that evening each was captured over again, amid many a merry laugh such as only comes from those who have the sunshine of the breast.

June 15.—Mr. Brinton having returned home, I once more fished the river above Coupland. The water was in beautiful order, the sky darkened by slight showers. The fish were feeding continuously throughout the day, and I captured, chiefly with fly, a splendid basket of trout, as well as two sea trout. The total weight was 28 lbs. My attendant was one of those ‘unfortunates’ who on the Borders commonly go by the name of ‘daft.’ I had not hitherto studied the idiosyncrasy of these beings, but experience has convinced me that in many who are considered half-witted cunning combines with folly if it does not predominate over it. Sir Walter Scott brings this out in his delineations of Guse Gibbie and David Gellatley. Saunders Saunderson calls this last an ‘innocent,’ yet describes him as more knave than fool. The same might have been said of the lad who attended me. I learned afterwards from the keeper, Mr. Jones, that he had been observed by some labourers taking fish again and again out of the creel he carried and throwing them into the furze bushes which lined the river bank. On the following day the

labourers, searching these bushes, found a considerable quantity of trout, which, with many a laugh at 'daft Jock's' trick, they appropriated to their own supper, mightily enjoying the rogue's discomfiture, when, on his second visit to the river, he found—nothing.

The children again fished the stream which had already so well repaid their labours. Their success was :—

Lucy .	8 trout and 2 sea trout
Mildred 13 „	one of them above 1 lb. weight
Bertha . 16 „	1 perch and 1 eel

In the evening Mr. P. S. Wilkinson joined our party.

June 16.—The showers of yesterday had partially flooded the river and limited my destructiveness. The results of the day were :—

Lucy	10 trout
Mildred	11 „
Bertha	9 „

while my basket weighed but 12 lbs. Thus ended the most enjoyable week's fishing I have ever known, and one which I believe has left its impress for life on the minds of the three children.

My son Captain Henderson returned about this time from South Africa, where he had been stationed so far in the interior as to afford him splendid shooting both of large and small game. In spite of the long period which had elapsed since his hand had been acquainted with a rod, he was anxious to revisit the valley of the Glen; so we hastened there on the morning of June 21, and reached Akeld Bridge in time to begin our fishing at 3.30 P.M. The water was clear, but not low; and as evening drew on the sky became dark with strong wind. The fish took boldly, and our creels when weighed showed :—

William Henderson	.	.	47 trout = $14\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.
Captain Henderson	.	.	37 „ = $12\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.

June 22.—My son could not as yet forget his African tastes, and hearing that Mr. Jones had some beautiful sporting dogs, the first hours of the morning were given to their inspection, so that we did not begin fishing till 11 A.M. The sky was then dark and a high wind made fishing difficult, but in the afternoon all was changed, the wind fell and the sun shone so brightly that the fish came but shyly to the fly. We fished from Coupland to College Bridge and the result was :—

William Henderson	.	78 trout = 20 lbs. weight
Captain Henderson	.	57 trout = 15 „ „

June 23.—We drove to Coupland, and arrived there in time to begin our fishing at 10.45 A.M. It was a bright sunny day with little wind. The fish were shy and very difficult to take, and it was only by perseverance that we accomplished :—

William Henderson	.	.	.	.	54 trout
Captain Henderson	.	.	.	.	51 „

June 24.—This morning we changed the scene by going to the Till. My son fished the streams below Old Bewick Bridge, while I attempted to fill my creel from those above. The water was low, and much discoloured by sheep-washing. These disadvantages together with a hot glaring sun told sadly against us. Our baskets were :—

William Henderson	.	.	.	.	27 small fish
Captain Henderson	.	.	.	.	49 good fish

We returned the same evening to Durham.

At this time my friend Mr. Culley of Coupland had three noteworthy days' fishing in the Glen. On June 26 in the Lanton water, which being shallower was much clearer than where we were fishing, he took with

worm 34 lbs. of trout, some fish weighing 1 lb. each or more. On the following day, fishing from Glenly Ford to the Fox Holes, he took $24\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of trout and a sea trout. On June 23 in the Lower Akeld, which was full and coloured, he killed with worm $30\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of trout and 2 sea trout, in all 34 lbs.; thus making a total of 94 lbs. in the three days' sport.

During the autumn of this year I made two unsuccessful attempts at salmon-fishing. My first visit to Sprouston began on September 14, and though I fished carefully during six days I only took one salmon of any size. It weighed 25 lbs. My second visit was on the 22nd, when I again fished for six days, but the water was so flooded that the work was hopeless.

The present is deemed an age of progress--by us who dwell in it. Possibly posterity may smile at our conceit when they compare what we leave behind us with the almost indestructible relics of Egypt and of Rome, the statuary of Greece, or the glories of Raphael and Correggio. Over-civilization and luxury may bring effeminacy and decay; another influx of barbarians may sweep over us, and the New Zealander be found on the ruins of London Bridge. Meanwhile every man who adds his unit of discovery to the common stock will be hailed as a benefactor, and in particular let me add that he who makes a marked discovery in the art of angling has earned his place in the general Valhalla.

Such a discovery was made about this time by Mr. William Greenwell. The scene was Sprouston Dub, when the water was unusually clear and its surface lay glistening in the sunshine as smooth as a sheet of glass. The salmon had for many days been in fisherman's parlance 'set up,' *i.e.* nothing would induce them to move from their resting places deep down in the water. At

this time when all angling seemed hopeless it occurred to Mr. Greenwell to try an experiment altogether contrary to ordinary practice. Adopting flies which are generally used in low water, he sunk them as deep as was possible without actually touching the rocks and gravel, and then played the line slowly and with little motion. Happily he was not contented with an isolated trial, but persevering during several consecutive days he ascertained that, though the fish would not move in the morning, yet no sooner had the sun begun to decline than they began to take as freely as they would have done with a good curl on the Dub, and they continued on the alert till dark. Fishing in this manner from the north side of the Dub, Mr. Greenwell generally killed his three, four, or even five salmon per diem, but when the same system was tried by other anglers from the south side it proved less successful.

In November I went to Sprouston accompanied by my son Captain Henderson, and we began our fishing at Wark on the 16th of the month. My beat was the upper, his the lower water. The river was in good order, and a refreshing breeze from the south gave augury of a good day's sport. The angler's reveille seemed addressed to us

Haste away ! haste away ! for the south wind is blowing
And rippling so gently the face of the stream,
Which neither too full, nor too fine, yet is flowing
Now clouded, now bright with a sunshiny gleam.¹

And never did I see so many fish show themselves as on this day. Seldom did five minutes pass without a large salmon springing above the water. Indeed their frantic movements soon convinced me that instinct had forewarned them of the approach of rain, and so it

¹ Newcastle Fisher's Garlands, page 213.

came to pass; in the afternoon it rained heavily. I had however killed first in the 'Snipe' and Dub five salmon weighing respectively 25 lbs., $24\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., 20 lbs., 18 lbs., and $17\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; as well as a grilse of 8 lbs.; in all $113\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. My son killed in the Ana-side stream and Cuddy Hole three salmon of 27 lbs., 22 lbs., and $19\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. = $68\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

We were not able to wield our rods again till the 19th of the month, and even then the river was far too high. My take was only a bull trout, and my son's two grilse.

November 20.—This day was given by my son to partridge-shooting, Lord Tankerville having kindly sent his keeper to accompany him over a part of his estate. During a short trial on Sprouston Dub I killed, to my surprise, a salmon of 21 lbs. and a beautifully shaped grilse of 10 lbs. Mr. Culley, fishing at Wark in place of my son, captured a fine salmon of 32 lbs., over which the elder Scott was greatly excited.

November 21.—My son again went with Lord Tankerville's keeper, while I pursued my fishing in the 'Snipe and Dub at Wark. I took two salmon of $25\frac{1}{2}$ and $24\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., a grilse of 8 lbs., and a bull trout kelt of 11 lbs.; = 69 lbs. weight; all taken with the Durham Ranger fly. I had also three long runs with large fish that eventually got away.

November 22.—The river was in high flood.

November 23.—The river was still too high for fishing, but being weary with idleness Mr. Hey and I went in the afternoon to Wark, and spite of the fisherman's assurances that it would be of no use, made a short trial at the foot of the Dub. To the surprise of everyone Mr. Hey with my rod hooked a salmon. The fish was much aided by the strength of the water, but after a long

run it was killed, and proved to be a fine new-run salmon, weighing 19 lbs.

November 24.—On this my last day of the season I started very early for Wark, and breakfasted at the fisherman's cottage. The water was still high and dirty; accordingly I only captured one salmon of $21\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. and another of 13 lbs. In the evening we returned home.

From this time to the year 1874 I have no regular record of my fishings either for salmon or trout, and but few memoranda, yet during these years I had many a pleasant tour with friends the memory of which I would gladly cherish. I chiefly fished with Mr. Culley of Coupland Castle, sometimes at Wark and Sprouston, sometimes in the Glen. So far I have not observed in myself much change in my powers of fishing for salmon, but alas! it is not so as regards trout. By comparing my daily successes with those of Mr. Culley, I feel how much I have lost with advancing years, the agility and dash of early manhood giving place gradually to an easy-going quietude which does not fill the creel. Often am I tempted with Coleridge to exclaim

When I was young? Ah woeful when!
Ah for the change 'twixt Now and Then!

I am perfectly conscious however that in my best days my fishing never equalled Mr. Culley's. His style and success were all but unrivalled even on the Borders, which is saying a good deal, for the Border anglers are a vast army, and it is acknowledged universally that on their own streams they may bid defiance to all the world.

CHAPTER XXII.

'Oh the gallant fisher's life
 It is the best of any ;
 'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
 And is beloved by many.
 Other joys
 Are but toys
 Only this
 Lawful is ;
 For our skill
 Breeds no ill
 But content and pleasure.'

From 'The Complete Angler.'

LAST INTERVIEW WITH MR. BROWN, OF LONGFORMACUS—MR. WILLIAM
 GREENWELL'S BEST DAY—A REMARKABLE DAY IN THE BUTTERWASH—
 MR. BOND'S GREAT DAY IN SPROUSTON DUB—DEATH OF MRS. JOHNSTON
 —CONTEST RESPECTING LUMLEY LOCK—ASSOCIATION FOR THE PRE-
 SERVATION OF THE RIVER WEAR—A NOTEWORTHY DAY IN THE WEAR
 —MIGRATION OF EELS—CAPTAIN HENDERSON AT SPROUSTON DUB AND
 OLD BEWICK—MAY BY THE GLEN—FINAL ADVENTURE WITH A BULL.

A.D. 1864.—It was towards the close of April that I
 met for the last time Mr. Brown, of Longformacus. I
 was fishing for trout by the waterside at Rutherford when
 I found him seated in a boat and similarly engaged.
 He was evidently in ill health, but the ruling passion
 was still strong within. In spite of his feebleness his
 spirit seemed to rise when looking on the streams he

loved so well, and the rod to know his practised hand, as trout after trout yielded to the spell. His greeting was more than cordial, and after a long conversation such as attests the true brotherhood of anglers, he turned to John Aitken his fisherman, saying, 'Be sure that Mr. Henderson and his friends have fishing whenever he wishes it.' I had for many years enjoyed the kind permission of this most generous man on the Rutherford water; and little did I think that this meeting was to be our last on earth. A few months later he was resting with his forefathers, leaving behind him the memory of one of the kindest of men.

A.D. 1865.—During a long career a successful angler must needs have many days of good sport, of which, however, memory recalls but few particulars. But his best day! *the very best* he ever had! that is fondly remembered and enjoyed over again in sleeping and waking dreams. Knowing that Mr. William Greenwell had during this year one such memorable day's sport, I applied to him for the particulars, and give them in his own words.

'The best day I have ever had was at Floors, late in October, when I killed seventeen fish, viz. twelve salmon and five grilse, having in all hooked twenty. One of these taking with a barb against a bone, the barb broke, and so he got off; another which I struck took away the hook, the gut being cut too close to the hook, so that it drew; a third rose shyly, was played for twenty minutes, and then the hold gave. I could only have killed one more fish than I did, for the two first were off at once, and another hooked immediately. I started at 11 A.M., and never rose a fish after 4 P.M., having reserved the best bit of water for that usually choice time of day. I have forgotten the exact weight;

I fancy it was 275 lbs. "The Greenwell" fly did most execution, and I fished with very small hooks and fine single gut.'

A.D. 1866.—The late Lord Hume used to say, 'In all my long experience of salmon-fishing, I do not think I have averaged more than two really good days a year.' Now had his lordship said two really great days I might have agreed with him. Salmon-fishing is of all sports the most uncertain. It is so seldom that the right size and colour of water are accompanied by a brisk wind, and a sky cloudy yet disdaining the adornment of 'powthered wigs.' And when all these circumstances conspire to meet the angler's wish, disappointment often awaits him unless there has been a recent run of fish or the salmon chance to be in what the fishermen call 'a taking mood.' When they are in the mood there are sometimes unexpected successes, just to keep the salmon-fisher from being down-hearted. During the autumn of this year Mr. William Greenwell experienced one of these exceptional days, and I am glad to give the account of it in his own words.

'The water was so low that no one could possibly have expected a fish to be lying there. Scarcely a fish had been killed anywhere about for several days, and the "Bushes" had been fruitlessly tried day after day in the vain hope that a new-run fish might have taken up his quarters there, and rise to the fly. After the usual attempt at the "Bushes," I accidentally cast my eye up the river, and saw a salmon roll over about the middle of the "Butterwash." I mentioned the fact to Sandy Smith, my boatman, who was incredulous, and declared it to be quite out of the question that a fish should be there, the water being in the low condition in which it was. However I was certain I had seen a fish, and

so we rowed to the spot, where the first cast brought him up to be hooked and landed. Eleven other fish were afterwards landed, every one indeed that rose, and, I believe, every one that was in this short and shallow cast. I have no doubt they had been driven out of the "Bushes" by the constant passing of boats and casting of lines, and never having seen a fly in the "Butterwash" before my lucky attempt, they freely rose to it.'

Knowing that Mr. Bond had a great day on Sprouston Dub towards the end of November, I applied to him for the particulars, which in his own words are as follows.

'I began the day unluckily. As soon as I started I hooked the biggest fish I have ever seen on a line. There can be no mistake as to this, for I fought him a full hour, during which time he threw himself out of the water at least fifty times, and we saw him as plainly as if we had had him in the boat. At last the fly came clean away, so little injured that it killed several fish afterwards. Such was my beginning! Then my luck changed, and from that time till it was dark I was never for ten minutes without a fish on my hook. I only changed my fly once, and still keep both in remembrance of the day. One is a Silver Doctor, the other a plain Dark-winged Tweed fly. At night I had twelve salmon and a grilse, of the aggregate weights of 252 lbs. The weights of each were $37\frac{1}{2}$, 28, 26, $24\frac{1}{2}$, 21, 19, $17\frac{1}{2}$, $15\frac{1}{2}$, $14\frac{1}{2}$, 14, 14, 12, and $8\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. You will see that six average 26 lbs., and the whole above 19 lbs. each. This was the most slaughtering day's fishing that I have ever had or witnessed.'

A.D 1867.—This year is marked by one sad memory for all the visitors at Sprouston. Our simple-minded kindly-hearted landlady passed to her eternal rest. I

never knew a more practical Christian, or one who in her humble sphere more thoroughly won the esteem and regard of both rich and poor. She was buried in the kirkyard of Sprouston, where a simple but well cut gravestone covers her remains. The inscription is

TO THE MEMORY OF
 ANDREW PLUMMER JOHNSTON
 WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 29, 1859, AGED 63 YEARS
 AND WAS BURIED AT ECKFORD.
 AND OF
 AGNES TROTTER
 HIS WIFE
 WHO DIED DECEMBER 21, 1867, AGED 76 YEARS.

This stone is erected in token of regard and esteem for their simple worth, by several gentlemen who at various times were lodgers under their roof.

A.D. 1868.—Upwards of thirty years had now elapsed since the public, indignant at the persistent closing of Lumley Lock on the river Wear, brought the tenant of the Earl of Scarborough to trial in the Courts of Durham. Mr. H. J. Marshall¹ prosecuted the case with such vigour and skill that the man Curry was convicted, and his nets burnt in front of the County Courts, amid the loud acclamations of the populace. This was followed by a wide-spread agitation, which culminated in a petition to the Bishop of Durham that he would not again grant a lease of the Lock and Fishery to Lord Scarborough, but would transfer it to a body of gentlemen in trust for the public. The petition was signed by nearly all the nobility and gentry of the county, and under the advice of Mr. R. D. Gresley the Bishop kindly granted its prayer. But little time elapsed ere, with

¹ For upwards of twenty years Mr. H. J. Marshall acted as lawyer to the association without charge or remuneration.

Mr. Gresley's approval, I took possession of the Lock, while Mr. John Gowland and a band of navvies broke an opening in the stonework sufficient to allow a free run from the sea for all fish of the salmon kind. The Earl of Scarborough was so much irritated at being thus deprived of a property which his family had held for centuries under the Bishops of Durham, that he ordered an action at law to be commenced against the Bishop. Just as this had every appearance of becoming a *cause célèbre* the Earl of Scarborough died, and his successor declined to prosecute it further.

A powerful association was formed for the due preservation of the river Wear from poachers, and also, so far as the law would allow, to limit the pollution of its waters. The scheme was popularised by granting five-shilling tickets to anglers, and the fact that during twenty years there were on an average upwards of two hundred working men willing to pay that sum for the sport thus afforded, sufficiently proved that there were a great number of fish in the river. It would be too long a tale to tell how the enormous increase of population on the river banks, the pumping up of foul water from coal pits, and above all the fatal 'hush' from lead mines broke down the scheme, and in the year 1873 the association was dissolved by a unanimous vote of its members present at a meeting at Bishop Auckland. The water preserved by the association had been divided into two districts, the Western and the Eastern, the former under the able guidance of the Rev. G. P. Wilkinson of Harperley Park, the latter under my superintendence. The association was happy in its choice of secretaries; first the late Mr. John Duncan, then Mr. Herbert Robson, and lastly Mr. John Caldeleugh. All did their work well, and at the final meeting in 1873

the highest eulogy was offered to Mr. Caldeleugh, accompanied by a handsome testimonial.

During many of these years there was a considerable supply of bull trout in the river, but the capture of the true salmon was a rare event. One of the best certified instances of salmon being taken with rod and line occurred on February 27, 1868, when Mr. Crawhall of Durham and my son Captain Henderson, both too good judges to be mistaken, had an extraordinary day's sport. They began soon after 11 A.M. in a stream a short distance above Kepier Wood. The rod was first taken by Mr. Crawhall, who soon landed a grilse kelt of 5 lbs. weight, and a baggit salmon of 15 lbs. On this Mr. Crawhall returned home and my son made his essay, capturing a bull trout of $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., a salmon trout of 6 lbs., and a small common trout. Mr. Crawhall then came back, and resuming the rod rose a large fish near the place where he had landed the baggit; this was probably the male fish in attendance. Altogether for the river Wear this was a remarkable day.

A.D. 1869.—I have several times in this journal referred to adventures with eels, and on one occasion related how I saw a number of them quit their proper element and climb waterside plants in search of food. Tales are also in circulation as to eels crossing wet meadows and migrating to ponds or other waters, but it was not till the summer of this year that the wandering habits of the tribe came under my own notice. The Wark fishery has a ferry, and the boat is commonly tended by a boy. Now we know boys to be animals of prey, always ready to seize upon any living creature they can lay hold of, especially if it be of an unusual character. During the height of summer the river was very low, and the evenings were damp with heavy mists. Near to

the course of the boat lay an island, formed of gravel, which had much increased in dimensions on account of the low state of the river. To this spot the boy's attention was drawn by the unusual spectacle of several eels gliding across the gravel as if in search of food. The same thing took place on several evenings, and the result was that the boy captured a considerable number of eels, many of them being of large size.

November 25.—My son commenced his fishing at 11 o'clock on the south side of Sprouston Dub, under the guidance of Charles Keress. The water was in excellent order, but a heavy rain made it clear that this would probably be the last day of the season. Up to three o'clock, when a dog-cart arrived to convey him to Old Bewick, scarcely a minute passed in which he was not engaged with a fish. It seemed as if they could not be quiet. No sooner was the fly cast upon the water than it was seized, and the result was that within four hours he killed twelve salmon, the aggregate weight of which was 190 lbs. At three o'clock he transferred the rod to James Wright, who killed two more fish weighing 39 lbs.; thus there fell to one rod fourteen fish, in all 229 lbs., within little more than five hours. This was the best day's salmon-fishing my son ever had, but a still brighter future awaited him; in the evening he made a more important capture, the tidings of which spread a general happiness through two families, previously united in feeling, but henceforth by still stronger ties.

A.D. 1870.—The 'Sovereignty of May,' to which Wordsworth pays such devoted allegiance, is acknowledged by us all, but specially by the angler. His close intercourse with nature makes him feel all the charm of this 'Season of fancy and of hope'—he enters fully into the poet's exclamation :

Lo! streams that April could not check
Are patient of thy rule;
Gurgling in foamy water-break,
Loitering in glassy pool.

Nothing can be more delightful than to ramble in May by the side of one of our little Border rivers. The grass at this season is green, and well studded with primroses, while the young leaves upon the trees avail to shelter the fishers from the sun's rays. The trout now are fat with feeding on the myriads of flies which float upon the water, but have not yet attained the lazy apathy which in June makes them indifferent to any bait less solid than a goodly worm. During this season my fishings at Wooler were chiefly in the Glen above and below Akeld Bridge; and being in delicate health it occurred to me that it would be best to fish in the morning and evening, and rest during the afternoon. Every morning's sport with fly produced about two dozen trout before I returned to the cottage at one o'clock. Then driving to the river-side about five P.M., I used to begin at the highest point up the stretch of water which I meant to fish, putting on a set of minnow tackle.

Up to this time I had seldom fished with minnow, but I determined to give that system a fair trial during this visit to the Glen. The water was quite clear and rather low, but there was generally a wind which curled the surface of the Dubs and made the sport in them almost as good as in the streams. Taking the finest tackle and the smallest minnows I cast a long line, allowing the bait to fall close to the farther edge of the river, and playing it in a semicircle towards the bank from which I fished. Repeated trials convinced me that this plan was far better than that of deliberately playing the minnow against the stream. The fish, supposing

that the minnow was crossing the river to take shelter in the grass at the other side, naturally concluded that they had no time to lose, and therefore rushed at the decoy with such force that I generally succeeded in hooking them. Fishing in this manner, I had charming sport every evening. Eight o'clock used to find me again on my way 'to take mine ease in my inn,' and almost always with two dozen good-sized trout in my basket.

There was now scarcely a year in which, independently of other rivers, I did not through the kindness of Mr. Langlands obtain fishing in that part of the Till preserved by Mr. Cresswell. There occurred my latest, and I trust my final adventure with a bull. The scene was near the wooden structure named the Church Bridge which spans the Till about a mile below Bewick Bridge. At a distance varying from ten to twelve yards, a high hedge ran parallel with the stream, the intermediate Haugh being used for the grazing of cattle. About mid-day I heard at a little distance the bellowing of a bull, mingled with the shouts of men and yelping of dogs, and soon afterwards the infuriated beast rushed upon the scene, bursting through the hedge and galloping straight towards my unfortunate self. On one side lay the river, too deep to ford, on the other was a hedge too thick for me to attempt to get through. Now to stand in the path of a bull in such mad career demanded more valour than I just then possessed, so casting all pride to the winds I sprang down the river bank and drew myself up into the smallest possible compass under the bushes. On went the bull and on went his pursuers, till, bellowing, shouting, and yelping, all were lost in the distance. Rejoicing in my belief that I had seen the last of the brute I crept from my shelter and recommenced fish-



THILL-SIDE.

ing, when suddenly I heard him returning at mad speed up the adjoining field. He was retracing his former course, only just beyond the hedge. At that moment a herd-boy, named Tom Tulley, came in sight, carrying my luncheon on his shoulders, and attracted by the noise he rushed to the hedge to see what was going on. Here was an object on which the bull might expend his wrath, and accordingly with a horrid bellow he rushed towards the unhappy Tom. But young though he might be, Tom Tulley was a hero born, not unworthy of his Northern descent. Instead of quailing before the monster, he drew from the hedge a stout wooden stake, and as the creature rose on his legs to burst through the hedge the boy brought the stake down on his head with force enough to sober even a bull. Still the struggle went on. The bull persisted in his attempt to get through the hedge, but Tom from his post of vantage rained such a storm of blows upon his head that the beast was fairly cowed, and shaking himself went off in another direction.

I turned to my young hero, who, panting from his exertion, gasped out with much satisfaction, 'Aw did yark his heed weel!' and I believe he did not overestimate the yarking. Down we sat on the lovely grassy bank bespread with flowers to enjoy the luncheon of which Tom had certainly earned his share. The midday sun filled the air with the hum of myriads of insects, and solaced by my pipe I felt at peace with all the world, when suddenly Tom shouted, 'Here he is again!' and true enough not two hundred yards off appeared the beast in wild career making straight for us. This was really too trying! To be baited by a furious bull three times within an hour was not to be

borne. Happily Tom and I were just able to betake ourselves to the wooden bridge, and when we had mounted the short ladder which led to it we felt ourselves safe. With glaring eyes and foaming mouth, he rushed up, but he saw in an instant that he was powerless to reach us and so went on his way. For myself, heartily sick of bulls and baitings, I walked for a mile in a contrary direction before I recommenced my fishing.

CHAPTER XXIII.

‘Fishing, if I, a fisher, may protest
 Of pleasures is the sweetest, sports the best,
 Of exercises the most excellent,
 Of recreations the most innocent.
 But now the sport is marred;—and wot ye why?
 Fishes decrease and fishers multiply.’—*From ‘Chrestoleros.’*

INSPECTION OF THE WEAR BY HER MAJESTY’S SALMON FISHING COMMISSIONERS—MR. FRANK BUCKLAND’S LINK WITH THE PAST—MY OWN—REMARKABLE CAPTURE OF A SALMON IN THE BUTTERWASH—MR. P. S. WILKINSON’S NOTES OF THE AUTUMN FISHING OF A.D. 1873—THE MYSTERIOUS ANGLERS—MR. GEORGE CRAWHALL AND HOBBIER—OLD TIMBERTOES—THE BLIND FISHERMAN OF ST. BOSWELL’S—FISHING OF MAJOR BECKWITH—OF DR. FAWCETT—MR. CULLEY AND GANNINGAN.

DURING the autumn of 1872 the Wear Fishing Association again invited Her Majesty’s Salmon Fishing Commissioners to visit Weardale, and thus to ascertain what attempts had been made to obviate the ill effects of the frequent ‘hushes’ which, issuing from the lead mines of the district, have so evil an effect upon fish and insect life. The Commissioners were Mr. Frank Buckland and Mr. Walpole. These gentlemen, together with the Rev. George P. Wilkinson of Harperley Park and myself, inspected several mines, the impression left on our minds being that of the many pollutions

which defile our rivers those from lead mines are the most difficult to deal with.

Near the village of Stanhope our party separated, and a thunderstorm soon compelled Mr. Buckland and myself to seek shelter in the village inn. Few men are more fertile in subjects of conversation than my companion, and among others we were soon deep in that of longevity. Mr. Buckland told me that his father, the well-known Dean of Westminster, had taken him when a lad to see Doctor Routh, the President of Magdalen College, Oxford. They found the venerable old man seated in his library, wearing his College cap, his Doctor's robes and a wig, the gown looking almost as ancient as its wearer. Placing his hand on the boy's head, the Doctor said, 'Remember, my little fellow, when you are an old man, that you have talked to one who has seen an old woman, who had seen King Charles II. at Oxford with his spaniel dogs.' King Charles died in 1685 ;—thus there were only two persons in the chain which connected Mr. Buckland with the merry monarch and his spaniels of 187 years before.

One story commonly leads to another, and so my kindred tale was told. When a boy I frequently sat on my grandmother's knee, as pleased to listen to stories of other days as she to relate them. One of these was about a body of Scottish rebels on their retreat from Derby in 1745, whom she had seen when a little child. My great-grandmother, who lived in an isolated country house in the western part of the county of Durham, one day suddenly observed a considerable number of Highlanders standing in the garden. Many were wounded, all in miserable plight and unable to travel. No words were needed to draw forth the charity of a tender-hearted

woman. The men were plainly starving, and her husband being absent she at once ordered a good supply of bread, cheese, and beer to be brought out upon the lawn. The poor fellows ate with fearful voracity, famished as they were, and when their hostess with her little girl by her side pressed them to stow what food remained in their tartan plaids, they fairly broke down, and falling on their knees prayed for a blessing on the good lady and all her house ere they went their way. Alas! these high-souled if mistaken men received very different treatment from the Calvinistic Lowlanders on their passage to the Highlands.

I write this little record A.D. 1875, and thus 130 years have elapsed since my own grandmother beheld the sorrowful scene.

A.D. 1873. *March* 31.—This day was signalised by the capture of a fish under singular circumstances. Accompanied by the boatman Charles Kerss, I began fishing the top of the Butterwash stream about 11 A.M., and had made but a few casts when a rise of a vigorous character announced that I had hooked a fresh-run salmon. The fish was thoroughly game, and before I could succeed in checking his wild career he had run out fully ninety yards of line, *i.e.* nearly all I had. But time and patience gained the victory, and he soon lay on the river bank, as beautiful a fish of 12 lbs. weight as angler's eye could delight in. We then dropped a little farther down the stream and recommenced fishing. Almost immediately a fish rose, but so shyly that he altogether missed the fly, and I remarked to the boatman that we must vex him till he did take it in earnest. Three more throws and he came with an eager rush, making the water fly before him. A gentle twitch of the rod assured me that he was fast

hooked; ten minutes more and he also rested on the bank, a fish of 15 lbs.

Here I must explain that, the river being clear and somewhat low, I was angling with two flies each dressed on double hooks, and these planted about four feet apart on the line: the lower one a 'Jock Scott,' and the upper, or Bob, a small 'Dun Turkey.' On looking for these we found that both flies were fairly imbedded in the flesh far back in the mouth, while the four feet of casting line lay circled in the same cavity! The line, when the fish was hooked was hanging straight down a strong running stream; there was no eddy to allow of the fly's coming in proximity; beyond all doubt when taken, the flies were four feet apart. Strange as it may seem, I can only suppose that the fish came at them up stream with a wide open mouth and with such a rush that he as it were at once took both flies and the four feet of line, and that the hooks being double were readily implanted in the flesh. The line was not for one moment slackened during the run, so that all idea of the fish having taken one fly first and then the other at his leisure during the struggle must be given up. I have known many extraordinary takes, but none more so than that of this impetuous salmon.

It was my evil fortune not to be able to visit the Tweed during the autumn of this year, and thus I missed the best chance of sport which has occurred through my whole fishing experience. The results of this season were so memorable that, with the kind permission of Mr. P. S. Wilkinson, I again avail myself of his memoranda. In answer to my enquiries he writes as follows:—

'In November I had two days at Carham and one at Lees, which take high rank among my successful

days. Having heard that the Tweed was in flood I telegraphed for information, and so just missed the express the day before, but arrived much after time at Carham by the mail on the 11th. The boatman Sligh had given me up, and I lost much time in seeking for him, so that it was past twelve o'clock when I began to fish. The water was still so high that it seemed very doubtful whether there was any chance of sport. I only fished the rocky streams opposite the Hall, and before 4 P.M. had hooked twelve fish, of which, however, I only landed seven, an eighth being lost just at the net by fouling the line round a sunken snag. I found on arriving at Kelso at night that no one had been successful that day, except one rod at Floors. There was on that night a very hard white frost, and on the morning of the 12th the ground was as white as if covered with snow, while the air was still raw and full of fogbanks. It seemed as if sport on such a day was impossible, especially as the water was still a very full size. I began, however, to fish at a shallow stream at the top of the lower water, and there killed five grilse before I raised a salmon. I then got two salmon a few yards farther down, but found the other water too full, till I got down to the streams I had fished the day before. Here I killed eight more fish, and wasted the rest of the daylight in fishing the still water down to the 'Snipe,' where I only killed one more fish, making a total of sixteen fish = 275 lbs. I hooked seventeen altogether. Nearly all these were very handsome fish, and thirteen were taken on a fly, the "Silver Belle," which I had tied the night before.

'On the 14th I fished at Lees. The Temple Pool was in good order and swarming with fish, but dead calm, as what little air there was came from E.N.E. However, I did fish the Temple over, and killed two

fish in the dead still water. Most of the streams were much too full to fish, and I was therefore limited to not much more than a hundred yards of water above the Dedda Mouth. By carefully working this I gradually picked up eight more fish, only losing one that was hooked, and making a total of ten fish = 177 lbs.

‘These two days and a half produced thirty-three fish = 553 lbs.; and during the few days that I fished in this season I had the best day’s spring fishing and the best and the third best autumn days I have ever had.

‘The autumn season of 1873 was by far the most remarkable known to the present generation, and quite eclipsed that of 1862. In the latter year there was no fishing until quite the end of October, and after the first week in November the sport was not regularly sustained in most waters. In 1873 the great takes began before the middle of October, and continued almost without a check till the end of the month over the whole range of water from Clovenford to Coldstream. Sport equal to what I have described in my own case, and sometimes greater, was everywhere the order of the day, and no doubt many great takes were never made public. There was a rather slack time early in November, but after a large flood on the 7th had subsided the sport continued on an equal, and in some instances even increasing scale until the 29th, when a flood ended the season which had afforded at least five weeks of first-rate sport; but of the very incomplete accounts that reached “The Field,” I select a few to show the general character of the takes.

‘In the third week in October Birgham water gave to three rods 120 fish; Makerstoun to two rods eighty-six fish; the Pavilion to two rods eighty-eight fish; showing that all over the water about forty fish to a

rod was the produce of the week. During the same week at Sprouston Dub Mr. Burnless, of London, took in one day sixteen fish (thirteen salmon and three grilse) which weighed 332 lbs.

‘In the fourth week of November on Floors water, in one day, Mr. Grogan took sixteen fish, and then from the same boat Mr. McCall took four more. These twenty fish weighed 364 lbs.

‘About the same time Mr. Griffin on Sprouston Dub made the great day of the season, landing twenty-one fish (fourteen salmon and seven grilse). These fish were bled as they were landed, yet they weighed at night 361 lbs., and were estimated to have weighed when taken 370 lbs. On several occasions during this season sixteen fish were taken in a day by one rod, and Mr. Denison told me that at Makerstoun both Mr. Malcolm and himself had taken that number in a day, the weight being between 270 and 280 lbs. The one feature that made my sport remarkable in such a season as this was that it occurred before the November flood had subsided, and when hardly anyone else had sport, whereas the other takes I have recorded were made when sport of the same quality was universal.

‘I would call attention to the remarkably high average weight of the salmon taken by Mr. Burnless, thirteen salmon and three grilse weighing 332 lbs. Allowing the liberal weight of 25 lbs. for the three grilse, this leaves an average of nearly 24 lbs. for the thirteen salmon! an exploit quite unprecedented.’

Some few years before the occurrence of the following incident (I cannot say how many) I fished the rivers Cale, Teviot, and Tweed in company with Mr. C. Bramwell, and our sport was on the whole very satisfactory. But wherever we went it appeared that two

anglers had preceded us, whose worm fishing had produced such enormous baskets as to cause a sort of general consternation all around. The tales told of fish captured were so marvellous that we made special enquiries respecting these successful anglers, but they had said so little of themselves that many days elapsed before we were able to identify them as my friend Mr. George Crawhall, of Durham, and his brother, Mr. Joseph Crawhall, of Newcastle. I am unable to give any record of their wondrous feats, but happily, through the kindness of the former gentleman, I can give in his own words the particulars of an incident which befel him in the year 1874.

‘ On one of our most beautiful Lowland lochs, where during the earlier spring months it has been my wont to spend several weeks in angling, lived a solitary swan, a fierce, irascible, cantankerous old bachelor, who had been sent into exile from a neighbouring nobleman’s park on account of his pugnacious disposition and bullying propensities. Nay, if report spoke truth, he had been guilty of the murder of more than one of his more peaceable brethren. On a small island in the loch, closely overgrown with “saugh bushes,” and separated from the shore by a narrow rush-grown marsh some two feet in depth, this “warrior hermit” had taken up his abode, and built himself a nest, trusting, it may be, that the good Fairy of the lake would in due time send him a wife. This nest he jealously guarded from all intruders, rushing savagely out and flapping along the water openmouthed with feathers on end at the approach of any passing angler. Such a tyrant was he that most people were glad to give him a wide berth, few caring to try conclusions with him. At the back of this island lay a famous feeding bank where big trout loved to congre-

gate, lazily sucking down the flies blown from the bushes; a sure catch should Master Hobbie (for that was the swan's name) permit you to fish it unmolested.

'It was a beautiful April morning; a good west wind was raising a fine curl on the loch, and the trout were rising freely. I had wandered on till I neared the island, when forth charged Hobbie, looking more terrible and imposing than ever. The sport was so good that I determined not to be daunted, but, swan or no swan, to fish the back of the island. Accordingly I roared at him and tried to drive him off, but in vain, for as I progressed he swam on most pertinaciously with ruffled feathers and angry eyes, close to me, in fact between myself and the cast. To fish under such circumstances was impossible, and my temper, at times none of the best, was sorely tried. Pushing on I waded through the marsh and stood upon the island, still attended by the angry bird, who cared neither for the stones or the left-handed blessings I hurled at him. I managed to get to the point of the island, while the bird swam round the marsh behind the bushes where his nest was placed, and for a while was lost to sight.

'Now was my time for fishing. Out swept the flies and I was soon fast in a good fish, congratulating myself on having driven off my persecutor, when all at once I was made aware of his presence by a vicious drive with his beak at my coat tails. He had left the water, and waddled up stealthily behind me to renew the attack. Quick as thought I seized his long neck with my left hand, and a sharp scrimmage began, the powerful bird buffeting away with his wings, sending the shallow water flying in all directions, and altogether proving himself "an ugly customer." There was nothing for it but to

force his head down, which I did, and laying down my rod, placed my knee between his shoulders and fairly pinned him to the earth.

‘My adversary was powerless now, but what was I to do with him now I had got him fast? At a little distance stood a cottage, so gathering in the great wings I got the bird under my arm, taking care never to relinquish hold of his neck, for he was still making savage though ineffectual drives with his bill, and so I carried him off to the cottage.

‘There are few cottages in this pastoral district without a “bit of kiel” used for marking sheep, and this was readily furnished me, the inmates lending willing hands to rub it down, for my captive was no favourite in the neighbourhood. In a very short time Master Hobbie’s hitherto immaculate plumage was exchanged for a beautiful red, much to his own bewilderment. More kiel was applied, and ruddier and ruddier grew the neck of the now screaming and terrified bird, till at last his own mother would not have recognised him. Then we permitted him to waddle down as best he could to the lochside, a little vixen of a terrier squeaking at his heels to hurry him on his way. His retreat was anything but dignified, for the dog kept harassing him in the rear with keen enjoyment of the fun, while the uneven ground tumbled him over many a time, and we laughed long and loud at our enemy’s discomfiture. The lesson was not lost upon him, and many a good trout from the back of the island subsequently found its way into my creel, not altogether without protest, for Hobbie did make occasional charges, but remembering no doubt the kiel he always kept a respectful distance. The tyrant was vanquished.’

Anglers have, I believe, generally been ardent

admirers of the beauties of nature. Izaak Walton's pages show how impossible it is for a man of observation and feeling to pass hour after hour in quiet spots sometimes of exceeding loveliness without being attuned by them and moulded into harmony with them. A yet earlier writer, Dennys, 'the first angling poet,' speaks warmly of the enjoyment he derived from the scenes in which he practised his art!

Let them that list these pastimes then pursue
And on their pleasing fancies feed their fill;
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And by the rivers fresh may walk at will,
Among the Daisies and the Violets blew,
Red Hyacinth and yellow Daffodill,
Purple Narcissus like the morning rayes,
Pale Ganderglas and azor Culverkayes.

Few scenes offer so great a variety as a running stream, and still fewer are so well calculated to fill the heart with gratitude for being brought into such close communion with the Maker and Preserver of all things. I have related much of happy days passed with dear friends by Glen and Coquet, Teviot and Tweed, and the very name of those rivers recalls many a face fondly cherished by memory, but never more to be seen in this world. But stepping beyond this inner circle, I have made many acquaintances by the riverside of whom I still think with pleasure, and that from every grade of society. Angling is in its way a leveller, and intimacies often spring up whose basis is simply piscatorial. It were an 'ow'r long tale' to tell how I fraternised with the old soldier, who having lost his right arm in his country's service used his left to such good purpose that few could throw so fine a fly; or how day by day I sought the companionship of the village postman who, driven by a penurious Government

to eke out the scanty pittance he received, shouldered his creel between his hours of duty, and rarely failed to bring a welcome addition to the evening meal he had so well earned. Happily in many districts the riverside is still a free territory, where persons incapable of hard labour may pass their time pleasantly and earn something towards a living.

On a cold day in the month of April, while fishing for salmon in the Tweed, I once observed a man trout-fishing in a sharp running stream. He lingered there so long that my attention was drawn to him, and seeing that he was without wading boots, I enquired of the boatman how it was possible for a man to remain so long in cold running water. 'Oh, that's old Timbertoes,' was the reply. 'No fear of his feeling the cold. There's nothing like a pair of wooden legs for warmth. But that's not the best of it; look close, an ye'll see he has gotten a third leg which he claps on to his tail and sits down as cozy as if he were in the chimney neuk.' So the mystery was explained; seated on his wooden tripod, the old fellow fished at his ease and drew the trout towards him in true epicurean style.

Let me here mention that I once had an excellent opportunity of watching the wonderful success of William Ranken, the blind fisherman of St. Boswell's. The month was June and the locality a beautiful stream not far from Mertoun Bridge. The sun had long set, and as the darkness prevented me from distinguishing my flies any longer I was in the act of leaving the river when a young man came down from the village and began to put on his fishing tackle. He did this with as much speed as is usual with anglers, though it soon became evident that he was quite blind. It promised to be too dark for what is ordinarily termed 'night-

fishing,' but my curiosity was excited, and I determined to wait and see what would come next.

Presently the young man walked to the edge of the stream, and choosing the most suitable place waded as far into the water as could be done with safety. Here casting his flies exactly by the edge of the main current, he began playing them with that peculiar motion which bespoke him at once to be a master of the art. It was not long ere he basketed a goodly trout, and then he pursued his course steadily downward, taking fish after fish of a size that might excite the envy of an angler accustomed to labour under day's garish eye.

Every now and then the blind man's large water dog circled close round him, and I noticed that on each occasion he paused or took a step backwards. It was evident that the dog watched affectionately over his master's safety, and was accustomed to give him timely notice of danger.

A thick fog had now gathered over the bosom of the stream, such as under ordinary circumstances would have driven me homewards, but there was a fascination in the scene which was irresistible to me, and I stood a long time on the river bank, listening to the slight noise the fisherman caused now and then in the water, and to the constant spattering of the trout on its surface as he drew them reluctantly to his feet.

The picture was a strange and weird one;—that solitary fisherman, shut out for ever from the light of heaven, pursuing his path steadily far in the deep flowing Tweed, with no earthly help at hand in case of need except his faithful dog; and as all sound of him died away in the distance I could not but reflect on the mercies of Him who, while shutting off from his servant the glories of light, had granted him an intensity of

perfection in the senses of hearing and feeling which went far towards supplying the lost blessing. Henceforth I have associated the blind fisherman of St. Boswell's with the blind naturalist whom Wordsworth commemorates in 'The Excursion,' each affording proof

. . . that faculties which seem
Extinguished do not *therefore* cease to be,
But to the mind among her powers of sense
This transfer is permitted,—not alone
That the bereft their recompense may win
But for remoter purposes of love,
And charity.

I have since been told that the blind angler not only made his own flies, but made them well. It is certain that, during many years after the scene I have described, he passed much of his time in making fishing rods, which were justly prized for their excellence and neat workmanship.

Another instance of the ruling passion surmounting difficulties came before me while fishing in the Bowmont. I was astonished one day to see immediately in front of my position a very aged man seated on a pony, which a servant was leading in the water while his master fished for trout. This old gentleman was Major Beckwith. He was then quite blind, and dependent on his companion's signal when to strike the fish. After this I found the veteran angler in the Tweed, fishing for salmon and capturing them too.

I have still one more case to adduce of angling combined with blindness. A few years ago, on entering the public room of the Cross Keys hotel, Kelso, in company with Dr. Holden, we found a gentleman there whose blindness was at once apparent. We entered into conversation, and Dr. Holden recognised in the

stranger the eminent statesman Professor Fawcett. He had taken a fancy to try salmon-fishing, and had just had his first day under the guidance of the Duke of Roxburgh's fisherman. He had, if I remember rightly, killed two salmon, and was in high spirits about it. Since then I believe he has had more practice, and has achieved considerable success.

Quaint old humourists too are from time to time to be met with by the riverside, and add no little spice to the day's enjoyment. Mr. Culley tells me of an amusing conversation he held on the banks of Till with a resident of Wooler, who, save that he was Irish instead of Scotch, might have stood for Long Bob in Mr. Francis' amusing book 'By Lake and River.' 'I was giving him some fishing tackle,' writes Mr. Culley, 'when he told me he had lately lost a fishing-book for which he would not have taken ten shillings.' 'How was that, Ganningan?' quoth I. 'Well, your honour, I was kind o' drunk.' 'Drunk, Ganningan! that wasn't quite right.' 'Och, your honour, and I'm often drunk.' 'That is a pity, Ganningan; now did you ever see me drunk?' 'No, your honour, sure and I never did. But sure it's your honour can afford it much better than I can.'

CHAPTER XXIV

‘To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.’—MILTON.

‘I have fished in the Coquet sae clear,
 The Brownie, the Breamish an Reed,
 I have tried the Cale, Wansbeck and Wear,
 And tickled the trout o’ the Tweed.
 I have roved on the braes o’ famed Garrow,
 I have traversed the Teviot and Tay,
 Thrawn the flie in the Dee an’ the Devon,
 And—mony a stream far away.’—R. ROXBY.

TRÈVES—THE LAST STUART—MY FRENCH GUIDE AND HIS COLLECTION
 OF WORMS—FISHING IN THE KYLL—WILDBAD—FISHING IN THE ENZ
 —A WORD RESPECTING RAFTS—ENGELBERG—ATTEMPTS TO FISH IN THE
 NEIGHBOURING STREAMS—A DUCKING—LUCERNE—THE DEVIL’S BRIDGE
 —BEAUTY OF THE TROUT IN SWISS STREAMS—AN AWKWARD SCRAMBLE
 —CONCLUSION AND FAREWELLS.

THE remaining pages of these fishing notes describe some attempts I made to bring my English experience to bear upon the trout of the Continent. If my descriptions appear more than usually prolix, let me allege by way of excuse that the fishing was in localities not frequently described, and that it was the charm of novelty which prompted me to write at some length the letters to my children which are subjoined.

Das Rothe Haus, Trèves, May 11, 1874.

Arriving here at last with my wife and two daughters after a long journey from Brussels, we enjoy

the quiet of this ancient city, and love to wander among the massive ruins of the buildings from which for centuries conquering Rome governed Spain, Gaul, Germany, and Britain. To walk through the halls from whence Constantine issued his decrees, and the edifice, now a church, in which his mother St. Helena lived; to stand on the grand gateway of the city 90 feet in height and capable of housing 1,000 soldiers; to gaze upon the piers, still perfect, of the bridge which existed B.C. 28;—all this calls forth thoughts evoked nowhere else; it is like living among the ancient Romans.

Trèves abounds in interesting ecclesiastical buildings dating from the fourth to the eighteenth centuries, but these took small hold of my mind, which was absorbed in the grandeur of the wonderful structures which preceded them. The city stands in a broad flat valley of exuberant richness and fertility. Even at this early season it teems with crops of grasses, cereals, and roots, many of them little cultivated in England, but important here as furnishing fresh daily supplies for the cattle, which are all stall-fed. The valley is surrounded by somewhat abrupt hills, rising from 800 to 1,000 feet. They are very picturesque, varied as they are with rocks of a bright ruddy colour, and dotted over with fruit and forest trees, interspersed with small patches of spade cultivation, and vineyards producing wines which are prized at our English tables.

Our hotel is one of the most ancient dwellings in Trèves. The exact date is unknown, but it cannot be less than four to five hundred years old. It is four storeys high, besides three more storeys in the high-pitched roof. Everything is charmingly mediæval, both within and without. Outside there are many figures of

saints and knights in armour; it is battlemented and coloured red, from whence the name 'Das Rothe Haus.' There are two courtyards, into which many of the windows look, and the upper storeys have open galleries of great length, whence doubtless in former days many a fair lady looked down on the armed knights below going out or returning from the endless strifes and struggles of four or five centuries ago. And a room is pointed out as that in which some years ago the last of the Stuarts died after receiving a mortal wound in a duel. Who this individual was I have failed to discover. He was not the only person who asserted himself to be the last of that noble but ill-fated race. I have seen one such claimant myself, and was much impressed by his strong likeness to the portraits of the ancestors he called his own. And I am assured that there are yet plenty of Stuarts in the world who can trace their descent to the royal James of Scotland.

After spending two days in these charming quarters, my mind turned to the chance of procuring some trout-fishing, and by dint of questioning our good-natured landlord I elicited from him that there was a stream twenty miles off much esteemed for its trout. It bore the seductive name of the Kyll, and the village nearest to the scene of operation, that of Kyllberg. Next I had to provide myself with a guide and interpreter, my acquaintance with the German language being of the most limited character. Herr Becker murmured something about the 'very man,' went out and returned with a little grinning Frenchman, whose demonstrative politeness would have been in keeping with the Paris Boulevards. It appeared that there were but two really suitable men for my purpose in Treves, an Irish cobbler and the Frenchman now before me; that

the Irishman could not speak German, and that the Frenchman was equally innocent of English. Now as I wanted a guide for the express purpose of translating my English into the German spoken by the burgomaster, innkeeper, and others at Kyllberg, the situation was embarrassing enough. At last impertinent doubts suggested themselves as to Paddy having possibly 'left his country for his country's good,' and the Frenchman being in presence, and doing his best to bow and grin himself into favour, gained the day. I at once instructed him to procure some worms, giving him the best description I could as to kind and size. Towards evening the man re-entered our room with a proud confident look, and presented me with an ink bottle, his whole manner plainly saying, 'Ah! the Irishman could have done nothing like this.' A glance at the bottle showed me a score of as unsightly worms as I had ever beheld; hideous creatures of every shade of green and yellow, crawling and slobbering about in the water he had poured upon them. In vain the ladies tried to explain to him that these were not the kind required, and that worms died when placed in water; he only repeated that they were *bien magnifique*, as he walked up and down and grinned in such a way as to prove his supreme self-satisfaction. By this time we were in fits of laughter, but the little man only took this as a personal compliment, and it was some time before we could make him understand that he must go and dig for worms of a different kind, and bring them in their native earth. Late at night he came with a better sample, and arrangements were made for starting next morning by the 8.30 train for Kyllberg.

Our route lay for a short distance along the broad valley of the Moselle; but soon diverged into that of

the Kyll. We kept close to this little stream through the remainder of the journey; frequently crossing it, and thus obtaining ever-changing views of river, vale, and hills. About ten o'clock we reached Kyllberg, and I despatched my guide to the burgomaster for leave to angle in the river, which was granted with a facility which did not augur well for the value of the boon. The day was fickle, with slight showers of rain and even hail, and bright glimpses of sunshine between; but not altogether unfavourable for fishing. The river differed from most English streams in that while the largest portion of it consisted of rapid running water, the grassy banks were generally not more than a foot above the level of its surface. Such a river in England would have worn for itself a deep channel, but here its surface was nearly on a level with rich crops of grass and cereals. The water was clear in colour, and varied in depth from one to six feet. In breadth it resembled the Glen below Akeld, but the stream sped along a good deal faster. The worst feature for the angler was the want of bushes and trees by the riverside, and of those holes and special shelters for fish which are the charm and the value of English rivers.

I began fishing about 11 o'clock, and soon had several bites with the worm. The missing of the fish surprised me; however I soon captured a fine fat trout of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. weight, and was in hopes of making a tolerable day. The want of wading boots and the necessity of keeping my feet dry told greatly against my commanding the best haunts of the fish; however I persevered on till 2 o'clock without taking another trout. My only captures were a large gudgeon, a dace 8 inches long, and the landing of some scores of a beautiful-looking small fish whose name I learned to be Barven.

This fish is about 5 inches long with flat sides like a roach, scales bright as silver, and a leather-fleshed mouth : but the stripe which generally runs in a straight line down the side from the gill cover to the tail, was in this fish of a tortuous shape. I only basketed two or three as samples, and threw the rest into the stream as too small for carrying home.

Soon after 2 o'clock I came to where a railway bridge crossed the stream, and quite altered its character for a space of twenty yards. Instead of the equal rapid running water, the piers of the bridge made a deep gully which whirled suddenly round. My spirits rose, and I prepared for a change of fortune by choosing a worm of faultless form, though like its neighbours soft and untoughened by moss. The line fell on the intended spot, and being well shotted sank deep in the gully. There was a pause, a slight shake, a pull, a run of the line, and another trout of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sprang upon the bank. I felt 'thankful for sma' mercies,' and proceeded to impale a fine lob, believing that if a large trout was in the neighbourhood it would be met with here. Nor was my calculation wrong. The line ran out with a swiftness that told of a prize at stake; the fish fought gallantly and victory was long doubtful, as the only landing place possible consisted of huge stones which stood high out of the water. Great was my joy at beholding there a noble fish of lovely colour, hog-backed and deep-bellied, weighing more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

My little Frenchman capered and indulged in a score of 'bien magnifiques,' which seemed to do him a great deal of good, while I cast the line again in this favoured spot and immediately took another fish of 1 lb. weight. My basket now consisted of four fine trout, and feeling tired in limb I put on the fly and turned down

stream, hoping to keep free from those troublesome Barven. But this was not to be; every cast they rose at the flies, and after throwing a score of them on the bank I gave up the contest and made for the village. I noticed that there were few flies on the stream except the great stone fly, some of which were nearly twice the size of those in England.

The hills, well covered with forest trees and vines, enclosed a narrow valley, the whole landscape being rich and beautiful beyond description. As we approached the village my olfactory nerves warned me of horrors to come. The houses looked fairly comfortable, quite equal to those of our English peasantry, but the surroundings were terrible. There was a huge dunghill in front of every house, and as it was the season for stirring up and removing the manure to the fields, the result was obnoxious indeed. Deciding that Kyllberg must be worse even than Cologne as sung by Coleridge I shut my mouth and nostrils and ran for it, but alas! the village was too long and I imbibed gallon after gallon of thick effluvia which I would have given anything to keep from my lungs. However we reached our Gasthof at last, where a clean room, a well-cooked beef steak, pommes-frites, coffee, eggs, and bread and butter restored nature, and after an hour's sleep I returned to Trèves, well pleased with my first day's fishing in a German trout stream. Next day the trout I had caught were cooked and pronounced excellent. All were firm and good, but the largest was as red as the reddest spring salmon ever taken in Tweed.

I find that my ill success was to be accounted for by the constant netting of the river by the owner, who sells the fish to the innkeepers at Trèves. The gully below the railway bridge was probably the only place

I fished where netting was impossible, and hence my success there. But for this netting the Kyll would be a splendid river.

June 13.—We arrived at Wildbad at 8. P.M. in a violent storm of rain, and went to the admirably managed Klumpp Hotel.

Wildbad is a large village in the Black Forest, containing three or four hotels, besides the very fine buildings in which the baths are placed. The baths are peculiar in that they are taken at the very temperature in which the water emerges from the ground, *i.e.* about 92° Fahrenheit. In fact the water rises through fine sand on which the bather rests, the water bubbling up beneath and around him. Only ten minutes is generally allowed for a bath, the waters being very powerful in their effects. The sensation they cause is delicious. After the bath an hour is to be spent in bed, but sleep is not permitted for fear the bather should fall into a dangerous lethargy. It is really no easy matter to keep awake, and every device is resorted to by the attendants to keep their victims awake. It occurred to me that the mothers of refractory infants might avail themselves with advantage of these soporific waters. The most outrageous 'Moloch' could not resist a few minutes in a Wildbad bath, and his mother as well as his attendant 'Johnnie' would feel the relief.

Wildbad lies in a land of steep hills and valleys, a lovely little river with water as clear as crystal bustling along through every valley. These streams would abound with fine trout, only the masters of the hotels offer as high a price as half-a-crown per lb. for all that are brought them alive. Every hotel has its wooden tank at the river's edge well, alas too well! filled with trout. I have seen some fish swimming in them from

3 to 4 lbs. weight. The hills range from 600 to 800 feet high, and are thickly covered here with dark pine trees overshadowing a rich growth of bleaberry bushes, there with thick grass always green in consequence of the frequent rains. No ploughed land is to be seen, so the rivers are extremely bright and clear. Once during an unusually heavy rain my eye was gladdened by seeing the stream come down a rich porter colour, reminding me of the bonnie spates of Northumberland.

The little river Enz flows straight through the centre of the village; its course is rapid, chiefly among large boulder stones, and though fairly stocked with trout there are but few quiet pools in which they can rest. The Enz is generally about 25 feet wide, and is easily commanded by the angler from bank to bank. For a few miles both above and below Wildbad it is preserved, and many English visitors fish in the evenings, chiefly with fly, some few with artificial minnows, but none save myself with worm. Before this season fly, minnow, and worm were all permitted by the authorities, who issued tickets of fishing leave. But some gentlemen, whose angling had been in the South of England with fly only, were unenlightened enough to look upon other branches of the gentle art with disdain, and by private application they succeeded in restricting all leave for fishing to persons as ignorant as themselves.

Knowing the comparative futility of angling with a lure unsuited to the season, I was obliged each evening to go to a considerable distance so as to get beyond the boundary of these gentlemen's 'happy hunting grounds.' Owing to the many hindrances of very rainy weather, my attention to the prescribed daily bath, and physical exhaustion from the baths of Wiesbaden, and the heat of Wildbad, I only fished on five evenings, with the following results.

June 21.—Started about three miles above the village, weather cold and stormy; fished from 5.30 to 8.15, taking nine trout = $6\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. One fish weighed $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb., and two others 1 lb. each.

June 22.—Started where I left off yesterday. Began fishing at 5.30, but a violent thunderstorm soon drove me to take shelter behind one of the wooden houses in which the peasants store their hay. The rain fell in torrents, and wet to the skin I re-trod my way to Wildbad. I fished for only twenty minutes, but took in that time four trout = 2 lbs.

June 24.—Started where I began on the 22nd, and fished up stream for half a mile, from 5.45 P.M. to 8.15. The water was a pale-ale colour, and I expected that the fish would take ravenously; however, the sport was only the same in number as on the 21st, and the fish were not so large; *i.e.* nine trout = $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

June 28.—Fished the same stretch of water from 5.30 to 8, and was very unfortunate in losing lines and hooks from 'snags,' which abound in this river. These snags are branches of trees brought down in the small floods, and by the swaying motion of the timber rafts which pass over them, driven fast into the ground. There they remain fixed, and by moving backwards and forwards under the action of the running water are just so many traps for anglers' tackle. It is exceedingly difficult to avoid them, and not having wading boots I was compelled again and again forcibly to break my line. The lack of wading boots has indeed been a sad misfortune to me, since many of the rivers I have seen abroad have high banks, and wading boots are necessary to put the angler in a position to fish up stream. He is at a serious disadvantage indeed if he is compelled to cast from high banks in waters far clearer than those in England. Results, six trout = $3\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.

July 4.—Began fishing a little higher up the river than before, and found the fish more numerous, but the water was so low and clear that the fish struck short, and I lost as many as I captured, which had not been the case before. Had I possessed wading boots, and been able to stand low in the water and fish up stream, I believe my success would have been considerable. As it was, between 5.45 and 8 P.M. I took eight trout = $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. One of these weighed 1 lb., and another $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb.¹

So ended my fishing at Wildbad. Let me add one word about the rafts which, by fixing the snags in the bed of the river, worry the angler so effectually. The treasures of the Black Forest are its pine trees, which grow remarkably straight and tall, and are of considerable bulk. Vast numbers of the largest of these trees are felled every year, and made to slide down the steep hill sides to the level of the river, where they accumulate till about a hundred are at the same spot ready for transmission, either to the cities which stand on the banks of the Neckar or Rhine, or to the sea-coast. They are fashioned into a raft by placing three trees of equal length side by side, then four in the rear of these, and after them five. The rest of the raft is made of lots of five, till the hundred trees are placed contiguously and bound together by the branches, which are twisted into a kind of rope. These fastenings act as joints to the raft, which is thus enabled in snake-like fashion to bend and accommodate itself to the numerous windings of the stream. Sometimes, when the course is narrowed by boulders and rocks, the raft will glide over them very satisfactorily, forced onwards by the current ;

¹ In 1876 I again tried the Enz, in company with my son Harry, and found that a few days' fishing gave to each rod an average of six good trout per hour.

and when the water is too low its volume is temporarily increased by letting off certain dams, where an extra supply is stored up for the purpose.

The rafts travel from four to five miles an hour, and pleasure excursions upon them are among the amusements of Wildbad. Large parties congregate for this purpose, with bands of musicians to herald them on their way. As the river widens the rafts are increased in width, till at Coblenz or Cologne it is not uncommon to see fifty men upon one raft, guiding it with oars of such a size as to require six or eight men to each oar. As the journey is long, the men erect temporary huts upon the rafts, and take their families with them, and all seem to enjoy their merry voyage to the mouth of the mighty Rhine.

Engelberg, August 5.—Ten days have passed since we arrived at this lovely but secluded valley, ascending from Lucerne through the mountain gorge, down which tumbled the roaring torrent of the Aa, then much swollen by heavy rains. The entrance of the valley is so narrow as to be undistinguishable at a short distance. The traveller looking round sees a level stretch of about four miles long by one in width, with huge mountains rising steeply on all sides like a wall, and might imagine it was a *cul-de-sac* without any exit except the now invisible passage by which he entered. Near the middle of the valley stands the great Benedictine monastery of Engelberg, founded in the twelfth century, and now chiefly interesting to the traveller for its valuable manuscripts and specimens of early printing. A small village has gathered round the monastery, and dotted over the plain are those picturesque *châlets* which form so striking a feature of Swiss landscapes. They cannot but charm the artist's eye, but let him beware of ap-

proaching them too closely. From the date of their erection, cattle, goats, sheep, and peasants have dwelt there in close proximity. With supreme ignorance of sanitary laws the master of the house allows the accumulated drainage of years to fester round his dwelling, and however well it may look upon paper, the view is best taken from a distance.

The mountains, except towards the base, are bare grey rocks, exquisite in form and colouring. Some, like the Engleberg, rise in pyramidal peaks; others, square-headed, look like castles of the Titans. At the further end of the valley stands the mighty Titlis 10,627 feet above the level of the sea, 7,500 above the valley at its feet. The snow lies deep upon this and some of the surrounding mountains, and the shifting clouds and varying sunshine produce marvellously beautiful effects of light, shade, and colour unknown except among these wonderful piles which God has heaped up for His own glory and for the raising to Him of the thoughts and desires of His children.

From my arrival in this valley I have been pining to try my fortune in one of the streams which pass through it. There are two; the first a rushing roaring torrent, which taking its rise in the melted snows, and hurled onwards at a pace that pulverises its stony bed, is never clear, indeed during the summer is the colour of milk and water. Before the summer sun melts the snow this stream is sufficiently clear for angling, and a few trout may be captured, but afterwards this is scarcely possible. The other stream is smaller, springing chiefly from the boggy ground in the middle of the valley, and its water is quite clear. Unfortunately its short course, which is but a mile and a half from its source to its junction with the larger stream, has been

cut straight as a mill-lade, causing the water to rush onwards at the rate of six miles an hour, and as there are no pools or holds for fish the angler has scarcely a chance. Still I went at 12 o'clock to-day to try my chance, beginning near the source and fishing down stream.

In spite of the weight of the worm and of three heavy shot corns the bait travelled quicker than I could walk; indeed it was more like running after the hounds than the quiet sport which old Izaak loved and portrayed. The surface of the valley is composed of rotten bog earth covered with luxuriant grass; stepping on this I found myself at once up to the thigh, and had a narrow escape of breaking my leg—a warning by which I was careful to profit. Through the whole course of this short river there was but one spot where the stream widened sufficiently to allow an eddy by the side, and here I felt was my only chance. Choosing a tempting worm, I committed it to the vagaries of the eddy, and a tug soon followed. A noble trout of 1 lb. weight flew out upon the bank; two other good fish followed in quick succession, and there my good fortune ended. These were the only denizens of the spot, or their comrades were too wary to come and be caught.

I now determined to bend my steps homewards, but there was still ill luck in the pot for me. Stepping too near the edge of the river bank, it gave way, and plump I went into the eddy up to my waist. Indeed I should have dived deeper had I not caught at some long grass and so by dint of struggling succeeded in regaining my footing on *terra firma*;—a pretty picture to look at. I fished $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours; capture 3 trout = $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

August 7.—Fished the same water for two hours, but never saw a fish.

August 9.—Determined on one more trial, I secured the companionship of a man warranted to be the best mountain guide and most successful angler in the district. From him I learnt that trout were very scarce, and that this is the wrong season for angling; however, he took his rod and I took mine, and we set out about six o'clock this evening. His bait was a live grasshopper twice as large as those of England. As all the land is grass and is inhabited by myriads of these insects, it is but natural that many should perish in the river, and so become the common food of the fish. The grasshopper was put on a small worm hook alive, with a heavy shot about eighteen inches higher up the line; the bait was dropped in the water close to the edge where the current was weakest, and then allowed to go slowly down stream. My companion caught three small fish, and seemed satisfied with his evening's sport. My worm brought no results, so I gave up all idea of fishing at Engelberg, and shortening my stay there by ten days returned to Lucerne and its lovely lake.

On September 1, when friends at home were eagerly dealing death in many an English stubble-field, we started at 8 A.M. from Lucerne. Three hours' steaming brought us to the end of the lake, where carriages were waiting to take us from Fluellen to Andermatt. Some miles of gentle ascent under a blazing sun, such as no umbrella could render endurable, brought us to Amsteg, where we had luncheon, and with a fourth horse added to our three we commenced the steep ascent of the St. Gotthard Pass. For several miles the scenery was wild, and it became more and more so till we neared the Devil's Bridge, where we entered a scene of the wildest desolation. An old bridge still spans the river Reuss, which roars and tumbles in a series of cascades about a

hundred feet below. This bridge, like others which mark the old road up the valley, is singularly light and airy-looking, but it stands alone in marking the scene of some of the fiercest and most sanguinary battles on record.

One of these took place August 14, 1799, when the Austrians entrenched themselves in a strong position near the bridge, but were unable to withstand the attack of the French. They therefore blew up the small side arch, and hundreds of soldiers were precipitated into the abyss below. The French then scaled the right bank of the river and compelled the Austrians to retire in the night. A few weeks later however the Russians under Suwarrow marched over the St. Gotthard, and pressed the French so hard that after a furious contest for the possession of the bridge a passage was forced and the French troops driven down to Lucerne.

Tradition still avers in the valley that the Russians being long unable to force the passage, old Suwarrow, who was the darling of his soldiers, lay down near the end of the bridge, and declared he would not stir till the French were driven down the gorge. His soldiers made one more desperate effort, and succeeded. Another local tradition relates that the snow was deep and the cold intense when this struggle took place, and that the Russians arrived wild with hunger, so that they not only devoured everything they could lay hold of but boiled the skins of the sheep and cattle for food. After this the stories of Russian partiality for tallow candles and train-oil are credible.

The Devil's Bridge connects two clusters of rocks which rise sheer up to the sky, allowing no standing point for man except the few feet cut away to form a carriage road ; yet on this scanty space thousands of men

have contended. Only three men could possibly have fought abreast, and deadly indeed must have been the contest of bayonet and bayonet. Leaving this fatal spot we passed through a rocky tunnel, and found ourselves in the charming valley of Andermatt. Our hotel, the Belle Vue, possessed every comfort, and being situated outside the village was not troubled with any evil smell. The valley is about two and a half miles long by one mile wide.

Let me explain here that my fishings were fully three months too late in the season, the latter end of May and the early days of June being the best time. Then only are the finest streams free from melted snow from the glaciers, which comes down every morning by 9 o'clock and makes the water of a milky hue and so thick that the fish cannot see the lure. The main streams which are full of very large fish, from 1 to 3 or 4 lbs. weight, are thus closed to the angler, and I could only try such small branches as do not originate in the mountain glaciers. These I found of singular purity, the water clear as crystal, but to fish them properly wading boots are indispensable. Not possessing these my fishings were conducted with much difficulty, yet the result convinces me that a campaign in early June with wading boots would be very successful. Whether fly, worm, or minnow would answer best as bait I cannot say. Some idea of the number of large trout which exist in the main streams may be conceived from the fact that towards the end of October, when they spawn, the peasants turn out in large numbers, and with every kind of rude spear attack them on the redding beds and slay hundreds daily. These fish I am told run commonly from 2 to 5 lbs. each.

I must say one word as to the character of the fish

of this district. They are the shortest in length and the deepest in body of any that I have ever seen. No English trout can compare with them in beauty of form; indeed they are in shape almost like perch. When taken out of the river they feel icy cold, and as hard as stone; when cooked the colour of the flesh is as pink as salmon, and the flavour is excellent even in the middle of September.

September 2.—I tried one of the streams called the Furca Reuss, which being filled with glacier water yielded no success.

September 4.—Hearing that a very small stream in front of the hotel contained some small fish, I went to look at it and found it intensely clear, so that it was impossible to approach the fish till the stream had narrowed so that I could drop the worm over the edge of the bank, myself remaining unseen. I fished with worm from 12 to 2.45, killing twenty fish, two of which weighed respectively $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. and 1 lb., much of the fishing being where the stream was only a foot wide.

September 5.—I started in a pony carriage for the Ober Alp Reuss. The path led up the mountain side by a series of zig-zags which after a gallant struggle by my two little steeds brought me to an elevation that dwarfed the large hotel into a toy house and the men about it into so many puppets. In another hour I reached the stream two miles below the spot at which it issues from a small lake. I began fishing at 4 p.m., and left at 6.40. The river was a series of rushing streams, the water very clear, but too rapid to allow of resting places for fish. Result eighteen fish = 4 lbs.

September 7.—I revisited the small stream in front of the hotel, in company with Mr. Gallaher, an American gentleman whose acquaintance I had made.

There I fished from 4 P.M. to 6.30. Total seven fish = 3 lbs. : of these were two fish that weighed 1 lb. each.

September 8.—Mr. Gallaher and I fished the Ober Alp Reuss from 2 to 5.45 P.M. Results: self twelve fish = 3lbs.; Mr. Gallaher three fish = 1 lb.

September 9.—We tried once more the small stream in front of the hotel. Mr. Gallaher fished with my rod from 4.30 to 6.15 P.M. Result, seven fish = $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb.

September 12.—We took a pony carriage to the upper part of the St. Gotthard stream, and at 11.30 A.M. I recommenced fishing at the foot of the valley, where wild as were the mountain sides it was not difficult to skirt along the bank of the river. The water was extremely clear, but for the most part ran too rapidly, and without my often-regretted wading boots it was impossible to get near to the fish. Hence the 'take' in point of numbers was small, but those I was fortunate enough to capture were in form the most perfect fish I have ever seen. Small head and tail with body singularly deep made up an outline altogether ideal, certainly never actually witnessed in England. When taken from the icy cold water they felt as hard as a stone; when cooked they were firm in flesh and pink in colour; model trout altogether, and this in the second week in September!

While I was engaged in the upper part of the valley, Mr. Gallaher was trying the wild rocky portion of the Pass. At the end of an hour he rejoined me, having only gained access to two pools, in which he had taken two fish and seen another of 5 or 6 lbs. weight. We paused to take luncheon, and then had the mortification of discovering that the bright sun had melted the ice of a glacier and brought down a torrent of mud which rendered the stream wholly

unfit for fishing. The results of our one hour's sport were :

William Henderson	2 fish = $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.
Mr. Gallaher	2 „ = 3 lbs.

September 15.—Accompanied by Mr. Mott I started to explore the lower part of the St. Gotthard stream. Each of us carried his fishing rod, but our object was not so much to fish as to see if it were possible to ascend this wild gorge, and so arrange for an expedition on the following day. We crossed the old bridge at Hospenthal, and then proceeded upwards on opposite sides of the stream. The cliffs above are extremely precipitous, rising abruptly for a thousand feet or more. Sometimes they are of perpendicular rock, but more commonly are formed of smooth grassy slopes at an angle of from 60 to 80 degrees. The grass is short, and so smooth and slippery that none but an active mountain climber with an alpenstock could possibly obtain a foothold. The stream bounds from one enormous rock to another, and rushes rapidly through the deep holes between, but there are eddies and still places well adapted to hold fish of large size. And such indeed is the case; with such resting places, and protected from anglers by the inaccessibility of the river banks, the trout are said to develop into vast dimensions. Advancing up the side of the stream I contrived to fish two pools, but without success, after which I found my pathway barred by a projecting rock. As I looked at this from below it appeared to me that by scrambling up the bank I could scale the top, and then descend on the farther side. Accordingly I began to clamber up the bank, which was composed of loose friable shale. Before I had ascended many feet its yielding nature forced me to cling for support to the tufts of grass which grew

upon it here and there. As these yielded to my tugs and pulls I had to rush sideways and upwards to save me from slipping down; the more my feet slipped the greater the exertions I made, till after many a plunge, I reached the top of the rock, which terminated in a projecting narrow ridge. Over this I flung my arms for support, and hung there breathless and exhausted.

When I recovered myself I looked over the crest of the rock, and saw to my horror a very steep grassy slope, extending for forty or fifty feet sheer to the water's edge, and terminating in a pool of deep water. It was clearly impossible for me to descend that way, so I prepared to return as I came. I could not however make up my mind for some minutes to turn round upon the narrow ridge on which I stood, till reminding myself that the longer I delayed the worse it would be for my nerves, I made the effort. As I began to descend the crumbling bank, a fresh embarrassment appeared. The rheumatic gout, from which I have suffered so much, had for some months increasingly impaired my strength of hand, and as I grasped different tufts of grass I found my fingers powerless to retain them. How I got down I really hardly know, but at last I espied a wooden spout or trough for conveying water to a mill, and into it I plunged knee deep in the crystal stream. Thoroughly humbled I was content to go up or down the spout, if only it led me off that terrible bank.

Once on firm ground I thought of my fishing-rod, which I had left on the top of the rock. Off I walked to the village, and through an interpreter explained to a peasant that he should have two francs if he would bring me the rod. He started with me up the mountain side, but the nearest approach we could make to my ridge was some five hundred feet above it, and at

such a distance that we could not see the rod. We therefore descended again and went up on the opposite side of the stream, when we came to a point from which I descried the rod and pointed it out to my friendly peasant. He returned to the other side while I stayed to watch his attempts. Making a long detour, after many a scramble he reached the precipitous grassy slope, up which he cautiously proceeded with careful steps till he reached the prize, and seizing it he retraced his way as carefully. He was fully an hour about his task, and a mountaineer alone could have accomplished it. An extra franc and a cup of cognac sent him home delighted, and I went back to my family thankful for a merciful preservation in what I felt a really imminent danger.

September 16.—My nerves recruited, I started after breakfast in a pony carriage with my landlord to fish the water in the open valley above the wilder portion of the gorge which was the scene of my yesterday's adventure. I found my companion an ardent sportsman and keen angler. We fished the upper portion of the St. Gotthard stream which took us between two and three hours, and when we met for luncheon found that between us we had captured seven noble fish :

Landlord	.	.	.	.	4 trout	} = 8 lbs.
William Henderson	.	.	.	.	3 „	

My fishings on this day, as on former ones in the neighbourhood of the Andermatt, were with worm only, but I learn that in June both fly and minnow are used with great success.

Let me add that these attempts of mine were made,

1. Three months after the proper season for fishing ;
2. When the best streams were spoiled for angling by the melting of the glaciers ; and

3. In waters so wonderfully clear that wading boots were an absolute necessity.

Properly equipped and in the glorious month of June, a fine field lies open to the angler in those mountain streams, and I cherish the hope of many a well-filled creel gleaned from their waters.

And now, my dear angling friends, my tale is told. It only remains for me to say my thanks to those who in years gone by have so often consented to float with me adown the flowing stream of life, and by their friendship and companionship have caused those gleams of sunshine which have so often brightened its waters.

May we not indulge the hope that one of the purest and the highest joys of this world still remains for us—when the toil and the heat of the day are past—when the western sky is all aglow—and when by the light of the setting sun we can look back along the stream of life, noting each little nook and dell, noting each gleam of golden light as it brightens the long past, and then gently fades in the soft blue mist of distance? And may we not hold firmly to the belief that though, as time passes on, the friends and friendships of early youth fade, as it were, beyond the power of mortal sight, still they remain, wrapped in the shades of evening, and waiting in quiet stillness, till they shall once more spring to life and joy in the clear dawn-light of the everlasting morning? Farewell!

To my dear children I would add yet one word of counsel.

Speaking from the stand-point of my present age of sixty-one years, and looking back on the past, my experience has shown me that the happiness of life

depends far more upon the choice which young people make of the recreation for their leisure hours, than it does upon the profession or employment which comes to them in God's good Providence, whether arranged for them by their parents or marked out by the pressure of circumstances. The daily duty done as in God's sight brings its own reward, and His favour 'makes that and the action fine.' The choice of recreation lies in the power of each man's own free will. If he decides in favour of freedom and fresh air, if he makes himself 'nature's playmate,'—if he accustoms himself to look closely into the wondrous beauty of the outer world in which he lives,—he will find an inexhaustible mine of enjoyment and improvement ever open to him; while the steady active pursuit of any one sport will impart tone, vigour, and manly decision, fitting him alike for work and for relaxation. Truly, my dear children, I cannot give you a better parting motto by which to remember your father than the grand old words, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.' Adieu!

APPENDICES.

I.

THE following additional poems by John Younger, which I have been fortunate enough to collect, will I believe be read with pleasure by all, especially by those who, like myself, retain the writer in affectionate remembrance.

EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.

There may be sweeter spots afar
That I have never seen,
And lofty hills and rivers clear
With flowery vales between.

And fairer lasses too may grace
The garden and the hall,
But there's a place and there's a face
That's dearest aye of all.

And oh ! our cradle spot of earth
Where light first took our e'e,
And mother's love our infant heart,
Where'er that spot may be ;

Though it were e'en on slavery's soil
And we yet free to rove,
Yet wander how and where we will
'Twill claim our latest love.

The salmon grey of Tweed or Spey
Returning from the sea,
Will to its native stream come back
Whichever stream it be.

The swallow dreams on Afric's shore
Of Scotia's summer pride ;
She plumes her wing, and knows the hour
To hasten to Tweedside.

Her native cliff she kens afar
O'er Dryburgh's ruin grey,
Where she was nursed in Dryburgh's scaur
I' the blooming month o' May.

And there is yet another bield
That ne'er can be forgot
Tho' in his age from thence expelled—
My Nannie's faither's cot.

In memory's light-like glow-worm's gleams
My fancy yet recalls,
Love's youngest hopes and downy dreams
Still nestling round its walls.

E'en spirits 'mong celestial orbs
In glory roaming free,
May own to earth—their first abode,
A soul-felt sympathy.

*ON A FORGET-ME-NOT BLOOMING ON THE
GRAVE OF A YOUNG GIRL.*

Oh ! what a lovely little flower
That blue forget-me-not,
I see it blooming on the grave,
Of one who seems forgot.

Kind Nature's nightly tear will wet
Its pretty azure eye,
And morning sun again return
To smile and kiss it dry.

Oh! as in sympathy it seems
To love the grassy tomb,
So e'en in Paradise it may
Perhaps unfading bloom.

So modest the appeal it makes
To fancy's listening ear,
I must suppose some gentle heart
Lies mouldering lonely here.

And tho' the slumbering tenant be
On earth remembered not,
The fond request in Heav'n is heard
Where there be *none* 'forgot.'

TO BE CALLANTS AGAIN.

Oh! where fly the pleasures that manhood discairds
When scared from our youths by the tax-men and lairds?
As men we can scarce get a will of our ain
Unless we're bewitched back to callants again.

In manhood there's no way of living at a',
We're so warped in the net-work of landlord-made-law:
The right to existence we scarce can retain
Unless we're bewitched back to callants again.

The laddie has pleasures the duke canna share,
He's born by his nature the wider world's heir;
The bounds to his freedom we're apt to count sma'
While it's plain to perceive it has no bounds at a.'

He's free as the lav'rock that mounts to the clouds,
 Scare him from the streamlet, he soars o'er the woods
 And tho' the squirrel may climb to the top o' the tree
 He ascends—by a rung or twa—higher than he.

Oh! now to reflect on the pleasures so cool
 Half-wading—half-swimming in that sunny pool
 And hunting wee pars around the big stane,
 What would I na' gie to be callant again?

And as in a dream I can see the first flee
 A fisher by Ale-water kindly gave me,
 What feelings of hope it aroused in my breast
 Have never by poet on earth been expressed.

We may talk o' our lang salmon-rod, reel, and line,
 Write essays on angling our friends may think fine,
 But a rowan tree sapling, a thread and bent preen,
 Afford visions to boyhood in age never seen.

Oh! where was the callant so joyous about
 When proudly I held up my first little trout?
 To utter my feelings all language is vain,
 They were—what I ne'er can feel over again.

Unless in idea as we rub in life's rust
 Wearing down into age ere we drop in the dust,
 The thought of a new birth may weel gi' no pain
 Were it only a hope to be callants again.

*THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT OF THE CHANGES OF
 NATURE.*

O wae's me in the dowie change
 That's come o'er a' I see,
 There's naething now like what it was,
 Or what it ought to be.

Nae sprig o' bush nor flow'r gets sprung
As Nature gae it birth,
Our gowden whins and yellow broom,
Are rooted frae the earth.

There's no a siller runnel now
Glides circling thro' a lea,
Nor yet a bonnie well-spring cool
An' sparklin' clear to see.

For a' are sunk doon out o' sight
As dried or drained away,
And scarce a meadow-flower now opes
A blossom to the day.

Our burnie glens that once were gay
In Nature's robes bedight,
In all the flush o' flowery May,
An' slaethorn blossom white.

Are plantit now wi' forest trees
That screen the light o' day,
Their gloom and shadow bode an mind,
Auld age and dull decay.

Our wild birds too are perkit up
In hedg'd plantations fine,
Nor can they even whistle now
As in days o' auld lang syne.

They seem as they were cage-confined,
Or dow'd wi' cauld and care,
An gin they e'er attempt to sing,
They dinna charm the air.

Lang syne when Jean and I slipt out
At gloaming by oursel',
I've heerd the blackbird on the thorn
Aboon the drappin well.

And there would Jeanie listening stand
Pleased wi' the charming sound,
While a' the echoes o' the glen
Were whistling round an round.

For frae his throat, as wet wi' dew,
The notes sae mellow fell,
I kenned the blackbird was in love,
As I was then mysel'.

I sometimes think it may be age
Bedims the world to me ;
Yet sure it could na wark sic change
On all I hear an see.

APPENDIX II.

In the year 1863, on the suggestion of Mr. T. P. Teale, it was decided that the following document should be hung up in the Club-room at Sprouston:—

SPOUSTON.

LIST OF SALMON WEIGHING TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS AND UPWARDS CAUGHT BY VISITORS DURING THEIR
RESIDENCE AT OUR CASTLE OF SPOUSTON.

Given under our hand the First day of January, Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-three.

AGNES JOHNSTON.

Year	Month	Anglers	Weight of fish lbs.	Place	Lure
1846	February 20	William Henderson	30½	Sprouston Dub	Durham Ranger
1848	September 30	T. P. Teale	25	Sprouston Dub	
1859	November 15	T. P. Teale	28	Wark	
"	" 25	Rev. W. Greenwell	27½	Sprouston Dub	Silver Doctor White Wing
1860	" 8	Rev. J. Cundill	27½	Wark Boat-stream	
"	" 9	T. P. Teale	25	Sprouston Dub	
"	" 12	T. P. Teale	28½	Wark	White Wing Silver Doctor The Doctor Durham Ranger Silver Doctor
"	" 26	William Henderson	28	Wark Dub	
1861	October 31	R. Burrell	27½	Bingham Dub	
"	" 31	R. Richardson	46	Sprouston Dub	
1862	" 31	Rev. W. Greenwell	26	Sprouston Dub, N.S.	
"	November 3	T. P. Teale	28	Wark	Durham Ranger Silver Doctor
"	" 3	T. P. Teale	26	Wark	

Year	Month	Anglers	Weight of fish	Place	Lure
1862	November 5	Rev. W. Greenwell	lbs.	Sharpitlaw	Kate
"	" 7	T. P. Teale	27	Wark	Duchess
"	" 7	Rev. W. Greenwell	25	Bingham Dub	The Greenwell
"	" 8	Rev. W. Greenwell	27	Sprouston Dub, S.S.	Durham Ranger
"	" 8	Rev. W. Greenwell	30	Sprouston Dub, S.S.	Double White Tip
"	" 8	A. Johnston	25	Wark, at the 'Snipe'	
"	" 8	A. Johnston	30	Wark Dub	
"	" 22	Rev. W. Greenwell	36	Sprouston Dub, N.S.	The Greenwell
"	" 29	Rev. W. Greenwell	26	Wark, at the 'Snipe'	Silver Body
"	" 29	Rev. W. Greenwell	26	Wark Cuddy Hole	Silver Body
"	September 16	William Henderson	25	Sprouston Bushes, S.S.	The Doctor
1863	" 29	R. Burrell	25	Wark Snipe, S.S.	The Wilkinson
"	October 5	R. G. Scurfield	28	Wark Dub, N.S.	The Wilkinson
"	" 8	Rev. W. Greenwell	26½	Sprouston Dub, N.S.	The Greenwell
"	" 8	Rev. W. Greenwell	26	Sprouston Dub, N.S.	The Charley
"	" 21	R. C. Kidd	26	Sprouston Bushes, N.S.	Double White Tip
"	" 21	William Stutfield	26½	Sprouston Butterwash	White Wing
"	November 5	Rev. W. Greenwell	26½	Sprouston Dub, N.S.	Durham Ranger
"	" 12	R. C. Kidd	28	Sprouston Dub, N.S.	The Greenwell
"	" 14	R. C. Kidd	25	Sprouston Sharpitlaw, N.S.	The Greenwell
"	" 16	William Henderson	25	Wark Dub, S.S.	White Wing
"	" 16	W. C. Henderson	27	Wark Cuddy Hole, S.S.	Silver Body
"	" 21	William Henderson	25½	Wark Dub, S.S.	Durham Ranger
"	" 26	W. Hey	28½	Sprouston Dub, N.S.	Double White Tip
"	" 28	W. Hey	33	Sprouston Dub, N.S.	White Wing
"	" 4	Rev. W. Greenwell	26½	Sprouston Dub, S.S.	Silver Body
1864	" 4	Rev. W. Greenwell	25½	Sprouston Dub, S.S.	The Greenwell

1864	November 4	Rev. W. Greenwell	25½	Sprouston Dub, S.S.	The Greenwell
1866	" 12	W. Hey	26½	Sharpitlaw, N.S.	The Stevenson
"	" 13	W. Hey	25½	Sprouston Dub, N.S.	White Wing
"	" 22	Edward Bond	26½	Eden Water Foot	Dun Wing
"	" 23	Robert Tennant	26½	Turn of Haugh, N.S.	Blue Doctor
"	" 26	Edward Bond	29	Sprouston Dub, N.S.	The Wilkinson
"	" 26	William Henderson	25½	Sprouston Dub, S.S.	Blue Body Ranger
"	" 28	Edward Bond	26	Sprouston Dub, N.S.	Drake Wing
"	" 28	Edward Bond	32½	Sprouston Dub, N.S.	Drake Wing
"	" 28	Edward Bond	27	Sprouston Dub, N.S.	The Wilkinson
"	" 28	Robert Tennant	25½	Sprouston Dub, N.S.	Double White Tip
"	" 29	Robert Tennant	30	Sprouston Bushes, N.S.	Silver Grey
"	" 5	J. A. Busfield	25½	Sprouston Dub, N.S.	Jock Scott
1867	" 5	Robert Tennant	27	Butterwash	The Greenwell
"	" 8	Rev. H. J. Quartley	26	Sprouston Dub, N.S.	The Charley
"	" 20	Rev. H. R. Parr	25½	Bob's Door	Blue Doctor
"	" 22	Edward Bond	26½	Sprouston Dub, N.S.	Blue Doctor
"	" 24	Edward Bond	35	Sprouston Dub, N.S.	Silver Body
"	" 26	W. C. Henderson	30	Sprouston Dub, S.S.	Jock Scott
"	" 28	W. C. Henderson	28	Carham Grey Mare	Silver Grey
"	" 29	William Henderson	27	The Shot	Grey Drake
"	" 29	William Henderson	28	The Shot	Silver Grey
1868	October 19	John Brinton	26	Bamff Mill Stream	Silver Grey
"	" 23	Henry Rivaz	28	Sprouston Dub, S.S.	Silver Grey
"	November 2	J. A. Busfield	31	Butterwash, S.S.	Silver Grey
"	" 18	A. W. Copley	27	Bamff Mill Stream	Jock Scott
"	" 25	W. C. Henderson	26	Sprouston Dub, S.S.	Blue Doctor
"	" 28	A. W. Copley	27	Bamff Mill Stream	White Wing
"	October 13	R. Richardson	26	Bamff Mill Stream	Silver Doctor
1869	" 13		30	Birgham	Sir Richard Sutton

LIST OF SALMON.

Year	Month	Anglers	Weight of fish	Place	Lure
1869	November 5	J. A. Busfield	lbs. 26	Hempseed Ford	Silver Grey
"	" 25	W. C. Henderson	30	Sprouston Dub, S.S.	Durham Ranger
1870	" 5	F. J. Leather	26	Bamf Mill Stream	Blue Doctor
"	" 7	J. B. Langhorne	25	Skerry Rock	Durham Ranger
"	" 28	M. T. Culley	26	Sharpitlaw	The Wilkinson
1871	October 23	J. Brinton	26	Bamf Mill Stream	Durham Ranger
"	" 25	W. Tarn	28	Bamf Mill Stream	The Wilkinson
"	November 9	J. B. Langhorne	33	Sprouston Dub, S.S.	The Greenwell
1872	" 4	William Henderson	38½	Eden Water Foot	Silver Grey
"	" 9	William Henderson	25½	Eden Water Foot	Silver Grey
"	" 11	J. B. Langhorne	33	Dead Horse	The Wilkinson
"	" 29	M. T. Culley	29	Dead Horse	The Wilkinson
1873	" 6	J. B. Langhorne	30	Sprouston Dub, S.S.	The Greenwell
1874	" 13	J. B. Langhorne	35	Butterwash	The Wilkinson
"	" 16	J. B. Langhorne	30	Sprouston Dub, N.S.	The Wilkinson

NOTE.—The weight of the three fish killed by Mr. Edward Bond on November 28, 1866, should be 37½ lbs., 28 lbs., and 26 lbs.

APPENDIX III.

*THE GROTTOES OF ADELSBERG, AND
THE PROTEUS ANGUINUS.*

A FEW PAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A CONTINENTAL TOUR.

DURING our stay last summer at Wiesbaden, we were fortunate enough to make acquaintance with the celebrated engineer, Sir John Rennie, and to elicit from him a few hints as to the rest of our journey. 'Whatever else you do, or leave undone,' he said, 'be sure you visit the Caves of Adelsberg.'

These words rested on my memory; and accordingly, after a week at Vienna, we started one brilliant October morning for Styria, by way of the Semmering Alps. I must not linger to describe the glories of that range of mountains, or the wonder of the line of railway which bore us up and on and through their craggy heights—through tunnels which looked as if nothing but a magician's wand could have pierced them, and along viaducts placed in bold defiance of avalanche and glacier. Breathless and giddy we were dragged aloft, till, the summit gained, we descended smoothly into Styria by the southern slope of the Alps. We gave one day to Gratz, its really handsome capital; and on the next, while the stars were still bright in the sky, we started by railway for Adelsberg, the point we had so long kept in view.

For the first few hours we traversed a wild hilly country. At Steinbruck the railway crosses the Sann, just above the junction of that river with the Save, by a viaduct two hundred and fifty feet high; it then tracks the left bank of the Save for many miles, amid scenery of romantic

beauty. River and railroad were enclosed in a narrow valley, hemmed in by richly-wooded hills. The brilliant autumn colours of the trees were most gorgeous—set off, as they were, by the grey rocks, which here and there jutted out in crag or promontory; while below ran the swift waters of the Save, dashing over their rocky bed, and flinging their clear silvery spray into the sunshine. Never before had we seen so clear a stream. The water was a pure blue-green, yet pellucid as crystal; and the white rocks below increased its beauty.

A little farther on, at Laibach, we crossed one of those singular streams peculiar to Styria—the River Laibach, which knowing neither childhood nor youth, emerges an adult full-grown river from the foot of the Rakonitzberg, and is navigable within three miles of its source. It is, however, suspected that this is not the Laibach's first appearance above ground; but that after the manner of her sister streams, the Ung and the Poik, she wandered for a while at her own sweet will under the eye of day, before, like them, she dived under the mountains, to come forth again at a little distance in full force.

The country round Adelsberg is singularly desolate and sterile. It consists of a table-land of hard secondary limestone, greyish white in colour, and which, through some agency from below, has been broken up into myriads of fragments. The surface-crust may, in fact, now be compared to a huge petrified sponge. Every drop of water drains through it at once; the soil is of necessity barren; there is nothing to support vegetable life; the ground is but a mass of rocks, and can only be likened to the waves of a troubled sea, turned by a magician's hand to stone.

A waste howling wilderness indeed this district is; and we could not divest ourselves of the idea that it was lying under a curse. Yet it is full of interest to the observer of nature. Its geological formation causes many strange phenomena—such as caverns, cliffs, holes, rock-basins, valleys without any outlet, rivers which lose themselves in

the earth, and lakes which are transformed into arable land for some weeks, or even months of the year. I longed to explore them all, but was obliged to content myself with the caves immediately surrounding Adelsberg.

We arrived at Adelsberg just before dusk, and walked to the 'Poste,' the only tolerable inn the place contained. We found it a low straggling building, with all its windows strongly barred with iron. The thievish propensities of the people render this precaution necessary here, as in other parts of Styria; and the ill looks of the dirty idle groups who loitered about the streets, certainly seemed to warrant some mistrust.

The next morning I left the little inn; and after a mile's walk, came to the entrance of the celebrated cavern, well known as the Grotto of Adelsberg, before which every other cave in Europe sinks into insignificance. Hitherto, it has been little visited by the English—probably on account of its secluded position, which until lately required the visitor to post one hundred and fifty miles over the dreary country I have described. The opening of the Trieste railway, by affording easy access to Adelsberg, will doubtless bring about a change in this respect.

Looking round, I traced upon the plain the windings of the River Poik; and then I saw it disappear by my side beneath the mountain, and rush down a yawning gulf below—a sort of natural pent-house. I entered the grotto through an iron gate, leading into a long low gallery; and after traversing it for about two hundred yards, looked down into the abyss below. There, by the light of my lamp, I could just discover the river struggling along, at a great depth beneath my feet. Again it disappeared, to emerge once more in the great Dom, which I too entered. After this, I saw the stream no more. It runs underground for many miles; but bursts forth again at Planina, to run a fresh career, and eventually to mingle its waters with those of the mighty Danube.

It had previously been arranged that the guides should

meet me at the caves; and there accordingly I found them—three in number. All were needed occasionally, to light up scenes of chief interest; and through the whole route, I must own that, while following one guide with his solitary lamp, I was thankful to know that two others were near me, though unseen and unheard.

Thus accompanied, I entered the grand Dom—a vast hall one hundred feet high, and upwards of three hundred in length. Following a rude path, we came to a flight of steps, which brought us down nearly to the level of the river. We crossed it by a natural bridge formed of rocks—and, ascending the rude stairs on the opposite side, attained a sort of balcony, where we paused to look round.

Wonderful indeed was the sight which met my eyes! True, in spite of the precaution which forbids torches to be carried into the grottoes, the stalactites in the Dom are somewhat discoloured, and their forms are less beautiful here than in some of the other caves; still, the vast extent of the subterranean hall—the height of its vaulted roof, which appeared in the dim light like a fleecy sky of pale blue and white—the reflections of a hundred candles in the black mysterious waters at my feet—the wonderful effects of light and shadow—could not fail to call forth sensations of delight and awe!

Not far off I found a slab of black marble, marking the spot reached by Francis I. of Austria, when he visited the grotto in 1816. The way was not open to His Imperial Majesty much farther; for not till two years later was the series of magic temples, which stretches beyond, revealed to human eyes. A labourer discovered them accidentally in 1818. They consist of a number of grottoes, varying in extent from fifty to two hundred and fifty feet in length, and of proportionate height. They are entirely walled and roofed with stalactites of every possible form and of great variety of colour. Most were pure white; but I noticed many shades of yellow and amber, and even a

decided red. As I passed the more striking groups, the guides did not fail to tell me the names by which they had long been known; and really but little assistance was needed from fancy in identifying them. It seemed to me as though among the strong foundations of the earth, nature had delighted to fashion out of the pure limestone, which the waters detached from the porous soil they passed through, strange images of things above ground.

The holiest and noblest subjects, as well as the most ordinary, have alike their types in the Caves of Adelsberg. In more than one grotto the Virgin and Holy Child were pointed out to me, enshrined in rich tabernacle work—in more than one a baptismal font and an altar. Here the confessional reminds the Styrian peasant of a duty which his Church enjoins on him; there a tabernacle richly ornamented, brings before him the highest mysteries of the Faith. The Chair of St. Peter, imposing as that in the Eternal City, stands, it may be, more securely than its prototype, while a simple village church, so like many a one in our own dear land, appeals at once to the Englishman's purest feelings.

The English park, admirably depicted, also brought back thoughts of home; and there was a waterfall which might have had the same effect upon a Swiss—it was an admirable representation. Ambition's son would here find a throne to excite his feverish dreams. It is beautifully formed, and apparently chiseled out of white marble; while many a banner is ready to wave before his onward path. For the lover there are twin hearts side by side: and many vows of eternal fidelity are breathed in their presence, with the hands of the affianced couple placed upon them. Betrothals thus contracted are said to lead to the happiest marriages. The naturalist would be greeted by a lion and a grinning monkey, a tortoise, a stork, and a fox; and the good 'haus-frau,' by a mushroom-bed and some fine cauliflowers, after which she may visit the butcher's shop hard by. There it is, well-furnished with a variety of

joints disposed for sale, and a goodly fitch of bacon hanging just outside. A little farther on is the fish market, and a very picturesque one it is.

But it is impossible for me to describe all the beautiful and fantastic forms which met my eyes during the long walk underground. The waterfalls are very lovely; and there is one whose photograph, could it be taken, might pass for that of a real cascade. The forms of trees, especially the cypress, struck me a good deal; but nothing came up to the representations of drapery.

There is a small curtain in the Archduke John's Grotto, very lovely from its dazzling whiteness and deep orange border; but the larger one on the right hand of the cave called the hall of the curtains, is certainly the most wonderful of the stalactitic formations. On an average it is but an inch thick, but it projects from a considerable height, whence it hangs in the most graceful folds of about ten feet in length. The curtain is of dazzling whiteness, but it has a border more than half a yard deep striped brown and red, and a waving hem besides. When the guides raised their lamps and allowed the light to stream upon it from above, the effect was marvellous. The solid stone seemed endued with motion and flexibility, and waved to all appearance in the most graceful folds.

But to return to my subterranean walk. From the Dom I passed into the Emperor Ferdinand's Grotto, so called from that monarch's visit, 1819, the year after its discovery, and before the present entrance had been laid open. Through it I went on into the ball-room; so called, because every Whit Monday the peasants flock there from the surrounding country to spend the festival in mirth and dancing. They are generally about three thousand in number, but there is room for all. The assembly-room is more than one hundred and thirty-five feet long, seventy or eighty wide, and thirty in height. One end of the Grotto is fitted up as an orchestra, a café is erected at the other, while, with due regard to propriety, special provision

is made for the chaperons. I question whether any other ball-room in Europe contains as many happy couples, as thread the mazy dance in this Styrian cavern on Whit Monday; and if I thought myself in fairy-land with my three guides and their lamps, what must be the effect of the thirty thousand candles which illuminate the grottoes on that festal day!

I continued my way through grotto after grotto, perhaps twelve in number, all of exquisite beauty. Some were separated from the rest by long galleries, others merely by thin partitions of the stalactitic matter, which in fact pervades every part of the caverns, hanging in pendants from the roof, coating the walls, cementing together fallen masses of rock, constructing screens and pillars.

Most of these were as white as the purest Carrara marble, and thickly inlaid with minute crystals, which sparkled and danced like myriads of diamonds as the light fell upon them. Many of the grottoes were upheld by columns, varying in size from six or seven inches diameter to as many feet, but all of floriated work, rich as the capitals of the most elaborately carved Gothic pillars, while the vaulting above, adorned with boss and pendant, was by no means unworthy of them.

In other caves the walls were lined as if with organ pipes, and some festooned with drapery. At one point my steps were arrested by the sound of music, and listening I heard what appeared like a soft mellow drum struck by a master's hand. The effect was very beautiful, but I was puzzled as to how it was produced, till, on reaching the next cave, I found one of my guides striking two pendant stalactites. But for this rock music, all was still in these remote chambers, except when the drops of water distilling through the roof showed that the Hand which had framed these things of fantastic beauty was still at work upon them.

Soon afterwards, we reached another grand hall, called the Belvidere; so spacious that I could not venture to guess its dimensions. Though the light of one hundred

candles was thrown upon it, it still seemed lost in gloom ; and as I looked down from a corridor upon the hundreds of pillars, obelisks, and shattered temples, spread below, it seemed like the ruins of a world.

Beyond this hall the grotto divides ; the path to the left leads to a dropping well, that to the right to the Calvary, another cave of great size. The guides assured me that its length was three hundred feet, and its breadth two hundred, while it was at least one hundred and fifty feet high ; and I have no doubt they were correct. .

We entered this cave at its lowest level, between two immense stalagmites called 'The Gates.' They are a noble pair of obelisks ; pure white, and full fifteen feet high. A vast crowd of columns and obelisks of various heights, from three or four to ten feet, now met my astonished gaze ; the ground rose gradually, and I ascended by a tortuous path among the crowd of stalagmites, till I attained a platform at the extreme end of the hall, at an elevation of perhaps fifty feet. Turning round, I saw to the left a vast mass of fallen rocks encrusted and interpenetrated with the stalactitic matter, the nucleus in fact of hundreds of stalagmites. This is called the Calvary ; and seeing it, as I did, with a strong light cast upon the highest point, while solitary lamps marked the fourteen stations of our Saviour's sufferings, all else being wrapped in the profoundest darkness, I could not but acknowledge the fitness of the name.

The scene was exceedingly striking in itself, and association rendered it yet more so. I gazed till the thousands of columns and pillared shafts appeared under the waving light to be endued with life and motion. They seemed to be pressing onwards towards that rocky mount, and I acknowledged in them the types of the infuriated multitude who, more than eighteen hundred years ago, pressed on madly to the true Calvary on the first Good Friday.

I felt that here was a fitting close to my pilgrimage ; and turning, I retraced my steps, till I found myself once more in sunshine and the open air. The caverns are said to

have been explored to the distance of five miles, and I believe that I myself traversed more than half that distance.

About three miles from Adelsberg is another celebrated cavern, named The Maddelena Grotto, entered through a funnel-shaped hollow. Its floor is one continued descent, at an angle of nearly 40° . It is very wide, and supported by a number of stalactitic columns; at the farther end, in pitchy darkness, creeps a slow sluggish river, on whose waters no sunbeam ever plays, enclosed by awful masses of rock with rifts and chasms on every side, while above it hangs a canopy of drooping stalactites.

In the soft mud below the water of this stream dwells that singular animal, the *Proteus Anguinus*, which Sir Humphry Davy introduced to the English public about thirty years ago. It was first discovered by Baron Yois, in 1795; and subsequently, though rarely, has been found about thirty miles distant, in the Sitticher See, thrown up with water from a subterraneous cavity. After this none were seen for four years; indeed the times of its appearance are very irregular, and seem to depend upon the overflowing of waters hidden in the surrounding caverns.

Sir Humphry Davy thinks there can be no doubt 'that the natural residence of the *Proteus* is in an extensive subterranean lake, from which in great floods they are sometimes forced through the crevices of the rocks into the places where they are found.' This seems to me a very reasonable conjecture; it is certain that the whole district around is cavernous, and as the *Proteus* is only found at two places, the Maddelena Grotto and the Sitticher See, and that after floods, it would seem that the creature's ordinary abode must be in the district between these places. Sir Humphry Davy seems to have been greatly interested in the history of the *Proteus*; and even when his health was feeble he undertook a long journey, spite of much personal discomfort, to enable him to investigate the truth of the strange rumours then current about it. He says, 'I

was exceedingly anxious to see the *Proteus*, and came here (to the grotto) with the guide on the evening of the day I arrived at Adelsberg; but though we examined the bottom of the cave with the greatest care we could find no specimens. We returned the next morning, and were more fortunate, for we discovered five close to the bank, on the mud covering the bottom of the lake; the mud was smooth and perfectly undisturbed, and the water quite clear. The fact of their appearance during the night seemed to me so extraordinary, that I could hardly avoid the fancy that they were new creations.'

Baron Yois attempted to send some of these animals to Dr. Schreiber; but he states that the specimen selected ejected, during the first few days he had it in the water, some small shells of the *Helix* kind, and that on the seventh day it became languid, turned on its back, its body assuming a flaky glutinous slime similar to that observed on amphibious animals when dying, and shortly afterwards expired.

The next attempt was made by Cuvier, who after several disappointments, received some alive at Paris, from which he drew up his memoir. When lately in London, I learnt that some specimens were presented to the Zoological Gardens about five years since, but they do not appear to have lived long. There have at various times been other living specimens in this country, but I believe that the only one at present so honoured is the little creature who was my fellow-traveller home from Styria, and is now an inhabitant of the good city of D——.¹

¹ When I wrote thus about my *Proteus*, I certainly thought him the only living specimen of his race in this country; but a correspondence in 'The Field' newspaper, of February 21, 1863, between Mr. Buxton and Mr. Buckland shows that I was wrong. The former gentleman brought one from Adelsberg, and sent it to his friend, Mr. Buckland, for examination. Mr. Buckland calls it 'a creature curious in its external appearance, and more than curious in its anatomy; and after noticing its chief peculiarities, concludes with the statement that it is a distinct animal, and never 'turns' into anything else.

His adventures, and the inconveniences he has suffered, have not been few ; and considering that his personal comfort requires him to be frequently out of the water, and that his only means of transit was in a jar filled with that element, we can only wonder that he survived it. Heat and change of temperature are also obnoxious to his constitution. He was sorely tried at Venice, where the weather was unusually sultry ; and five days posting in an open carriage, along the shores of the Mediterranean, under a blazing sun, might have been expected to produce a catastrophe ; but he is a brave little fellow, and survived it all. The extreme heat and occasional exposure to light produced, however, a great change in his colour ; his skin became a dark cinnamon brown with blotches of bright scarlet, nor was it until after several days of careful exclusion of light that it resumed its usual pale flesh-colour.

On leaving Adelsberg I first placed him in a soda-water bottle, and this again in a small leathern bag hung outside my coat. During our journey to Trieste the bottle by some ill chance was broken, and on our arrival we found poor Protens lying on a bed of broken glass. A catastrophe of this kind ended our far-famed Lambton worm, but very little did its tiny Styrian cousin heed it. On being placed in a bowl of water, the creature performed so many gambols that we were satisfied all was well.

On reaching Marseilles, however, we plainly saw that our little charge was suffering from the inaction of his internal lungs. We therefore prepared a bath for him ; placing sand and some stalactites which we had procured from Adelsberg, at the bottom, and sloping it so that he could enjoy walks on dry land, varied according to his fancy with occasional water dips. This assimilation to his natural habits produced a very marked improvement in his health ; from a state of extreme debility, he soon became rampant, dashing about the bath and hiding beneath the stones, while at the same time the external gills or lungs, which had been blanched to an ominous whiteness, now

resumed their red hue. It was now that I first observed a circumstance which has since been repeated. On the following morning, floating in the water, were three lengths of extremely fine brown-looking skin, answering to the shape of his body—portions, no doubt, of a slough he had cast off during the night. Doubtless the power to rub himself against the sand and stalactites had assisted his efforts, and I am inclined to think that this change of treatment may have saved his life. He now inhabits an aquarium, whose floor of sand and stones rises partly out of the water, while various snug little retreats are contrived for the gratification of his hermit propensities. It is placed in the quietest part of the house, where the temperature is also the most equable, and the water is frequently changed.

The *Proteus* evidently hears and reflects upon what is going on around him. The organs of hearing are deep-seated, but sufficient to convey impressions of sound promptly. I have frequently made a clinking noise when standing near the aquarium, which he as promptly responded to by withdrawing his head from sight, and then, as if curiosity prevailed, he would, a moment later, again project the head in a listening attitude. I have noticed too, that when approached stealthily and without noise the gills retain their red hue; but if any bustle is made he appears to listen, then to move about uneasily, and finally the gills contract and lose colour. The same occurs when a strong light is thrown upon him.

Dr. Lionel Beale, who succeeded in bringing some specimens from the Maddelena Grotto, says that 'the circulation of the blood in the vessels of the external lungs or gills was often exhibited by placing the animal in a long tube, with a flat extremity provided with an arrangement for the constant supply of water; and on several occasions some of the large blood corpuscles were removed for the purpose of microscopical examinations. A careful observation of these gills, shows that on the sides of the occiput, in pits formed by the irregularities of the muscles, are apertures

corresponding to the openings of the gills in fishes ; each being divided into two small apertures by three thin, simple, but not vascular membranes, attached to as many cartilages. Over them are the bronchial appendages, similar to those of tadpoles, and having the appearance of a crest. Each consists of three very large blood-vessels, of which the uppermost is largest, and the lowest the smallest ; all three are divided into smaller branches, which are edged with many very small and thin ones. These, Sir H. Davy says, may be removed without causing the death of the animal. The neck is roundish, and (measuring from behind these appendages to the fore-feet) about half an inch long ; the trunk, between the fore and hind limbs, is about five and a quarter inches long, round in form, of equal thickness, and marked with vertical depressions, indicating the tendonous divisions of the muscles. The tail, about two and three-quarter inches in length, is compressed on the sides, very fleshy and strong in the middle, but narrowing towards the tip, which is almost pointed, and made much deeper by a thin membrane. The legs are slender, the elbow and knee directed as in the salamanders, the fore-feet furnished with three nailless toes, and the hind feet with two only—a peculiarity which exists in no other animal.

In propelling himself, his favourite plan is to swim gently so near the ground as to allow him to use his feet with an appearance of walking, but it is little more than an appearance. When desirous of clambering on the stones or gravel, he generally places his tail against the side of his prison, and with this urges his body forward—it is evident that the feet are too weak for much service.

The eyes are quite useless, and are hidden beneath the skin—these organs being needless in the dark recesses tenanted by the *Proteus* ; still nature, true to her analogy, has not permitted their omission. They are extremely small, and placed at the base of the beak, beneath the first fold of the skin, in small cavities of the skull ; and they

seem attached by some glutinous matter to the skin, as if, should that be removed incautiously, the eyes would be moved adhering to it. But though nature has denied the Proteus the blessing of sight, she has given it a partial compensation through its whole frame. I have found by experiment that when the head and body are hidden from view and the tail alone is exposed, by throwing the light upon this the animal becomes uneasy, and withdraws it to the dark-shaded portion of his dwelling. Not daring to build too much on this singular fact, I wrote to an eminent comparative anatomist,¹ and received the following reply: 'I think it quite reasonable to expect that the rays of light may have the power of impressing to a slight degree the nerves of the sense of touch, and through them of giving rise to reflex muscular action.'

The mouth somewhat resembles the beak of a duck, being flat and narrow. It is surrounded by a thick folded skin, forming a considerable lip and rendering the mouth larger and wider than, from the size of the skull, it would seem to be. The great size of the mouth and numerous teeth, seem to indicate that in its natural state it is an animal of prey; but such is not the case whilst in confinement. My own little captive has had no food save the animalculæ of the water since I procured it on the 14th of last October.

Dr. Lionel Beale says, 'One of the Proteus I brought from Adelsberg lived for five years, and, what is very interesting, passed four years of his life in the same water, a little fresh being added from time to time to make up for the loss by evaporation. He was not once fed whilst in confinement, and one of his companions died soon after taking a worm, before he had been two years in the country. The former one was thinner just before death than when brought from Adelsberg, but the loss of substance was so very slow as not to be perceptible from year to year.'

¹ The late T. P. Teale, of Leeds.

There are probably very few more striking examples of slow death from starvation than this; and it is probable that the ultimate fatal result was as much caused by confinement, change of air, temperature, and occasional exposure to light, as by mere starvation.

The Proteus appears to have a kind of voice, which was on one occasion exercised to my annoyance. At Lyons he was located as usual in my bed-room, and where, after a long day's journey, I was enjoying a sound sleep, when a loud hissing noise startled me, followed by what I can compare to nothing but the smacking of the human tongue and lips, or the clapping of hands. The noise was so loud and unexpected that I was not a little startled, fancying a burglar must be in the room. It was repeated several times during the night, and I have heard it since; but, with one exception, only in the quiet and darkness of the night. It usually occurs about an hour after midnight when the household are in bed and all is still, as in the little creature's early native home.¹

Another singular characteristic of the Proteus is the quality of its blood. Gulliver, who is now the highest authority on the blood of vertebrates, says in a lecture pub-

¹ I much regret to add that our little favourite died on Wednesday, December 14, 1864, exactly two years and two months from the time when we took him from the dark caves of Adelsberg. He appeared in his usual health till within a few days of his death, so that though we had seen him growing thinner and whiter, still his activity and playfulness were so great that there seemed to be no cause for alarm. About a week before his death, we noticed a heaviness in his movements, and a difficulty in using his feet, very different from his usual agility. Soon after, his body assumed a dull leaden hue, and was very slimy and disagreeable to the touch; and on the morning of the 14th he was found lying on his back; we put him right again, and he then seemed so pleased with the fresh water given him, that we hoped all was well. In two hours he was floating at the top of the water, quite dead. His body was immediately sent to Mr. T. P. Teale, of Leeds; but upon its arrival at Leeds Mr. Teale found it impossible to do more than reduce it to a skeleton.

lished last October: 'The largest corpuscles occur in the naked amphibia, especially in the perennibranchiate section, as discovered by Wagner; and the smallest in lizards, tortoises, and serpents. Such is their magnitude in the Proteus, that they may be distinctly seen by the aid of a common hand lens.' I believe that the corpuscles of the blood which flows in the veins of the Proteus, are the largest found in any animal, and many times larger than those of man.

The Proteus was for many years supposed to be the larva of some salamander. Hermann and Linnæus inclined to this opinion; and it was not till after the most diligent investigation by Schneider and Cuvier, that it was discovered to be a perfect animal, retaining both kinds of respiratory organs throughout life. It is well known that frogs and salamanders in their immature or tadpole state breathe by gills; they are in fact at that stage of their existence fishes. The Proteus is a Batrachian which throughout life never gets beyond the immature or tadpole state—it is in fact a permanent tadpole; and adds one instance more to the number already collected, of the wonderful manner in which life is produced and perpetuated in every part of the globe, even in places which seem the least suited to organised existences. As Sir Humphry Davy beautifully observes, 'The same Infinite Power and Wisdom which has fitted the camel and the ostrich for the deserts of Africa, the swallow that secretes its own nest for the caves of Java, the whale for the polar seas, and the morse and white bear for the Arctic ice, has given the Proteus to the deep and dark subterraneous lakes of Illyria; an animal to whom the presence of light is not essential, and who can live indifferently in air and in water, in the depth of mud or on the surface of the rock.'





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